JOAN OF ARC
MAID OF FRANCE

VOLUME I

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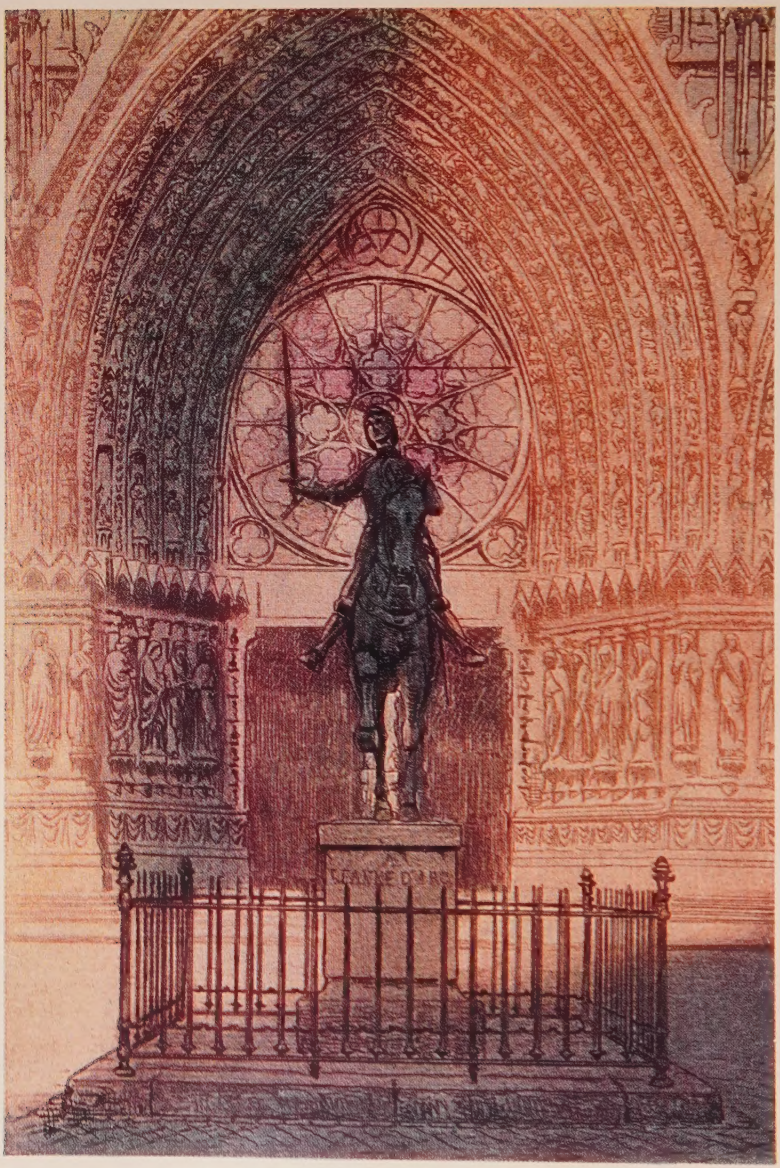

REIMS

VICTOR VALÉRY

JOAN OF ARC

Maid of France

By

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ILLUSTRATED

Volume One

NEW YORK
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FOREWORD

It is just five hundred years since Joan of Arc lived her brief life. Her story has been told many times, and will be told oftener in the years to come, for she was, she is, the most interesting human being the world has ever known.

Thirty years ago I read Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections* of Joan, and for me the Maid of France emerged from a land of myth and fable to become a reality. Reading and re-reading that vivid story, I was prompted, first, to follow in person the footsteps of the Maid, then, to seek out and set down the veritable historic sequence upon which that luminous and tender romance had been constructed.

Time and change brought the realization of this dream. Joan's way from Domremy to Rouen I have followed, most of it more than once. I have been repeatedly to Auxerre, Gien, St. Catherine de Fierbois, Tours, Beaugency, Patay — indeed to every place where she is known certainly to have set her foot. The valley of the Meuse, scene of her early years, I have visited three times; I have driven as nearly as may be along the route she journeyed from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, in which crumbling city I spent the greater part of a summer and an autumn, preparing the opening third of my story. I have driven likewise the way of the coronation journey, the road that leads from Gien to the cathedral of Reims, which I first saw in its glory. Orleans, Rouen, Compiègne I have visited so

often that I have lost the count; Joan's prisons at Beaulieu and Beaurevoir, shattered, both of them, by the World War, I have sought out and identified, and from them followed the trail that leads by Arras and Drugy Farm to the bleak Picardy headland of le Crotoy, to her last grim prison and to the Old Market, still today a market place, at Rouen. It has been in no sense a task to do this. I would willingly undertake those journeys again.

In a like manner I have traced the Maid's story through a maze of official documents, letters, and contemporary chronicles, many of them to be had only in the French of the early fifteenth century, with cryptic variants none too readily acquired. In all I have given something more than four years to the undertaking, and the chapters which follow are the result. My chief endeavour in writing them has been to step as nearly as possible in the Maid's precise historic tracks, coördinating the testimony, without slighting or garbling it in the interest of any preconceived notions of my own. Also, I have thought it worth while to supplement the episodes with some description of such localities and landmarks as may be still identified; places that Joan of Arc saw, objects that she may have touched.

As to the method of the story, I have, for the most part, let the witnesses speak, allowing Joan herself and those who knew her best to tell it in their own word and phrase, a plan which so far as I know has not been much employed; why, I cannot say. To me it seems that words contemporary with the thought and event

carry a flavour and convey a reality lacking in paraphrase, however deftly constructed. With this idea in mind I have translated as literally as the languages of races separated by five centuries, and even to some extent by different mental processes, would permit. Here and there, when I have thought it might interest the reader, or where the rendering has seemed likely to mislead, I have quoted the original. Where this was in Latin, as in the case with much of the testimony taken at the trials, I have supplemented the Latin with some authoritative French version. The reader who cares for notes will find these and others in a brief appendix at the end of each volume.

In the matter of proper names, when they have lent themselves to translation I have employed the English form. Where this has not been the case, or even for the sake of euphony, I have left the French originals. The Maid's name, for example, I have translated; those of her father and brothers remain unchanged.

The story of Joan is the wonder tale of the ages and needs little embellishment. The facts alone are marvellous enough. My effort has been to present them, without bias and without neglect.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ECUELLES, PAR MORET, FRANCE,
July 14, 1924.

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PART ONE

THE CHILD AND THE VOICES

From medieval twilight emerges a motley cavalcade,
To engage in an episode as amazing as any in
the world's history:
Knights, soldiers, princes, priests,
Even a king;
And among them, like a star,
A girl of seventeen in white armour:
Joan of Arc.

JOAN OF ARC
MAID OF FRANCE

PART ONE

I

THE BROOK OF THE THREE SOURCES

A LITTLE brook flows through the garden of Jacques d'Arc, crosses the road, and just beyond it slips into the Meuse with a pleasant sound. The tiny stream had an earlier habit of altering its course, and because it was the boundary-line Jacques d'Arc is said to have been never quite certain whether he owed allegiance to France or to Lorraine. Which was no great matter — not then: the Brook of the Three Sources, *Le Ruisseau des Trois Fontaines*, holds a place today, in human memory and grave debate, because long ago it flowed by the birth-place of a little girl who only a few years later would change the destinies of France.

She was the youngest child of Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Romée (women did not always take their husband's surnames) and in the small stone church across the garden they christened her Jeanne, or Jeannette — in English, Joan. According to custom she had several godmothers, and at least two of them bore that name. Surnames were little regarded: Joan before her judges testified that she knew nothing of hers, very likely confused by the term, for later she explained that it was d'Arc, or Romée, and that in her

country girls bore the names of their mothers. As to the name Romée, it is thought to have been in the nature of a title, earned by a pilgrimage to Rome, or to some other holy and distant place. It was all very primitive; names mattered little, ages were lightly considered. Joan herself did not know how old she was. In Domremy birthdays were held of small account — that of a little peasant girl of none whatever. Nevertheless, neighbours remembered that she was born on Epiphany, or Twelfth-night, which is January 6, and the year has been fixed at 1412.

There were three brothers: Jacquemin, Jean, and Pierre, two of whom, Jean and Pierre, would one day follow her to battle. There was also a sister, much older than Joan, of whom little is known beyond the tradition that she married the mayor of the connecting village of Greux and presently died. Possibly there were other children, but there is no certain account of them.[1]

Of Joan s infancy there is not even a tradition, but of no other childhood of five hundred years ago is the record so faithfully preserved. Joan, at her trial, herself furnished some of the details, and at the Process of Revision, or Rehabilitation, twenty-five years later, her playmates and neighbours completed the simple story. It was given under oath, and the clerks carefully set it down. There are some confusions of memory, but the picture is fresh and clear. Nothing else in history compares with it.

[1] See Appendix to *this volume*, where notes will be found, properly indicated as to the pages to which they belong.

II

"SIMPLE LABOURERS, HONEST IN THEIR POVERTY"

For those earliest years we do not need to be told that she was a sturdy little girl, presently following her father to the field, or her brothers when they drove their flocks to the pasture. Being the youngest she would be petted, no doubt, but hardly spoiled, for the peasant of that day was severe in his religion and made sombre by circumstance. We know from later events that Jacques d'Arc could be stern, even harsh. We infer that his wife was less so, though it was Isabelle Romée who provided the family with religious instruction. "My mother taught me the pater-nostre, ave Maria, and the crédo; no other than she instructed me in my belief" — probably as soon as the little girl could lisp the words.

All the villages were religious, Domremy especially so. The name indicates that it had once been in the gift of Saint Remy of Reims, and it was to this holy man that a dove (an angel, by some accounts) had brought the Sainte Ampoule, or sacred vial of holy oil, for the consecration of Clovis, more than nine hundred years before. St. Remy was the name of the little church where Joan was baptised, and while at Greux, a very little distance away — the two villages were really one — there was a larger church, the peasants of Domremy seem to have preferred their own humbler and, as they may have felt, holier place of worship.

The religion of that day was as curious as it was

profound. Carvings on the ancient churches show how intimately it concerned itself with visible devils and evil spirits, which must be exorcised, even by the most violent means. Spells and incantations were recognised and feared. Everybody believed in witches and fairies, and in fables wherein strange enchantments and magic potions played a part. As for legendary tales of the saints, they were accepted as gospel. Marvellous happenings, told and repeated around the fireside, mingled with Isabelle Romée's moral teaching.

It was a very humble fireside. The low room probably had an earth floor. One or two square, shuttered holes in the walls served as windows. Some benches were drawn up to the big fireplace, and there were beds, or pallets, in the corners. Above would be an attic, with other beds. All the peasant houses were like that — the home of Jacques d'Arc no different from others. There may have been more than one room, and there would be a rude connecting stable, for the cattle and sheep. All the peasants kept flocks; they were a chief source of income. They grazed on a common pasture and were tended by the children.

Certain of Joan's historians have been at some trouble to show that her parents were of position and means superior to their neighbours. There is no word in the evidence to indicate that they were in any wise different from the others. Isabelle Romée was of Vouthon, a tiny village a little way to the westward. Jacques d'Arc was from Ceffonds, in Champagne. If they brought any fortune to Domremy, there is nowhere mention of it. Because of his sturdy good sense or

"BIRTHPLACE" AND CHURCH AT DOMREMY AS THEY APPEARED IN 1819.

From Jeanne d'Arc, by H. Wallon: Firmin-Didot et Cie. Paris.

some modest gift in the management of affairs, Joan's father held office in the community; but his home, his few acres of land, and his flocks were such as were common to all. "Simple labourers, honest in their poverty, for they were of small means"[1] are the words of one of the godmothers for whom Joan was named. Others echo these statements. Joan's mother, in her sad later years, pleading for a revision of the verdict of Rouen, said: "Joan of Arc was my daughter; I raised her in the fear of God and in the traditions of the Church, according to her age, and according to her circumstance, which required her to be of the meadows, and of the fields."

What advantage it could be to Joan's memory to make her appear of better condition than her neighbours it is difficult to see. If we have dwelt somewhat on this matter, it is only to help a little to keep the record straight.

III

A TREE CALLED "LADIES' LODGE"

SHE was just a little peasant girl like her playmates, and these have told us very exactly the kind of a little girl she was.

Of her early friends there were two that she loved most: Hauviette and Mengette, both of whom lived to testify at the Revision. Hauviette may have been the favourite, for she has been called "*la préférée.*" In her turn, she said:

"From my earliest youth I knew Jeannette. Her father and mother were honest labouring people of good name, and true Catholics. . . . As children, Jeannette and I were happy together at her father's house. It was a pleasure for us to sleep in the same bed. Jeannette was good, simple, and sweet."

Hauviette told of Joan's work at home and in the pastures, and of a tree called "l'Arbre des Dames," or "Ladies' Tree," because according to an old saying it was frequented by ladies called fairies. "Nevertheless, I have never heard any one claim to have seen these fairies."

She told how the children of the village on *Lætare Jérusalem*, being the fourth Sunday of Lent, "Fountain Sunday," went to the "Ladies' Tree" with small refreshments, and to a spring called "la Fontaine des Grosseillers" (Currant Spring), and ate and ran and played, and how she had been with Joan on such days. Of this, however, we get a fuller story from one who in

that happy day had been little Mengette. How close she brings it to us.

"My father's house and the house of Father d'Arc joined. Thus I knew Joan intimately. Often we spun together and performed in company the household labours, by day or by night. She had been nurtured in the Christian faith, and was of good habits: loved to go often to church and gave alms of whatever she received from her father. She was a good girl, simple and pious, so pious that her comrades and myself told each other that she was too much so. She went gladly to confession; and many times I have seen her kneeling before the curé of the village.

"Industrious and occupied by many duties, Jeannette spun, did the housework, harvested, and, in the season when it was her turn, sometimes guarded the flocks, her distaff in her hand.

"There was, where we lived, a tree called 'Ladies' Lodge' [*aux Loges-les-Dames* — it seems to have been variously named]. It was a very ancient tree. From the memory of man one has always seen it there where it is. Each year in the spring, particularly on the Sunday of *Lætare Jérusalem*, called the 'Sunday of the Fountains,' this tree was a gathering-place. Girls and boys, we came in a troop, bringing small loaves of bread. Often I was with Jeannette. We ate under the tree; then we went to drink from the currant spring. How many times we have laid the cloth under the tree and eaten together! Afterwards we played and danced. Those things still go on; our children do today what we did then."

JOAN LISTENING TO THE VOICES. *By Chapu*

DOMREMY

Above: HOUSE OF JOAN'S TIME; *Left:* BAPTISMAL FONT
Right: WHERE THE BROOK ENTERS THE MEUSE

Still another friend, Isabellette, told how Joan had welcomed the poor, and willingly had slept by the hearth that they might have her bed. She spoke of Joan going to the little chapel of Bermont, on a hill in the woods beyond Greux, and how, Isabellette being considerably older, the little girl had stood godmother to her son. Like the others, Isabellette told of the Tree, adding that the lord of the village, Pierre de Bourlemont, the towers of whose great castle were plainly visible from the hill where the Tree stood, in her day had come with his lady and conducted the village children to the Tree, "on divers days of the springtime; notably on the Sunday of the Fountains," when Joan had played and danced with the others.

There was a romance concerning the Tree and a former lord of Bourlemont, which we get from another, the godmother, already briefly quoted. "We have a tree," she said, "that is called *l'Arbre des Dames*, because in early times the Seigneur Pierre Granier, chevalier, lord of Bourlemont, and a lady, one called 'Fairy,' had meetings under this tree, and there conversed together." She added that the later lords and ladies, accompanied by their daughters, had sometimes walked to the Tree.

Evidently it was a notable landmark, not only for its great size and beauty, but for its association with romance and possible enchantments.

"The beauty of this tree attracted our lords and ladies," testified another, and added: "From what I have heard, the fairies came there in old times; but for their sins they do not come any more. . . . On As-

cension Eve, when the crosses are carried in procession along the fields, the curé goes under this tree, and there chants *l'évangile*."

Thus we see it was not regarded as an unholy tree, and as for its beauty, one witness, Gérardin d'Épinal, who had married Isabellette, after telling how in springtime he had seen the lords and their ladies spread their repast there, added:

"In that season the tree is as beautiful as the lilies." They had poetry, these peasants, and were not without imagination.

We are dwelling somewhat on the subject of the Tree because of its importance, not only in Joan's childhood, but in the days ahead. Before her judges Joan herself spoke of it as the "Ladies' or Fairy Tree," adding that there was a spring near by, where she had heard that those sick of a fever drank to be cured. She also referred to the Tree as *le Fau*, a native word for beech, "whence comes the fair May"; that is to say, the branches that the peasants set before their houses on May-day. She told them that she had gone there sometimes with the other children, and had twined there wreaths for the picture of the Virgin at Domremy. She had heard it said by old people that fairies came there, and that Maire Aubery's wife had seen them. For herself, Joan, she had never to her knowledge seen fairies near the Tree. Whether she had seen them elsewhere, or not, she did not know. With the others she had hung garlands on the Tree. Sometimes she had carried them away afterwards, sometimes had left them there.

As a child she had danced with the other children, though she had sung more than she had danced. When she had known that she was to go to France, she had taken little part in these amusements, as little as possible.

IV

A LITTLE DREAMER AND SOMETHING OF A MYSTIC

CERTAINLY the children loved the Tree. A mile and a half to the south of the village, on the old road to Neufchâteau, it crowned a hill and could be seen from many directions. In turn, it commanded a wide and fair expanse. Southward, on the hill above Neufchâteau, rose the six towers of the lords of Bourlemont, seigneurs of Domremy and Greux; to the eastward lay the level valley of the Meuse, its placid, irresolute river breaking to form alluvial islands, on one of which was another castle, though abandoned, of the lords of Bourlemont. The Meuse has its source in the south, and mists rise from its mildly tempered waters. In winter its valley is a weird region of fogs; in spring low-hanging clouds drift above its brilliant green; in June it is a dream valley, its fields under the quiet spell which precedes harvest, the lupin and scabiosa and other purple flowers in bloom. In whatever season, it is a place of brooding silence and unreality.

Looking down from the Tree one saw the spire Coussey, and in another direction, Domremy and Greux, with Maxey across the river, definitely in Lorraine. Hill and wood shut away the distance, but one knew that the loitering river found its way past other villages and came at last to the seat of government, Vaucouleurs, valley of colours — a strong town, for all its tranquil name — commanded by a strong man, Robert de

Baudricourt, a sturdy captain, hardened in the trade of arms.

Behind the Tree lay the *Bois Chenu*, a deep forest that skirted the hillside above Domremy and stretched back to unknown depths. It was hardly a place for young children, but below it, in early summer, the slope was red with wild strawberries. We may be certain that the children gathered not only flowers to weave into garlands, but strawberries to eat with their "little loaves, made expressly by their mothers," as one witness declared, and that after they had sung and danced and eaten they sat under the great shade of the Fairy Tree, and looking out over the drowsy valley talked of wonderful things.

Whatever their parents might think of fairies, the children had no doubts on the subject. They not only believed in them, but were favourable to them. That the fairies had been banished for their sins, and forbidden the Tree, was no proof that they did not sometimes visibly assemble there. Jeanne, wife of Maire Aubery, had seen them. There could be no better evidence than that. It was said that fairies sometimes took one up into the air. This happened on Thursday, clearly a magic day.[1] The children hung wreaths on the Tree for the fairies, who sometimes carried them away in the night. Or, at any rate, they were gone in the morning, and who but the fairies would take them? The children discussed these matters, and the efficacy of charms and amulets. And there was a mandragore, a very potent magic that grew somewhere in the ground, near the Tree, under a hazel-bush. But

this was evil, a perilous thing to have, and not to be spoken of openly. That Joan heard this talk we know from her testimony. As a child she probably believed in it, for she was as the others.

Yet she was different. Even in that early time, when she played and danced and sang with her companions, she was with them rather than of them. Often she was in a land where her playmates did not, and could not, enter. A little dreamer, we may believe, and something of a mystic, she loved the sound of the bells. The ancient churchwarden testified:

"When I failed to sound the offices she took me to task, and scolded me, saying I had not done well."

She even promised to give him wool from her sheep, and some of the big round cakes called "moons," to have them rightly rung. "When the bells rang she crossed herself, and knelt," the words of a playmate, and the village curé gave similar testimony.

She found a gratification in prayer unknown to the others: "One seldom saw her on the roads — she was more often praying in the church," to which testimony of an early friend another adds: "At the church one saw her sometimes prostrated before the crucifix, sometimes with hands joined, face and eyes uplifted towards the Christ or the Holy Virgin." When her companions reproached her for overmuch piety, she blushed and did not know what to answer. It was partly because of this, no doubt, that often she went to the little chapel of Our Lady of Bermont, a remote shrine in the woods beyond Greux. In this chapel was an image of the Virgin, quaintly carved in wood,

JOAN'S LADY OF BERMONT
(From Jeanne d'Arc: André Marty)

very ancient, an object of special devotion. Alone, she loved the quiet stillness of the place, having for living company only the birds, that are said to have eaten from her hands. Of this we have no evidence, though it may well have happened, for they knew she would not hurt them. As for fairies, she didn't know whether she had seen them or not.

So we complete the picture of the little peasant girl: diligent, tender-hearted, devout, requiring duty of the bell-ringer, even offering reward if he performed it; often with her companions, yet finding alone companionship they could not understand. Jean Waterin, a playmate almost exactly her own age, testified at the Revision: "Often while we were at play, Jeannette withdrew apart, and spoke to God. The others and myself teased her about it."

JOAN'S SAINT MARGUERITE DOMREMY
(From Jeanne d'Arc: André Marty)

Certainly she was different. Her curé of that time, Guillaume Fronte, declared there was not her like in the village. She often confessed her sins to him. Her sins! Paying to have the bells rung; singing and dancing about the Fairy Tree (though she had sung more than she had danced).

V

ON A SUMMER DAY, AT THE HOUR OF NOON

It all sounds very peaceful, thus far, but it was so in appearance rather than in reality. Almost the first word these children had heard spoken was "War." They had grown up knowing that not far away, beyond the hills, France was torn by fierce struggles; that bloodshed and famine were everywhere; that their hereditary King was not really a king, never having been crowned, but was next to being a fugitive, secluded in some still unconquered corner of his kingdom, below the river Loire.

Crushed by a hundred years of warfare with England, France was not even a nation, but a chaos of warring factions, each, under whatever flag or pretence, striving only for personal gain. Great captains had become freebooters; soldiers had become mere marauders; even the peasants had left their fields, and forming themselves into cruel bands, laid waste far and wide.

Domremy, on a main road from the south, had plenty of news of these things, brought by travelling merchants, pedlers, mendicant friars, straggling soldiers. Also, by fugitives — hungry and bedraggled refugees — it was to such that Joan had offered her bed. Dwellers in the quieter lands along the Meuse knew that the world was stricken; they prepared for the worst.

Their little island of loyalty, governed by that grim soldier, Robert de Baudricourt, at Vaucouleurs, had for the most part escaped hostile incursion. Cattle

had been driven off, but this was mere thievery, and once, at least, the cattle had been recovered. Joan's father and his neighbours had leased the abandoned castle of the Bourlemonts, on an island facing the village, as a protection for their flocks; Joan herself testified to having helped drive the herds to this stronghold. Alarms were sounded by the village church bells, and the cattle were driven there more than once.

The children were familiar with the politics of their country. They knew the unworthy queen-mother, Isabeau of Bavaria, had disowned her son, sold his birthright in a treaty with England, thus plunging France into still deeper ignominy. Almost to a child they were in sympathy with the fugitive King. Philip, Duke of Burgundy, had allied himself with England; Maxey, the village across the river, was Burgundian. The boys of Domremy would occasionally invade Maxey, and Joan saw them "return much bruised and wounded." She was thus, in a way, already part of the struggle for the Dauphin, as Charles VII was then known to her. To a sensitive imagination like hers the Dauphin would become a romantic figure, a wandering prince of legendary tale.

"I had a great and warm zeal that the King should recover his kingdom," Joan told her judges. Children dream long dreams; perhaps even before her summons she saw herself in some capacity offering him feeble aid. It is idle to speculate on what she thought; it is only certain that her child heart was wrung by "the pity that was of the kingdom of France."

When Joan was well into her thirteenth year, news came of the battle of Verneuil (August 17, 1424), another overwhelming defeat for the French forces, leaving Charles VII almost without hope. His armies, such as remained to him, were more than ever demoralized. The saying was common that two hundred English soldiers could put to flight a thousand of the French.

It was within the year following Verneuil, and it may well have been within the month, that Joan received her first intimation of the work she was to do. On a summer day, at the hour of noon, in her father's garden, as she later testified, she saw toward the church a great light, and heard a Voice. At that hour she would hardly be spinning or sewing. It would be when dinner had been prepared and she was waiting a little in the shade for her father and brothers to come from the fields. The Voice came from the direction of the light, "a worthy voice," full of dignity.

Joan was greatly frightened, "*elle me fit grand peur*," and very likely did not remember later just what she saw and heard on this occasion. Before her judges she seems to have confused the earlier appearances, one with another. But either then, or soon after, for the light and the Voice came often, she was told to be "a good child" and that God would help her, and that she would go to the rescue of the King. And the angel spoke to her of "the pity (the sorrow) that was of the kingdom of France." [1]

Joan said that after hearing it three times she recognised the Voice to be that of an angel, which

eventually she knew to be Saint Michael, though at first she had great doubts. She also saw a figure, whether in the beginning or later, one of stateliness and beauty, "*a très vray preudhomme*," with wings, and accompanied by angels.

She told no one, not even her priest or her pious mother, of these marvellous things. She may have felt that they were for herself alone. She may have feared censure and ridicule, with a lack of certainty as to what she had seen. Many strange happenings remain locked in the heart of a sensitive child.

Our own knowledge of Joan's visions is from her testimony, given at the trial at Rouen. We cannot go beyond what, piecemeal, she told her judges, who, at times, confused her, no doubt, though she held resolutely to her main statements.

We need not discuss here the nature of these apparitions. It is enough for our purpose that she believed in their genuineness. That with her physical, or mental, eye she saw; that with her physical, or mental, ear she heard, has never been really doubted. "I have seen them with my corporeal eyes," she told them, "as plainly as I see you, and when they went away from me I wept. And I greatly wished they had taken me with them."

We may believe, if we choose, that she saw and heard subjectively. Her saints assumed the conventional pictured forms, familiar to her in the churches, and they sometimes came when others were present, for whom they had neither voice nor aspect. Whatever may be the truth, to Joan they were realities who

brought her comfort and revealed to her the future. It is as such that we shall consider them; a day has come when the wise no longer deny intolerantly the thing they do not see and hear.

Two or three times a week the light came to her, and the Voice she had learned to know as that of Saint Michael told her she must go to France. Whatever dreams the little girl may have had of being useful to the King, she was deeply distressed in the face of this reality. She seems to have been reassured by the promise of soldiers. The Voice also told her that Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret would come to her, to comfort and counsel her in what she had to do. They would be good spirits, and she must believe what they would say to her, and that this was "by commandment of the Lord."

Joan at such times prostrated herself before the saint and his angels, and after their departure "kissed the earth where they stood, making reverence."

We do not know when, or how, Joan's other "Voices" (it was her custom to refer to her celestial counsellors in that way), Saints Catherine and Margaret, first came to her, but it must have been very soon, for at Rouen she said that it was now seven years since they had begun to direct her. She once spoke of these saints coming to her at the spring below the Fairy Tree, so it may have been in that quiet place that they first appeared, or near the chapel of Bermont: "If I was in a wood, I was certain to hear the Voices come."

She did not distinguish them immediately, she said,

but later knew them very well, and could easily tell one from the other. She added that they made salutations, and named themselves to her. They were richly crowned, and spoke to her in voices sweet and gentle, in "good and beautiful language," which she understood perfectly. They assured her that the King would be restored in spite of his adversaries, and promised, on her asking it of them, to conduct her to paradise. She saw their faces, their hair — they exhaled sweet incense. They were so real that, at one time or another, they confessed her, in turn. She embraced their knees at parting, making reverence, weeping that they could not take her with them.

In time, her visitants became less distinct, and she forgot their individual faces, but the Voices remained clear and definite. She had been chosen to restore France, to crown the King and give him back his kingdom. To her saints Joan pledged her maidenhood "for so long as it pleased God"; that is, until her mission should be ended.

Joan was no ethereal visionary, of delicate physique, but a healthy peasant girl, capable, and with plenty of temper and determination, as we shall see later on. She probably had no ambition to become a recluse or a saint, and little dreamed of becoming a martyr. Yet it was ominous that both of those who came to direct her, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, had, by tradition, been martyrs, suffering each a cruel death.

VI

COMPANIONSHIP OF ANGELS

DURING four years or more the visions and Voices continued to come, before Joan was ready for the work assigned to her. How a girl in the interval from thirteen to seventeen managed to keep the great secret shut up in her heart is one of the unexplainable mysteries. We have a rather meagre account of those years, and except for the visitations the girl's life probably contained little that was notable. By her own account she had taken a less active part in the diversions of her comrades after knowing that she must go to France, "as little as she could." She went with her companions, but in a graver fashion. At the Revision, one of her godmothers testified: "She was not a dancer, *non erat choreatrix;* many times while the others sang and danced she went to pray." This would be after she had begun to hear the Voices; she had slipped away to commune with them.

Her friends found her more than ever devout, charitable, anxious to assist in time of need. "Consoled the sick, gave alms to the poor," are the words of one witness, a labourer: "I experienced her goodness; for as a child I was sick and Jeannette attended me." Yet there is little in the testimony to show that she was not very much as she had always been, except that as the years passed and she grew taller, stronger, handsomer, she had also become more earnest, more grave.

To this day life in Domremy is primitive: girls still spin with the distaff, and drive their flocks to the fields.

Yet it was far more simple in Joan's time. In that day there was no such thing as a book or paper to pick up at a leisure moment. Printing was still unknown in Europe; hardly anybody could read, or needed to. For leisure one could gossip with a neighbour, or go to the church, for prayer. The humble life was varied only by the arrival of the mendicant priest, a pedler, or straggling wanderers bringing news of some new raid by the *routiers*, some fresh incursion of the Burgundian army, and always of the declining fortunes of the King. That Joan herself went often to the church and to the secluded chapel of Bermont we know. For such leisure as she had she needed no other occupation. In the quiet places she was being instructed for the great days ahead, trained for a mission such as has never been assigned to another in all the world's history.

She seems no longer to have gone to the fields, or followed the flocks to the pasture, and with three brothers for such work there was little need. At Rouen she first testified that she had not tended the flocks, meaning since her childhood, for later she supplied this correction, saying that since she had grown a little older she had not usually guarded the animals. She had been taught to sew and to spin, and at these things, she said, she "feared no woman in Rouen." There would be enough for her to do without going to the fields, and when we think of those long days alone with the devout Isabelle Romée our wonder grows that she did not reveal something of the story of her celestial visitors and what they required of her. We have her own testimony that she did not do this.

Yet unconsciously she may have let something fall of what was in her mind, for one night her father dreamed that she would "go with the soldiers." Joan's mother told her of this dream, and added that Jacques d'Arc had said to his sons: "If I believed the thing I dreamed of her would happen, I should wish that you might drown her, and if you did not do it, I would drown her myself." [1] The Voices had been coming to her more than two years when this happened, so she would be then about fifteen. She testified that her parents held her in "great subjection." The stern peasant father is likely to be something of a tyrant in his household.

That Joan yearned for someone in whom to confide is certain. To Michel Lebuin, a friend from childhood, she said: "There is between Coussey and Vaucouleurs a young girl who before another year will cause to be crowned the King of France." This, by Michel's testimony, happened on the eve of Saint John the Baptist, June 23 (1428). Domremy was between Coussey and Vaucouleurs, and the year would only need to stretch into another month to bring fulfilment. There is in this prophecy an echo of one made a generation before, by Marie of Avignon to Charles VI: That France ruined by a woman would be restored by a maid from the borders of Lorraine. This prediction was fairly well known; Joan had heard of it, as we shall see later. A similar prophecy, attributed to the mythical Merlin, concerning a *Bois Chenu*, or *Chesnu*, seems not to have been known in Domremy, and in fact had no connection with any forest of France.

To still another friend, one considerably older than herself, Gérardin d'Épinal, husband of Isabellette, to whose child Joan had stood godmother, she one day said: "Compère, if you were not Burgundian, I would tell you something." This witness added: "I imagined it was a question of some idea of marriage with one of her comrades of childhood." Gérardin, it may be said, could not have been very fiercely Burgundian. Joan at her trial said there had been but one Burgundian in Domremy, whose head, she wished, might have been cut off, adding "providing it was pleasing to God." This could hardly have been Gérardin.

Joan was now sixteen, a marriageable age for a peasant girl of that day, so that her compère's conclusion was not unwarranted. As to her appearance, we have little on which to base a description. We know that she was strong, of good height, that she had dark hair, and we have the words of a comrade, who rode with her and was nearest her during her days of battle, that she was "beautiful and well formed."[1] We may picture her wearing the bodice and red wool skirt of the peasant girl of the time, her hair loose or braided, her feet in *sabots*, in summer bare. She wore no ornaments except two small cheap rings, given her by her parents and one of her brothers. One of the rings had on it three crosses and the words "JESUS MARIA." Such rings were not uncommon, but hers she held particularly precious, for they had been on her hands when she embraced the saints, and so were consecrated.[2]

VII

WAR COMES TO DOMREMY AND TO ORLEANS. A PEASANT NAMED DURAND LAXART

It was when Joan was sixteen that the long-expected incursion of the Burgundians, if Burgundians they were, arrived. In July 1428, Antoine de Vergy, Governor of Champagne, descended from the westward upon the territory below Vaucouleurs, chiefly for raiding purposes. What happened at other villages we do not know, but the people of Domremy, warned in time, bundled their possessions into carts, and with their flocks made a general exodus to Neufchâteau, a strong town. A good many of them seem to have put up at an inn, kept by a worthy woman, "*honnête femme*," known as "La Rousse," probably descriptive of her ruddy complexion. The family of Jacques d'Arc were among her lodgers, and during the period of their stay Joan, as would be natural, assisted her hostess. Another of the temporary exiles testified to this, adding that they remained in Neufchâteau not longer than three or four days — five, at most — waiting only for the disappearance of the raiders at Domremy. Joan's judges tried to make something reprehensible of her simple service at the inn, and in the court record she is made to say that she remained there fifteen days. But this is manifestly a wrong transcription. No less than five of those who joined in the flight certified that the time did not exceed three or four days, and that all, including Joan and her parents, returned together. De Vergy's

soldiers, doubtless assisted by Robert de Baudricourt, seem to have retired as promptly as they came, after burning, or partly burning, the town, in revenge for its lack of spoil; and we may be sure the peasants did not remain away from their homes longer than necessary. We are not told what havoc was found in the home of Jacques d'Arc, but across the garden the little church of St. Remy was so damaged by fire that the people of Domremy were, for a time, obliged to attend the church at Greux.

It was in October of that same year that word came of the siege of Orleans, with occupation by the English of the near-by towns of Jargeau, Meung, and Beaugency. The siege had begun on the 12th, so it would be late in the month when the report reached Domremy.

This was black news. Orleans was the key to the country below the Loire. If the English captured it, France would be no longer France, but a province of England — it was little better than that already. As for the King, he would end his days in some exile, very likely in Scotland, always the friend of France.

Whether Joan's Voices advised her of the siege, we know nothing, but they now became very urgent. We have her own testimony for this: "Two or three times a week the Voice exhorted me to go to France. . . . The Voice kept urging me — I could no longer endure it. It told me that I would raise the siege of Orleans. It told me to go to Robert de Baudricourt, captain, and that he would give me men to come with me; for I was a poor girl, knowing neither how to ride nor to conduct war." [1]

So was she brought face to face with the work she had to do. Until now it had seemed hazy and far off, something for the future, never quite to be faced as a reality. Now she must act. The thought was stupefying.

Her parents must not know. Jacques d'Arc would promptly deprive her of her liberty; he might even make good his threat of two years before, and so put an end to her mission before it had begun. Yet it was necessary to speak to somebody — one who could make even a beginning possible.

She finally turned to one as humble as herself, a peasant, Durand Laxart, of Burey le Petit, near Vaucouleurs. Laxart had married her mother's cousin, and being much older than herself, Joan called him "uncle."

That a tumult was raging in the young girl's breast we need not doubt. She had never disobeyed her parents; now she was planning to mislead them. At her trial she said: "Since God had commanded it, it was right to do it." She added that had she had a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, and had she been the daughter of a king, still would she have gone. Also, that her Voice had been willing for her to tell her parents, except for the sorrow that they would have caused her. For herself, she would not have told them for anything. Her Voice had left it to her, to tell her father and mother or to keep silent.[1] We get something of her struggle behind these words.

Joan somehow got word to the Laxart home that she wished to visit them, for her uncle testified: "I went

to her father's house and brought her to mine." He supplies none of the preliminaries. Whatever details we have are from other witnesses, Joan's friends, Mengette and Isabellette. By these we are told that Joan besought her uncle to ask her parents' permission for her to go to his home, to care for her aunt during confinement. Without knowing anything of her real purpose this kindly soul agreed.

The consent granted, Joan and Durand Laxart set out for Burey le Petit, in the direction of Vaucouleurs. There is a question as to the time of this departure. For reasons which will appear elsewhere, the present writer prefers to believe that it was near the end of December, 1428, within a week or two of Joan's seventeenth birthday.

As to their mode of travel, it is likely that they walked, and that they set out early, for the distance was considerable. Of those who testified at the Revision, only three had seen them go — little Mengette, to whom Joan had said: "Adieu, Mengette, I commend thee to God"; and Jean Waterin and Gérard Guillemette, who saw them pass through Greux, and heard Joan say adieu to the people there.

But to little Hauviette, *la préférée*, she had sent no word of her going; perhaps she could not. "I did not know until she was gone," Hauviette said, telling of it, long after; "and I wept bitterly. She was so good, and I loved her so much. She was my friend."

VIII

"I HAVE COME ON THE PART OF MY LORD"

Two peasants, as humble and as obscure as any to be found in France — one, a man in wool cap and jerkin; the other, a girl wearing a hood, some sort of cape, a worn and patched red skirt, both of them in *sabots* — setting out on a winter's day to lift up a fallen kingdom: this is the picture that presents itself.

Durand Laxart did not know that he was a part of such a mission, not when he set out. He learned it when they reached the lonely stretch beyond Greux. From his statement, taken at the Revision, we gather that Joan made her announcement with little or no introduction.

"She told me that she wished to go into France, to the Dauphin, to have him crowned."

The people of Lorraine always spoke of "going to France" as if it were a separate country. Probably Laxart did not reply at once. At all events, Joan seems immediately to have added:

"Has it not already been said that France would be desolated by a woman and must be restored by a maid?"

"And she asked me," the witness continued, "to go and tell Sire Robert de Baudricourt to have her conducted to where my lord the Dauphin was."

Durand Laxart was a simple, earnest soul. Very likely he had never spoken a word to Robert de Baudri-

court in his life. He had watched that burly captain ride by, at the head of his bristling guard; and he may now have dimly wondered how long a peasant like himself would last after entering the grim presence with such an announcement. Nevertheless, he seems not to have hesitated. Whether or not he believed in the prophecy, he believed in Joan, and took her at once to Vaucouleurs. The nation of France owes a debt of gratitude to Durand Laxart.

That afternoon, or next morning, Joan and Uncle Laxart toiled up the steep hill to the governor's castle and entered the forbidding portal, where somehow the faithful Laxart obtained admission to the official audience. Durand Laxart testified importantly at the Revision, but of Joan's first interview with Sire de Baudricourt he has left but one detail. Perhaps it was all he could remember. He seems, indeed, to have done little more than find his way into the governor's presence, which was quite enough; for Joan, from the moment of undertaking her mission, appears never to have shown the least fear or embarrassment before any earthly dignity. By her later testimony she recognised de Baudricourt without ever having seen him. "My Voices told me it was he."

For the details of what followed we must rely chiefly on the memory of one who was to become a knight in her service — Bertrand de Poulengy, King's squire and nobleman, then about thirty-six years old. De Poulengy, by his own account, knew Domremy, had sat under the Fairy Tree, and had seen Joan, a child of five, at the home of her parents. In his testimony he

speaks of Joan's red gown, and how he saw her stand before de Baudricourt. He quotes her words:

"'I have come to you on the part of my Lord, in order that you may send word to the Dauphin, to hold fast, and not to cease war against his enemies.[1] Before mid-Lent the Lord will give him help. In truth, the kingdom belongs not to the Dauphin, but to my Lord. But my Lord wills that the Dauphin be made King, and have the kingdom in command. Notwithstanding his enemies, the Dauphin will be made King, and it is I who will conduct him to the coronation.'

"Robert said to her: 'Who is your lord?' And she replied:

"'The King of Heaven.'"

The old knight's memory may not have been exact as to Joan's wording, but the phrases have the sound of her later utterances, and something of the sort she must have said. De Baudricourt was not impressed, and Durand Laxart's one recorded memory belongs here:

"Robert said to me several times: 'Take her to her father's home, and box her ears.'" Whether this was in Joan's presence or not we do not know. If Bertrand de Poulengy heard it, he fails to mention that fact. Possibly the gallant knight did not think it becoming to do so.

Concerning the time of Joan's departure from Domremy: Bertrand de Poulengy testified that it was near Ascension Day, 1428, when he first saw her in Vaucouleurs, and this in general seems to have been accepted without question. But Ascension Day, 1428, fell on May 28, while the siege of Orleans did not begin until October of that year. Joan, on

the second day of her examination at Rouen, when her mind was still fresh and clear, plainly stated:

"Two or three times a week this Voice exhorted me to go to France. My father knew nothing of my going. The Voice kept urging me; I could no longer endure it. It told me I would *raise the siege of Orleans*. It told me to go to Robert de Baudricourt, captain, and he would give me men to come with me."

There is nothing about being urged to go to Vaucouleurs *before* the beginning of the siege of Orleans, and had she made a preliminary trip in May her father would most certainly have known the purpose of her second going. Moreover, Joan told de Baudricourt that she would bring help to the King by mid-Lent, a statement suggesting something more immediate than a period ten months distant. Such a promise at the end of the year would have relevancy and meaning.

Bertrand de Poulengy had a brave and honest heart, but memory is a tricky thing — an old knight may well enough become confused in his fête-days of the past. Again, by a slip of speech, to which the best of us are prone, he may have said the day of the *ascension* of Our Lord, meaning to say the day of the *birth* of Our Lord. He could also have been misunderstood: *le jour de l'ascension* and *le jour de la naissance*, though of dissimilar appearance to the English eye, given the French pronunciation, are by no means dissimilar in sound, especially when pronounced by one of advanced years. The recording clerk may have mistaken one for the other.

The writer believes that it was on or near Christmas Day, 1428, that Joan first went to Vaucouleurs. Durand Laxart testified that Joan was at his house "during a period of six weeks," while Catherine Royer said: "Joan remained in our house about three weeks in all." Between December 25 and February 23, the date of Joan's departure for Chinon, there are a little more than eight and a half weeks, which would sufficiently account for both statements, made as they were after a lapse of more than twenty-five years.

IX

"THEN I PLEDGED MY FAITH TO JOAN, TOUCHING HER HAND"

JOAN and her uncle now left Vaucouleurs — Poulengy says for Domremy, but this is not likely, for Joan's attendance on her aunt would preclude that, and besides her siege of de Baudricourt had but just begun. She would return to Burey, to get strength and counsel from her Voices for the next attack. Furthermore, the incident would make a great stir in Vaucouleurs; news of it would quickly travel to Domremy and the home of Jacques d'Arc. She must have strength, as well, to meet that situation.

Opinions differ as to whether Joan ever returned to Domremy at all, and there is evidence, none of it very positive, leading to either conclusion. If she did return, it was to fierce and stormy scenes. Joan herself tells us that her parents "nearly lost their minds" when she left to go to Vaucouleurs. She does not say that this happened in Domremy, and it may well have been that her parents, hearing amazing reports of her doings, had descended upon her at Burey le Petit. From the testimony of those who had bidden her good-bye we get the impression that her departure was final. There is nothing in the words of Mengette and the others to suggest that she ever came back. A single witness testified that she went two or three times to Vaucouleurs, to speak to the "bailiff," but whether

from Domremy or Burey he does not say, and his testimony on this episode is all rather vague. One would like to know the truth, though it is not very important in its bearing on the days ahead.

What we do know is that her parents made an effort to control her, without the use of actual force. They would perhaps not wish to employ harsh means, not in the face of public opinion, which seems instantly to have recognised in Joan "something divine." Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Romée were religious, the latter especially so, and religion in that day included a lively fear of the saints. Joan, as we know from her later testimony, told Robert de Baudricourt of her visions, and something of this must have reached the people. At all events she claimed, and they claimed for her, a mission from God. Even the stern Jacques d'Arc would hardly care to risk the displeasure of Heaven by setting his face in violence against this mysterious thing which in the person of his usually submissive daughter now opposed him. Still, something might be done indirectly, something sanctioned by the Church.

Among the young men in Domremy willing to marry a handsome, industrious girl like Joan, there was one who had made himself believe that he had a promise from her. Or, rather, he made Joan's parents believe it, and it was arranged to have her summoned before the Bishop of Toul, who, as they hoped, would require fulfilment. Joan, faithful and devout, would obey a summons from a bishop, and there was at least an even chance that she would lose the case. Furthermore, Toul was a good way off, in a hostile country, with

dangerous travel between. This would mean delay, and in the meantime . . .

In the meantime, Joan had met with another rebuff from de Baudricourt, less positive than the first, it may be, but sufficiently so to prompt a new purpose. "Twice he repulsed me with his refusals," she told her judges, and from Durand Laxart we learn what happened next:

"One time when she saw that Robert was not disposed to have her taken to the Dauphin, Jeannette put on some of my clothes and said she would go herself. She did go, and I conducted her as far as St. Nicolas." The old gentleman is very terse. He adds: "From there, being provided with a safe-conduct, she was brought to the presence of Lord Charles, Duke of Lorraine. The duke saw her, spoke with her, and gave her four francs, which she showed me."

But there is more to the story than that. Catherine Royer, whose house had become Joan's headquarters in Vaucouleurs, gives the incident with feminine detail:

"As Robert was not disposed to conduct her to the King, Joan said to me: 'Whether he will or not, I must go where the Dauphin is. Don't you know that it has been prophesied that France, lost by a woman, would be restored by a maid from the borders of Lorraine?' I did in fact remember this prophecy, and remained stupefied. Jeannette's purpose was very strong; the delay weighed upon her as if she had been a woman expecting her time. From that hour many others and myself had faith in her. Also, it happened that a certain Jacques Alain and Durand Laxart were willing

to take her. They took her as far as St. Nicolas, but they returned to Vaucouleurs, Joan having said to them, from what I learned, that it was not honest for her to go under such conditions."

Honest to the saints who had promised her help from de Baudricourt? Or honest to the bishop whose summons had perhaps already come from Toul? We do not know, but in either case the sin had not been great, for St. Nicolas was only a little way out of Vaucouleurs, on the road to Chinon, to whose strong castle the King had now retired. What seems more probable is that the summons from Toul arrived about the time of her return, and with it a summons of a different sort, a command from Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who had heard of her and thought she was a healer and a fortune-teller, to come to him at Nancy, for consultation. Nancy was thirty miles to the eastward, and Joan would hardly have gone on that errand only. There was little hope of help from Duke Charles, whose English sympathies and general reputation were notorious. But Toul was half-way on the road to Nancy, and the safe-conduct which the duke had sent provided a means for getting there. She would make the journey.

It is just here that Joan's other knight, Jean de Novelompont, called Jean de Metz, appears in her history. She could not have met him before starting with her uncle and Jacques Alain in the direction of Chinon, or he would have made one of the party. Jean de Metz tells the story of their meeting better than any one can tell it for him:

"When I saw Joan for the first time, following her arrival at Vaucouleurs, she had on a dress, poor and worn, and of a red color. I said to her: '*Ma mie*, what are you doing here? Must the King be driven from his kingdom, and we become English?'

"The young girl answered me: 'I have come to this loyal city to speak to Sire de Baudricourt, in order that he may conduct me, or have me conducted, to the King. But he has care neither for me nor for my words. Nevertheless, before the coming of mid-Lent I must be with the King, even if I must wear down my legs to my knees; for nobody in the world, neither kings nor dukes, nor daughter of the King of Scotland,[1] nor others, can recover the kingdom of France; and there is no help save from myself, though I would like better to spin by the side of my poor mother, seeing that this is not my station. Yet I needs must go, and I will do this because my Lord wills it so.' I asked her who was her lord. She answered me: 'It is God.' Then I pledged my faith to Joan, touching her hand, and I promised her, God aiding, that I would conduct her to the King."

Gallant Jean de Metz! In all knightly romance there is no finer picture!

"I then asked her when she wished to start," the tale goes on.

"'Rather today than tomorrow, and tomorrow than afterwards,' she said to me. I then asked her if she would take the road in her woman's garments. She replied:

"'I will willingly take the dress of a man.'

JOAN LEAVING THE DISTAFF FOR THE SWORD

This is the original of the small statute in the church of St. Christoph, Neufchateau. It is the property of l'Union Artistique of Vaucouleurs

Pierson Martin, Sculptor

Above: "PORTE DE FRANCE", FROM WHICH JOAN RODE TO CHINON
Below: FONTAINE DES GROSEILLIERS, WHERE JOAN PLAYED AS A CHILD

"For the time being I gave her the clothing and boots of one of my men. Later, the people of Vaucouleurs had made for her a man's costume, leggings, gaiters, all the necessary equipment, and gave her a horse that cost sixteen francs, or near it.

"Upon this, supplied with a safe-conduct from Charles, Duke of Lorraine, Joan went to confer with this lord, I with her, as far as Toul. She did not delay her return to Vaucouleurs, and the first Sunday of Lent, that we call the Sunday *des Bures* (it will be, as it seems to me, twenty-seven years from then to next Lent),[1] Bertrand de Poulengy and I, with our two servants — also Colet, King's Messenger, and Richard the Archer — we carried her off to conduct her to the King, then at Chinon."

We have allowed the knight to finish this part of his narrative, though he goes somewhat ahead of our story. Also, it may be, of his own, for the horse he mentions and the clothing seem not to have been provided until after the return from Nancy. No matter; it is only important that Joan and Durand Laxart, accompanied by de Metz, rode to Toul.

Joan appears to have had little difficulty in getting a release from the action against her. Coming as she did, a reputed messenger of God, accompanied by a worthy relative and a knight of degree, and being on the way to hold converse with the Duke of Lorraine, the bishop would be likely to take a second thought before sanctioning her marriage with a peasant, to whom, on her oath, this bravely-spoken girl declared she had given no promise whatever.

Ten miles beyond Nancy, to the southeast, there is another St. Nicolas, St. Nicolas du Port, a celebrated shrine. Joan would wish to give thanks for her release, and must have gone there direct from Toul, for de Poulengy tells us that from St. Nicolas du Port she rode to the castle of the Duke of Lorraine, at Nancy. The little that we know of the latter visit we have from Joan's testimony:

"The Duke of Lorraine ordered that I should be conducted to him, and I went there. I told him that I wished to go to France. He consulted me for recovery of his health, but I told him that I did not know anything about it. I did not tell him much concerning my journey, but asked him to give me his son, with men, to accompany me to France, and told him I would pray God for his health. I went to him under a safe-conduct. From there I returned to Vaucouleurs."

It was the duke's son-in-law, René of Anjou, brother of Marie of Anjou, Queen of Charles VII, that Joan meant. Later in the year he joined her, though not in time to be at Orleans or Patay.

The account of Joan's summons to Toul, as here set down, is based on what seems reasonable, rather than on the evidence, of which there is very little. Such as we have comes from Joan herself, who told her judges that she was summoned to Toul, and that she swore there to tell the truth.

As to the time of the occurrence, it has been the custom to place it during the summer of 1428, during the brief interval of Joan's sojourn in Neufchâteau, and her historians, as a rule, have made her travel to and fro alone, and on foot, a distance of sixty miles, even as many as *three times!* Joan in

1428 was sixteen years old, and no girl of sixteen, no woman of any age, could have travelled alone through that hostile, bandit-ridden country. Even with an escort she could not have gone without a safe-conduct, as witness the provision made by the Duke of Lorraine. None of those examined at the Revision made any mention of Joan's having gone to Toul from Domremy or Neufchâteau. We do know that she went to Toul from Vaucouleurs, and it seems fair to assume that it was then she made her defence, for the apparently obvious reason that she could not have gone there at any other time.

Merely as an added word, it is hardly logical to suppose that Joan would go from her parents' roof to defend herself against what was, in effect, their action against her, and then return to their shelter. Joan was no limb of disobedience; to leave her father's house for the purpose of opposing a process he had instigated, only to return to his protection and support, does not fit with the known details of her history.

X

"GO, AND LET COME WHAT MAY!"

JOAN was now for the most part at the home of Henry and Catherine Royer. Their house was only a short distance from the castle; she would be handy there, if summoned. She believed that de Baudricourt had sent word of her to the King, and any time the messenger might return. Says Madame Royer:

"Joan loved to spin, and spun well. I can see us yet, spinning together at my house."

Joan would not let the waiting drag idly. Yet with all those who now came to see her there could not have been much time for spinning. Madame Royer also went with her to church and to the curé, Jean Fournier, for confession. In a vault below the castle was a chapel, and here Joan sometimes went to pray.

There is an incident at this point that is customarily set down as history, but which seems more properly to belong to the realm of myth. On February 12, 1429, the French met the English at Rouvray, north of Orleans, in what proved to be France's final great disaster, called later "Battle of the Herrings," because in the mêlée a quantity of dried fish from a supply train littered the field. In a document prepared at Orleans, in 1467, known as the "Journal of the Siege of Orleans," it is declared that by divine grace Joan knew of this defeat on the day of its occurrence, and told Robert de Baudricourt that the King had sustained

great damage near Orleans and would undergo still more if she were not taken before him; also, that when the news of the battle reached Vaucouleurs, de Baudricourt was convinced, and yielded to her demand.

This would be a fine incident, a thing which properly might have happened, and the temptation to accept it is very strong. Why, with her gifts, or counsellors, Joan did not perform this particular marvel, so desirable at the moment, is perplexing. But the fact that neither de Metz nor de Poulengy nor any other contemporary witnesses made any reference to it, and that no mention of it was made by anyone until thirty-eight years after the supposed event, is against its acceptance as history.

De Baudricourt, in fact, seems never to have been entirely convinced of Joan's mission. That Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, not to mention a host of peasantry, had accepted her, was much in her favour. De Metz had openly pledged himself to take her to the King, and while we have no account of it, de Poulengy must have done likewise. These two were going, with or without de Baudricourt's sanction.

The governor was in a quandary. He did not wish to assume responsibility, either for denying Joan or for becoming her champion. He wrote to the King of her, and he may have received an answer. At all events a messenger arrived from Chinon, and whether or not he brought word concerning Joan, he certainly did bring word of the disaster of the Herrings, which meant as much to de Baudricourt as to any other loyal commander. It was time to grasp at straws.

Madame Royer and Joan, spinning most likely, were one day astonished to see approaching, the warlike de Baudricourt, accompanied by Curé Jean Fournier. They entered and took Joan aside.

"Later, I questioned Joan, and she related to me what had passed. The curé had brought his stole; and in the captain's presence he adjured her, saying: 'If thou art evil, depart from us; if thou art good, approach.' At which Joan dragged herself to his knees, and remained there.[1] Nevertheless, she said the curé had not done well, seeing that he knew her, having heard her in confession."

If this happened on the arrival of the news of the Herrings, it would be about February 22. Whether Joan had forestalled that news would make little difference. De Baudricourt in any case would wish to satisfy himself that she was not a witch. Joan told her judges that the third time she asked the governor for help she received it. She probably asked the next morning, and set out the same evening. The decision once made, there must be no delay in starting; the Anglo-Burgundians could get the news and be lying in wait, almost outside the castle walls.

To be quite accurate de Baudricourt really gave Joan very little besides a sword and his blessing. Those two high-hearted soldiers of fortune, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, really belonged to nobody, were under no orders but their own. Colet de Vienne, King's Messenger, with Richard the Archer, were due to go back to Chinon, anyway. De Metz and de Poulengy provided funds for the expedition, the citizens

of Vaucouleurs supplied Joan with the clothes, and it was Durand Laxart and Jacques Alain who furnished her horse.

"At the same time, Alain de Vaucouleurs and I bought her a horse costing twelve francs, for which we assumed the debt. . . . "

They bought it on credit, these two good souls, for twelve francs, two dollars and forty cents, in that day an average price,[1] and a considerable sum. They pledged themselves in that amount, which is more than can be said for de Baudricourt, who in all ways seems to have been a prudent person. He made Joan's companions swear to "well and safely conduct her," which cost nothing, and he gave her a sword from those about the castle. It was as if he had said: "You have made two converts; and Colet and Richard here are going your way. Here is a sword and my permission to use it."

Nevertheless, if the promise of the saints must be justified, and Joan's statement that he "gave her men," we may allow that de Baudricourt gave her Colet and Richard, who, temporarily at least, were under his orders. Later, when the expedition had justified itself, he paid the two dollars and forty cents for Joan's horse, probably out of the King's funds. That there are certain amusing aspects to this splendid adventure must be admitted, and nobody would appreciate them more than Joan herself, a sense of humour being no small part of her equipment.

It was the evening of February 23, 1429, when Joan and her little army of six — her two knights, their

two servants, and the King's messengers — assembled mounted in the castle courtyard, at the gate opening to the westward, the porte of France. They must travel by night if they would avoid capture. A group had assembled to see them go, and when the portcullis was lifted, and Joan between her knights was about to pass a woman called to her:

"How can you make such a journey when on all sides are soldiers?"

Joan answered:

"I do not fear the soldiers, for my road is made open to me; and if the soldiers come, I have God, my Lord, who will know how to clear the route that leads to messire the Dauphin. It was for this that I was born!"

This is told us by Henry, husband of Catherine Royer; while Joan herself testified that as they rode out Robert de Baudricourt called:

"*Va, et advienne que pourra!*" "Go, and let come what may!"

After which they passed into the winter mist and gloaming, and were lost among the trees, taking the direction of Chinon.

XI

WHAT THE CENTURIES HAVE LEFT US

JOAN OF ARC had left the valley of the Meuse, never to return to it. From Neufchâteau to Vaucouleurs it was, in a peculiar sense, her country, and today, after nearly five hundred years, something of her country it still remains. Not only would many of its aspects be familiar to her — its gentle slopes; its wandering river, breaking into channels to form islands; its brooding silence and mystery — but even some of its ancient landmarks are visible.

At Neufchâteau, which she may have visited more than once, it being but a short eight miles from Domremy, there are still two churches, in one or both of which she must have prayed during the brief days of her refuge there. Both were old when she saw them, the lower chapel of St. Nicolas having been built nearly three hundred years before; the upper part, also very old, remaining today about as Joan saw it. In one of the recesses is a curious sculptured group, an "Entombment of Christ." Of Joan's time, it could have invited her wonder and adoration.

The other church, St. Christophe, has seen more change. Yet the nave and the choir are of her day; she would not find them unfamiliar. Nearly every French church contains a statue of the Maid, and St. Christophe has one that is unusual. It is a small, cheap, coloured replica, but the element of accident in its

reproduction has given the face something quite its own, a spirituality and depth of vision not to be defined. It is Joan *en bergère*, with the red skirt and close-fitting bodice of her class, her feet bare. In one hand she holds a distaff, in the other a sword. That unimportant little statue is one of the beautiful things of France. A larger statue, of less value, stands in the public square. Neufchâteau has some ancient houses, and the inn of La Rousse may still exist, but it is no longer identified.

The road to Domremy, for the most part, follows the Meuse. A little above Neufchâteau, on a height to the left, stands the gray castle of Bourlemont. Farther along comes Coussey, whose mossy church tower was damaged during the raid of Antoine de Vergy, but still stands, bearing the marks of that desecration. From Coussey the tree-lined road keeps straight along the valley, arrives at a stone bridge, crosses it, and so reaches a small, plain church and a curiously shaped house, the rather pretentious grounds of the latter enclosed by an iron railing. One's pilgrimage really begins here, for these are the so-called birthplace and baptismal church of Joan of Arc.

Joan would recognize neither of them, and few, if any, of the surroundings. Whatever may have been the damage done by Antoine de Vergy, the changes made by those who came after are all too evident. The architecture of the church has been altered time and again; the "birthplace" belongs to no particular period, and is far too pretentious in size to have been the home of a peasant in the days of Jacques d'Arc.

Some of the family occupied it after they had been ennobled, which could partly account for its transformation. There remain in the village a number of houses unquestionably old, humble affairs from the beginning, the eaves of their long roofs nearly touching the ground.

"BIRTHPLACE" OF JOAN OF ARC, DOMREMY, AS IT APPEARS TODAY

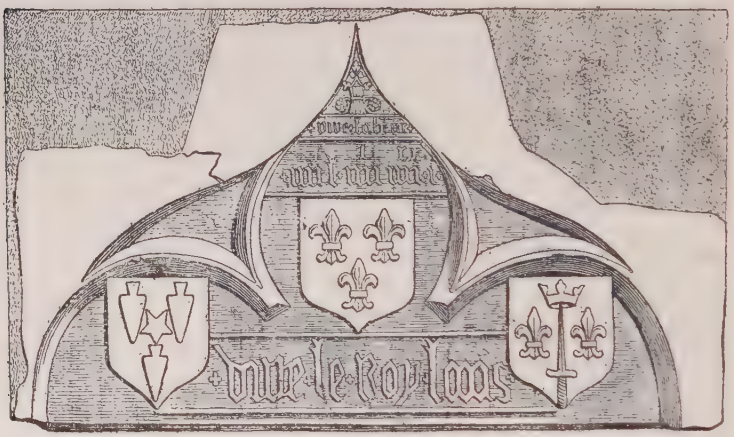
From l'Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc: André Marty. Paris.

They are of one general type and size, and without doubt present the kind of home in which Joan's childhood was passed. In some of these her little friends may have lived, in some of them she doubtless visited.

Within the birthplace there is little that is convincing. A succession of owners adapted the place to their uses, and since a century ago it became state property, restorations have made of it a museum rather than a peasant's home. There are pictures and statues

and a small library; overhead are some darkened beams said to be "original." Perhaps they are; one would be glad to think they once supported the smoke-blackened ceiling above Joan's cradle.

The entrance to the home is not without interest. Above the doorway is a three-lobed arch, enclosing

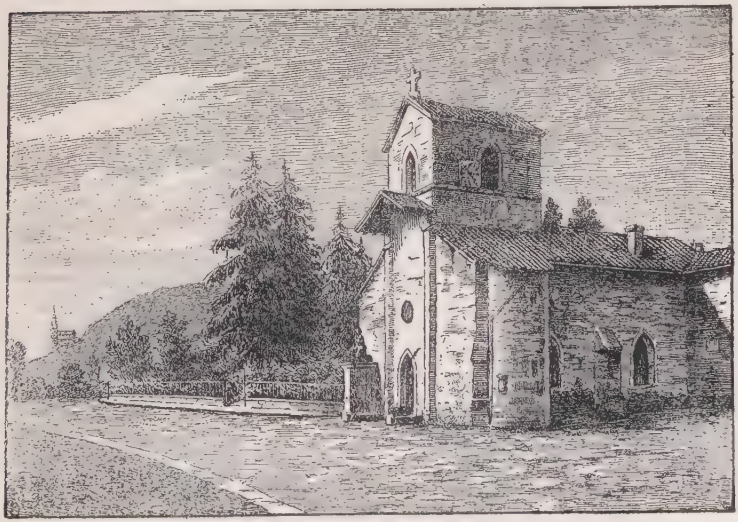


ARCH ABOVE THE ENTRANCE OF THE D'ARC HOME.

From l'Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc: André Marty; Paris.

three shields. The upper, or centre, bears the three lilies of France; over it, in old script, are the words, "*Vive labeur,*" with a date, 1481. In the peak of the arch is an upright sheaf and a branch of the "Vine." Below all is the inscription, "*Vive le Roy Loys,*" Long live King Louis. The shield at the right bears the arms conferred on Joan's family, two *fleur-de-lis*, between them an upright sword, supporting on its point a crown. The shield at the left bears three ploughshares, surrounding the starlike rowel of a spur, the arms of the Thiesselin family, related by intermar-

riage, supposed owners of the property at the date inscribed. There is a local tradition that the house was restored at this time, with money supplied by Louis XI, hence the inscription. Montaigne, in 1580, visited the place and spoke of the decorations on the front of the house, scenes from Joan's achievements, already much damaged (*fort corrompu*) by time. Today there is no trace of them. Even then it was not the house that Joan knew, but whatever it was, or is, there is little doubt that it marks the spot where she spent her childhood, and is thus worthy of reverence. Here was the garden where she saw the light and heard the Voice. The Brook of the Three Sources still divides it, and crossing the road slips into the Meuse with a pleasant sound which her ear would find familiar.



CHURCH AT DOMREMY, TODAY.

From l'Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc: André Marty. Paris.

The little church also stands on its ancient site, and contains some of the original material, though it would be difficult to detect it now. It encloses, however, some ancient things, among them the gravestone that marked the family Thiesselin, quaintly sculptured and inscribed. But what is even more precious is the ancient stone font in which Joan is believed to have been baptized. Her fame began so early and was so awe-inspiring that the identity of this receptacle could hardly have been lost, and an object so sacred would be carefully preserved through the centuries. Sacred it is, for it marks not only the beginning of Joan's story, but of the history of modern France.

In the village itself, a poor village (Domremy was always that), Joan might remember a landmark here and there, but often she would be puzzled. The island to which she helped drive the cattle in a time of alarm is no longer an island, save possibly in high water, while only traces remain of the stronghold that once stood there. It is exactly five hundred years since Joan, a little girl of twelve, went about these streets, or drove the herds to the pasture, just as other little girls are doing today. Most of them have fine features, most of them are named *Jeanne*, and called *Jeannette*, and not a girl of Domremy follows her flock that does not walk more proudly and with a little glory in her breast because of Joan of Arc.

The *Bois Chenu* still skirts the hillside above the road that leads to the site of the Fairy Tree, but it is not a deep, dark wood today, and no longer dangerous. Below it, in June, the strawberries still grow red, and

children still gather them to eat with their small refreshments, which they would take to the Fairy Tree, only that it is no longer there. It stood for two hundred years after Joan left it, but it is gone now, and a rich, elaborate church, called "the Basilica," stands in its place.

Looking out from the front of the church Joan would find the view not greatly changed. To the right rise the six distant towers of Bourlemont, as brave and as fair as when the lord and his chatelaine used to assemble the children under the Fairy Tree. The old castle is still a home, though the family of Bourlemont vanished long since. To the left, the villages of Domremy, Greux, and Maxey, mellowed by the distance, must look about as they did long ago, while all between lies the hazy, purple valley of the Meuse, what it always was, and will be, a place of dreams and unrealities.

Down the hill a little way is the spring, where the children came to drink, when they had eaten and sung and danced, and where Joan sometimes heard the Voices. Very little has been done to the spring, and all day, and all the days, it sings and never grows old, and around and about in summer the flowers bloom, such flowers as Joan and her friends gathered to twine for the Fairy Tree, or to lay before the pictures of the saints. Children today bring their small luncheons to the spring and drink the fresh, cold water which long ago was said to heal the sick and today is doubly blessed because of the little girl who once played there, and spoke with angels.

A road from Greux leads across the valley to Maxey-sur-Meuse. There is a bridge over the Meuse, and it was here that the Domremy and Maxey boys fought, returning to their sisters on either side of the river "much bruised and wounded" — Joan's words. Maxey would have few reminders for Joan. Burgundian in its sympathies, she probably never went there, but it has a statue of her today.

Another road from Greux, and a byway, and a path, lead over the hill to the chapel of Bermont, Joan's favourite sanctuary. The chapel itself is restored out of all semblance to anything she knew, but it has the ancient bell, its cryptic inscription to this day not certainly deciphered, and some very ancient statues in the naïve sculpture of the region. One of the Virgin is believed, and there is no reason to doubt it, to be the one before which Joan prayed.

Joan would still love Bermont; it is so quiet there, so far removed from the affairs of men. The woods are still close about it, and though a sort of hermitage has been built near by, it is not occupied. Nothing is there but the trees, the flowers, and the birds, and the quaint, holy objects — the things she knew. The chapel itself she would not find familiar, nor all that it contains; but the birds that by tradition used to gather about her and the peace of the whispering solitude she would welcome as her own.

Burey le Petit, which is now Burey en Vaux, has a house said to be that of Durand Laxart. One would be glad to believe that the home of this loyal soul had

been preserved. No king ever did so much for France. Vaucouleurs lies three miles beyond Burey, and the level stretch between must have become very familiar to Joan during the winter weeks of her stay. One may imagine her trudging over the crusted road, under heavy skies — disappointed, perhaps, but never dismayed — walking with presences which others could not see, holding fast by promises which others could not hear, words which meant the salvation of France.

At Vaucouleurs a house is pointed out as being on the site of the one occupied by Henry and Catherine Royer during Joan's stay there. It has under the coping a figure of the Virgin, in honour of that history. Robert de Baudricourt's castle crowns the hill at the west, and is reached by a steep climb. It is no longer a castle, but a ruin. Very little of it remains: a few towers and arches, the chapel where Joan prayed, the latter restored.

But with all the ruin, by some fortune the porte of France, through which Joan and her little army rode into the winter night, remains almost intact, its arched gateway as perfect as at that great moment when they set their faces toward Chinon, where, in as hollow a court as France has ever seen, a disowned and discouraged king dallied among empty-hearted triflers, little dreaming that a peasant girl was on her way to bring him a crown.

XII

OVER HILLS, THROUGH TANGLED FORESTS, AND A LAND LAID WASTE BY WAR

"FROM Vaucouleurs I set out, clad as a man, wearing a sword which the captain had given me, without other arms. Accompanied by a knight, a squire, and four followers, I directed my course toward St. Urbain, and found shelter that night at the abbey."

Such is Joan's summary of the first stage of that long stretch of winter forest and desolated field which lay between Vaucouleurs and Chinon. It was made before her judges, and she also told them that she had not taken this dress, other than "by command of God and the angels."

Joan, clad as a youth of the period, mounted and wearing a sword, must have been a striking figure. Her dark, cropped hair was surmounted by the loose black cap of a page; her short coat was a kind of tunic, fitting about the waist; underneath was a *justaucorps*, or doublet, a heavy waist, or shirt, to which the band of her close-fitting leggings was attached by means of "laces and points"; that is to say, stout hooks and a leather thong. High-laced boots or gaiters, spurs, and a cape completed her costume. One hopes that she recognized the picturesque, as well as the divine, aspects of her mission. She was seventeen, doing what girls in all ages have dreamed, riding at glorious venture, a knight and squire on either hand. To her the impossible dream had come true.

Joan's brief summary of that first day, or night, makes it very simple, but it does not tell the story. Because of the enemy they must avoid the roads and bridges. Icy rivers, swollen by winter rains, must be forded in the dark. Between Vaucouleurs and St. Urbain there were four of these, two of them, the Ornain and the Saulx, deep and swift. Joan had ridden, as any other peasant child would ride, to and from the field, and she had made the horseback journey to Nancy. To swim a horse through a racing current was another matter. Without doubt her knights kept her between them. None of them told these details. Such things became too common.

Joan says they found shelter that night at the abbey, though it must have been near morning when they arrived, for the distance from Vaucouleurs is a long thirty miles. The abbey today is a ruin, but the gate by which they entered still stands. How grateful to them must have seemed the welcome it offered, the comfort they found within.

From Vaucouleurs to Chinon, the total distance, as they travelled, is above three hundred and fifty miles. There are many things that we do not know about that weary winter journey, and a number of things that we know very well. We have the stories of Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, brief but precious. We have a detail or two supplied by Joan herself. Other things we know as being inevitable to the conditions. Says de Metz:

"We travelled by night, through fear of the English and Burgundians, who were in possession of the roads.

We were on the way the space of eleven days, always riding. On the way I said several times to Joan, 'Will you surely do what you say?' and she always replied: 'Have no fear; what I do I do by commandment. My brothers of paradise tell me what I have to do. It is already four or five years that my brothers of paradise and my Lord God have told me that I must go to war, to restore the kingdom of France.' [1]

"On the way, Bertrand and I lay down always with her. Joan slept at my side, in man's dress. She inspired in me such respect that I would never have dared to offer harm, and I can swear to you that I never conceived evil toward her, either of thought or action. I had full faith in this young girl. I was fired by her words and by the divine love that was in her. *En route* Joan would always have been glad to hear mass. 'If we could hear mass, we should do well,' she said. But through fear of being recognized we heard it but twice.

"In truth I believe that Joan could only have been sent from God. She never swore, she loved to attend holy service, she made devoutly the sign of the cross, she confessed often and was zealous in giving alms. It happened to me several times to provide her with money, which she gave for the love of God."

Joan's other knight, or squire, Bertrand de Poulengy, adds one or two interesting details. He tells how de Metz and his servant, Julian; himself, de Poulengy, and his own servant, Jean de Honecourt, with Colet de Vienne and Richard the Archer, took the road with Joan, to conduct her to the King. Also, of their riding

GIEN: THE OLD BRIDGE ACROSS THE LOIRE, WHERE JOAN PASSED

Above: CATHEDRAL, AUXERRE
Left: JOAN'S LODGINGS AT FIERBOIS. *Right:* CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE DE FIERBOIS

by night, and how Joan lay down fully dressed between him and de Metz, under a covering that probably sheltered them all. "I was young then, but nevertheless I experienced for this young girl no evil thought or desire, so greatly did the goodness in her inspire me with reverence. During the eleven days that our journey lasted we had many afflictions (*bien des angoisses*); but Joan always said to us: 'Fear nothing. You shall see how at Chinon the noble Dauphin will greet us with a glad face.' In hearing her speak I felt myself deeply stirred."

Few episodes in knightly annals can compare with this eleven days' journey, always riding, dropping down wet and exhausted for a little rest on the frozen ground, when and wherever there was a place and a moment of safety. The country was infested with murderous bands; the little army could not afford to give battle.

A girl of seventeen, fording rivers in February and sleeping on the ground afterwards! But Joan was strong in body, and sustained by her purpose. Between her faithful knights she probably slept untroubled by doubt or dreams. If only de Poulengy had told us something more of "*des angoisses.*" Were they night alarms, hairbreadth escapes, accidents, periods of hunger? Did they lose their way? These are things we would be glad to know. As to their route, we cannot hope to trace it. At best, it was hard enough — over endless hills, through tangled forests, and a land laid waste by war. After St. Urbain's there was no hospitable abbey, wherein to find rest and refreshment. How did they manage about food? The country was

stripped, picked clean; villages were desolated, peasants lying dead at their thresholds. De Metz tells of supplying Joan with money for alms, doubtless for straggling survivors. Supplies could be obtained only in the larger places, and these were in enemy hands. The King's messengers knew the route and its resources, but two men providing for themselves is one thing, while providing for an army of seven is quite another. Joan in her testimony said: "My Voices often came to me." Thus she was able to comfort her companions.

"During the journey I passed by the city of Auxerre, and heard mass there, at the cathedral."

This is as puzzling as the rest. Auxerre was a hostile city, walled, its gates guarded. How did she manage it? Did she go with de Metz, disguised, risking capture for the sake of divine solace? De Metz, using the plural "we," speaks of hearing mass twice. De Poulengy testified to not hearing mass, so it must have been Joan and de Metz who crossed the river, took their chances at the gates, climbed the hill, threading the narrow streets to the cathedral, where today there is a kneeling statue, with a tablet which tells us that Joan of Arc on her way to Chinon stopped there February 27, 1429, to pray. If that date is correct, they had been four days coming from Vaucouleurs, a distance as now travelled of one hundred and forty-two miles, fording no less than a dozen wild rivers, among them the Marne, the Blaise, the Aube, the Seine, the Armaçon, the Serein, notable streams. Auxerre stands on a height above the circling Yonne. Its great cathedral, seen from a distance, must have been to Joan as a

mighty citadel of faith, where spirit and body could be renewed.

The distance to Chinon was still more than they had come, but the worst was behind them. Another two days of blind paths and dark rivers that never by any chance ran in their direction, and they would reach Gien, a friendly city on the Loire. There were dangers beyond Gien, the country was infested by marauding bands; but in a land, loyal at least in part, these could be more easily avoided.

XIII

THE ANCIENT SHRINE OF ST. CATHERINE DE FIERBOIS

At Gien they announced themselves, and the news spread in every direction that a maid from the borders of Lorraine, fulfilling an old prophecy, had come to the relief of the King. It reached the people shut up in Orleans and gave them renewed hope. It came to the besieging English camps and filled them with superstitious dread. They jeered at the idea, but they were afraid. They had learned to scorn the French; witchcraft was another matter.

The small army did not linger at Gien. Crossing the Loire Joan must have been reminded that only forty miles away its water washed the walls of beleaguered Orleans, to whose relief she must soon be marching. There was kindlier welcome below the Loire. The season there was less bitter; they rode through a fair, level land, where one need not always avoid the roads, and where some of the rivers flowed in the right direction.

It is likely that they reached the Cher at, or near, Vierzon, and followed that beautiful stream to Mennetou, where by the roadside stands an ancient castle which could have seen them pass. The river road would take them to Selles, to which loyal city a few months later she would come in her glory, thence to St. Aignan, where they would bend southward to Loches, another loyal city, and so presently reach St. Catherine de Fierbois, a notable shrine.

Joan had without doubt heard of Fierbois, for the fame of these holy places travelled far. Many knights had made pilgrimages to the chapel of Saint Catherine, to offer thanks for preservation from great danger and to leave some portion of their armament, a shield or a sword, even an entire suit of armour, in recognition. Joan had been preserved through great dangers; Saint Catherine was one of her Voices; there was much to lay before her.

It was on the fifth of March that they reached the little village of Fierbois, probably early in the day, for Joan testified that she heard three masses there. She also sent letters to the King at Chinon, now only eighteen miles distance, asking if she should enter the town where he was. She had travelled, she said, "a hundred and fifty leagues to reach him, for his rescue, and knew many things for his good." To this statement, Joan added: "It seems to me that in these letters I said to him that I would know him among all others."

Joan herself could neither read nor write, nor is it likely that her knights were skilled in these accomplishments. Some cleric of St. Catherine's must have written the letter, of which, unhappily, no trace remains today. Joan may have expected an answer to the message, but apparently none came. It is even doubtful if Charles saw it. It would pass under more than one eye before reaching his, eyes indifferent or suspicious, in either case to be tossed aside.

The reader may be willing to linger a moment over the ancient shrine of St. Catherine de Fierbois. Cele-

brated as it was in Joan's time, it is well-nigh lost sight of today. Few of Joan's historians appear to have visited it, vaguely referring to it as being somewhere on the way to Chinon, forgetting even to say whether Fierbois is a village, or merely a chapel, whether still in existence or obliterated, its identity and locality lost. Reading the books one is likely to conclude that there is something legendary about the ancient shrine and Joan's visit there; that at most there remains of it today no more than a heap of stones in the midst of a wood, mossy and overgrown with vines.

Such is by no means the case. The little village, unknown even at a distance of twenty miles, still exists, and while the chapel which Joan knew was long ago burned, a beautiful gothic church soon replaced it; the quaintly carved image of Saint Catherine before which she prayed still survives, though arms and armour are no longer suspended about her altar. Within the church is a tablet which records Joan's visit, with the fact that she sent there later for a sword with which to lead her army.

PRIMITIVE STATUE, ST. CATHERINE OF FIERBOIS.
(From Jeanne d'Arc: André Marty)

St. Catherine de Fierbois is too important a landmark in the history of France and in Joan's career to be lightly treated by historians, located in a vague, unsatisfactory

way, or not at all. Four miles north of St. Maure, a little to the right of the road to Tours, it is easily reached by the traveller. It is a neglected shrine, but it is worthy of remembrance. The villagers themselves have not forgotten. Few and poor as they must be, in the little square before the church they have erected an imposing statue of Joan, and today on its base are the names of those who died in the Great War.

Joan and her companions spent the night at Fierbois at the old *Aumônerie*, still standing, occupied by the mayor of the village. They were off early for Chinon, probably by way of St. Epain.

Arriving at a point where the grim castle on the height above Chinon came into view, the peasant girl from Domremy must have been deeply moved. She would hardly have been human otherwise. The long grey pile of buildings and towers and battlements that surmounted the hilltop contained her uncrowned King. Her mission was to restore his realm and place the crown upon his head — she, a peasant girl, whose business it had been to sew and to spin at her mother's side, "knowing neither how to ride nor conduct war." The great stronghold was already ancient, weather-beaten by centuries of storm and battle, a frowning front of masonry which must have struck awe to a heart less resolute than hers. We can only surmise her thoughts; we get no hint from her testimony:

"I arrived near the King without interference. Being at St. Catherine de Fierbois, I sent word to the château of Chinon, where the King was. I got there at noon, and lodged first in a hotel. After dinner I went

to the King who was at the castle. When I entered the presence of the King, I recognized him through the counsel and revelation of my Voices. I told him I wanted to make war on the English."

To Joan that was the entire story. She had arrived "without interference"; the *angoisses* were behind her. She told the King she wanted to make war on the English. It was as when on the winter road to Burey she had said to Durand Laxart that she wanted him to tell Sire Robert de Baudricourt to have her "taken to the King."

That was Joan's simple and direct way, the way she would win her battles; the way that was so hard for her generals, and has been always so hard for her historians, to understand.

The distance from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, as travelled today by motor, is 325 miles. Joan, in the loose estimate of her time, called it 150 leagues, or 450 miles, and her historians, accepting this figure, have sometimes used it as a basis for questioning the possibility of such a journey being made by horse in so brief a period. Allowing that Joan and her escort travelled as much as fifty miles out of their way, the total distance for the eleven days would be 375 miles; good riding, but by no means impossible.

A general map of all routes followed by Joan of Arc, with itinerary, will be found at the end of Volume II.

PART TWO

JOAN AND THE KING

I

THE STORY OF CHARLES AND HIS COURT

To support a shadowy claim on the throne of Valois, England had maintained with France intermittent warfare for nearly a hundred years. Most of the battles had been French defeats. At Crécy (1346) and at Poitiers, ten years later, the French armies had gone down. Yet the Valois dynasty stood. Under Charles V — the Wise, as he was called — England was obliged to retire from most of her conquered provinces, and France resumed her place as foremost among European nations.

This happy condition was temporary. In 1380, at the age of forty-three, Charles the Wise died, and the crown passed to a boy of twelve, Charles VI, who promised well enough, but who at the age of twenty-three lost his reason and was no longer a ruling force. Curiously, his condition was not officially recognised and all edicts went forth as by his authority. Thus he became a mere pretence, a prey to those who would forward their own desires.

Of these, the Queen, the scheming and dissolute Isabeau of Bavaria, and her ally, the King's brother, Louis, Duke of Orleans, were foremost, making themselves fiercely hated by their extravagance and the exorbitant taxation of the people. The King's uncle, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, — a powerful prince whose domain was a vast region with vague boundaries stretching far to the southeastward, and with allies

everywhere — was their rival, and these factions sought to destroy each other by whatever means. Philip of Burgundy was the more worthy, but even this poor consolation was presently denied, for upon his death, in 1404, his great possessions passed to his son John, surnamed the Fearless, who had all of his father's ambitions and none of his scruples.

John was properly named. He was without respect for God, man, or devil. Certainly he had none for the demented King, nor for the profligate Queen and her colleague, Louis, Duke of Orleans. When the latter boldly assumed the powers of Regent, John the Fearless began to make military preparation. Civil war was imminent; the doom of France was foreshadowed.

There came a brief pause. A compromise was agreed upon, the rivals appeared reconciled. Louis of Orleans and John the Fearless, companions of boyhood, first cousins, brothers in arms by the code of chivalry, swore solemn peace, joining in the most sacred rites. After which they embraced, and on Sunday, November 20, 1407, received together the holy communion. A day or two later they dined together, or perhaps they only agreed to do so — there are conflicting accounts. At any rate, on the evening of Wednesday, the 23d,[1] Orleans, supping with the Queen, received a message summoning him to the King's presence. He had some distance to go and set out through the dark streets of Paris, mounted on a mule. The summons had been a snare; he was set upon by emissaries of John the Fearless, cut down, and hacked to pieces.

The result was more than civil war. It was a blood feud in the royal family itself, the beginning of a struggle as fierce and sanguinary and as debased as any in history. The murderous duke at first tried to deny his crime, then admitted it and left Paris, only to return with an army at his back. He demanded, and received, from the sick-brained King a full and complete pardon. He went further; he hired a Norman friar to deliver a harangue before the University of Paris, justifying his crime on the grounds of permissible tyrannicide. The University, being afraid, listened in silent acquiescence, reversing itself when the fear was removed.

The widow of the murdered Louis of Orleans came to Paris to ask vengeance. She led her children to the feet of the unhappy King, who loved her because she had been kind to him in his misfortune. Weeping with her, he promised a justice which he knew he could not bestow. The duchess herself was obliged to flee from Paris before the Burgundian army. Her health gave way, and she summoned to her bedside her three sons: Charles, the young Duke of Orleans, and his two brothers; also, a half-brother, almost equally beloved by her, her husband's child, Dunois, known later as the Bastard of Orleans. These she solemnly pledged to avenge their father's death.

For France a fearful reign of blood and desolation now began. The young duke, Charles of Orleans, a dreamer and a poet, himself unsuited to leadership, married the daughter of a Gaston noble, the Earl of Armagnac, a daring, ruthless character who at once

became the head of the faction of Orleans. The war of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, as it was called, was the most devastating civil strife that ever blasted a fruitful land and demoralized a contented people.

In an earlier chapter we have spoken of the sorrowful condition of France in Joan's childhood. Armagnac and Burgundian were equally cruel, and neither hesitated at any fiendish deviltry to gain their ends. In many places the peasants had become bandits, to pillage and slay. Fields were abandoned; the seed was no longer cast into the ground.

Famine followed and deadly contagions. In the country, ghastly living carcases terrified even the thieves who had come to rob them. In Paris alone, eighty thousand died in one year. Wolves boldly entered the gates, to prowl in the streets.

The city had changed hands several times, and was Burgundian and Armagnac by turn. Each change was the occasion of sweeping massacres and assassinations. The King's person was respected, but whoever held it in possession hurled royal edicts against their enemies, whom they denounced as traitors. Alain Chartier, a poet of the time, and King's secretary, wrote of this period: "All France is as the sea, where everyone has as much sovereignty as he hath strength."

There was no honour or principle left among them; of loyalty to France not a shred on either side. Each in turn descended to the baseness of inviting help from England, the nation's enemy. John the Fearless entered into negotiations with Henry IV, but the Earl of Armagnac offered better terms. He agreed, as the

price of military aid, to surrender to the English King all the rich province of Aquitaine, in full sovereignty. Henry died before this arrangement became effective, and his successor, Henry V, by no means content with Aquitaine, resolved that the moment had come to make himself master of France.

What England had been unable to accomplish by force of arms could be won with the aid of anarchy and treachery. Henry made a new arrangement, this time with the Duke of Burgundy, the Armagnacs becoming now, and permanently, defenders of the French crown. On October 25, 1415, two years following his accession, Henry V, at Agincourt, defeated a French force many times outnumbering his own, destroying or making captive the flower of French chivalry. Charles, the poet Duke of Orleans, was carried prisoner to England, where he would remain many years.

Henry did not immediately follow up this great victory. He may have felt that with Armagnac and Burgundian at each other's throat there was no immediate need. The Armagnacs became masters of Paris and executed Burgundians in great number. Then in the spring of 1418 a sudden revolution opened the gates to the Duke of Burgundy. Multitudes of Armagnacs were flung into prison. A rumour that an army was coming to liberate them resulted in their massacre. The Earl of Armagnac himself was murdered, and while violence does not seem to have threatened the King, the young prince, or Dauphin, a boy of sixteen, he who would one day become Charles

VII, was in grave danger. Rescued with difficulty by Robert le Maçon and Tanneguy du Châtel, he took refuge at Bourges.

It was the beginning of Charles's exile from Paris, which good city he would not see again for nearly twenty years. Jestingly referred to by his enemies as the "King of Bourges," he fell easily into the listless, selfish, dallying life which he would pursue until a peasant girl from the banks of the Meuse should begin his awakening.

A year after the Dauphin's flight from Paris there occurred an event but for which the peasant girl's mission might not have been necessary. John the Fearless, finding himself in temporary disaccord with Henry of England, resolved to make peace with the Armagnacs. Possibly he had some real desire to see France united. At all events he encouraged a reconciliation with Armagnac leaders, and to the young Dauphin made proffers of peace and submission.

In apparent good faith on both sides a meeting was arranged. It was to take place at Montereau, about forty miles southeast of Paris, the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne. A bridge extends across both rivers, and upon that portion which crosses the Yonne an improvised enclosure was arranged for the conference. The exact details of the meeting are not certainly known. An authority as good as any, one much relied upon in this chapter, says:

"Three barriers were erected across the bridge, with a gate and lock to each. As the Duke of Burgundy entered the second barrier it was ominously locked

CHINON

ALREADY WEATHERBEATEN BY CENTURIES OF STORM AND BATTLE WHEN JOAN CAME

Above: BRIDGE AT MONTEREAU
Below: CHARLES VII AND MARIE OF ANJOU

behind him, and when he was in the very act of kneeling to the Dauphin, Sir Tanneguy du Châtel struck him in the face with a hatchet, and the other Armagnacs completed the murder. The Dauphin was leaning listlessly upon the barrier when the deed was done."[1]

Other accounts declare that angry words passed, and that John the Fearless laid his hand on his sword-hilt. Nor is it absolutely certain that the Dauphin was present, though it seems unlikely that the wary Duke of Burgundy would otherwise have entered the enclosure. Whether the Dauphin had connived at the death of his uncle's murderer can only be surmised. Considering his parentage and early environment, such a conclusion is not unwarranted, though the reader will naturally wonder why he should thus reject an alliance that would have enhanced his prospects for the throne. In any case Louis of Orleans was avenged.

However richly John the Fearless deserved his fate, his murder proved a disaster for France. Philip, the new Duke of Burgundy, who on the day of Agincourt is said to have wept because his father would not let him lead his troops against the English, now thought only of vengeance. All the resources of his great dominion he placed at the disposal of Henry of England.

Worse than this happened: the Dauphin's mother, Isabeau of Bavaria, who detested her son, now formally disowned him and within the year concluded with the English King the Treaty of Troyes, by the terms of which Henry V was to marry her daughter Catherine, assume the title of Regent, and upon the death of the demented Charles VI, the male issue of this union was

to be king, not only of England, but of France — he and his heirs, for ever.

It was a disgraceful, illegal treaty, but Henry's sword, joined with that of the Duke of Burgundy, could go far toward giving it authority. The Queen "justified" herself by declaring that the Dauphin, though her son, was not the son of Charles VI. To damage her own character was a matter of small moment to Isabeau, who saw in prospect the son of her favourite daughter heir to the thrones of England and France.

As for the Dauphin, his case became daily more desperate. When in 1422 his father, the feeble Charles VI, and Henry V of England died within a month of each other, he took the title of Charles VII and set up a court, but it was largely a pretense. He was just the "King of Bourges," with slender revenues and ever narrowing dominions. Henry had left an infant heir, with a capable and powerful Regent in the person of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, real ruler of France.

Charles made one great effort for supremacy. Scotland, always loyal to the House of Valois, sent brave soldiers, and these, with such forces as Charles could muster, met the English and Burgundians at Verneuil — another Agincourt. Charles's forces were completely overthrown; the Scottish regiments were almost annihilated. Following Verneuil there was a moment when, because of a quarrel between Philip of Burgundy and the English leaders, it seemed as if an alliance might be arranged between Burgundy and France. The opportunity passed, and did not return.

Charles had now little or no support in northern France, and if the lords and captains of the south still adhered to his cause, it was rather through a distaste for English and Burgundian domination, a desire to maintain their own independence, than because of any loyalty to their nation or their King. There was almost no such thing as loyalty, or honour, left in France. The number of leaders who were willing to fight for Charles because he was their rightful king was reduced to two or three, his immediate relatives, like Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, and the Duke of Alençon. The rest were feudal chiefs, or raiders and freebooters, lawless, ruthless, fighting for themselves.

Soldiers were plentiful enough. Thousands of every class, ruined by the war, had turned soldier in order to live. They were enlisted in no cause but that of plunder, and they did not always confine their operations to despoiling the enemy. They cared little or nothing for the fugitive King; they no longer fought for him or were encouraged to do so. Charles himself, after the Battle of Verneuil, had discouraged another attempt for fear of losing the little he still possessed.

Charles's court was what might be expected, a nest of parasites and conspirators, loose men and women who pampered his selfishness, shared his idle dissipations, and used such rags of prestige as still remained to him to forward their own ends. Chief among them was Georges de La Trémouille, a wealthy noble, a traitor with a foot in either camp, turning every situation to his profit. The King's fortunes were low, but as long as he preserved even a semblance of power, he was still

a menace to the English and Burgundians, with whom La Trémouille could trade concessions for a substantial return, considerable sums which he could lend at need to Charles at a ruinous rate; for who could tell what some turn of fortune might bring. Even if all should be lost, the conquerors might assign certain strong castles to a useful servant, with undoubted claims, all just and duly in order. La Trémouille did not want a settled peace; it would damage his trading industry. This thrifty person had been installed in the court by Arthur of Brittany, Count of Richemont and Constable of France, whom he had promptly undermined and displaced. Richemont, a powerful ally of Charles, with lances and archers, had withdrawn in great disfavour, leaving La Trémouille and his following supreme. The versatile Georges could, and did, turn his hand to murder, on occasion, and had assisted in drowning another favourite, one de Giac, whose talents had rivalled his own. De Giac's widow he had then married.

Next after La Trémouille came Regnault de Chartres, Chancellor, and Archbishop of Reims, who, like Charles, because of the English occupation, had never enjoyed his full possession. De Chartres was a worthy second to La Trémouille, greedy, lax in principle, preaching the love of God, yet himself loving nothing so little, caring for humanity only as expressed in his individual person. Like La Trémouille he did not wish the affairs of France disposed of. He had a bent for negotiation, which he loved for its own sake, and because he found it profitable. The recovery of his fair city of Reims was not his only, nor even his chief,

consideration. De Chartres may not have assisted in murder, but he thought none the less of La Trémouille for having done so, and otherwise coöperated with him.

Another of the court was Robert le Maçon, Lord of Trèves, who had joined in the Dauphin's escape from Paris; a man honest for his time, but unalert, indifferent to what went on about him. Nevertheless, he was to do Joan a good turn. Then there was Raoul de Gaucourt, Captain of Chinon and Military Governor of Orleans. De Gaucourt had fought in many lands and was a brave soldier, but heavy-brained and opinionated, with little respect for new ideas in warfare, especially such ideas as Joan would be likely to advance. Louis, Count of Vendôme, and Alain Chartier, Charles's secretary, poet and graceful courtier, would seem to have completed the main group around the King. Chartier as secretary to Charles VI had been entrusted with important missions. There is no reason to believe that he was corrupt or in any way unworthy; but he was in doubtful company.

In contrast to the greater portion of Charles's collection, two figures stand out in sharp relief: that of the Queen, Marie of Anjou, and of her mother, Yolande of Aragon, Queen of Sicily. Yolande seems to have given much time to her daughter's welfare, and she was needed. There was no other to whom the Queen could turn.

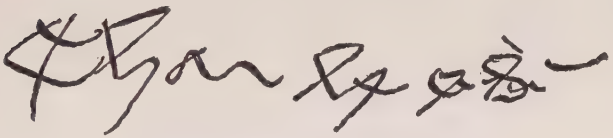
Charles's court was a sham. His exchequer was nearly always empty, his clothing in poor repair. The wife of the Receiver General later testified that her husband once told her of a time when there were but

four *écus*, sixteen dollars, half of which belonged to himself, in the King's treasury. The King's voice was without importance in the affairs of France. He was no more than "King of Bourges," as the Parisians had mockingly called him.

He was presently not even that. In October 1428, the English not only laid siege to Orleans and occupied adjacent towns, but established themselves at La Charité, only thirty miles from Bourges. If Orleans fell, and its doom seemed written, nothing below the Loire was safe. Charles and his motley court, taking alarm, had already withdrawn to the walled town of Chinon on the Vienne, to its strong castle on the hill that during the centuries had withstood the storm and siege of war. Here for a time he would be safe. The next step, if Orleans fell, would be to flee to Spain or Scotland. When in February the French were scattered by the English, like the herrings that gave the battle its name, it seemed that this step was not to be delayed. French armies could no longer meet the English; they would even run at the sound of the "terrible English hurrah!"

The month following the Battle of the Herrings was Charles's darkest hour. Borne down by disaster and the possibility that his mother's self-slander might be true, the future looked black enough. It was a time to grasp at straws. Some word came to him of a maid from the borders of Lorraine, who, pursuant to an old prophecy, claimed to have received inspiration for his guidance. He probably had very little faith, and beyond consenting that she might be brought to

him seems to have given the matter slight attention. It could do no harm to see her, and any chance was worth taking. Weak, vacillating, dissolute, surrounded by his sham and vicious court, he could not guess that, to a little girl dreaming over her spinning, he had seemed all that was fine and noble, fit and proper to unite her people; that, listening to illumined beings, she had come with messages that would lift him up and give him back his kingdom.



SIGNATURE OF CHARLES VII
(*Facsimile from Wallon*)

II

A GREAT HOUR IN THE STORY OF FRANCE

"AFTER dinner I went to the King, who was at the castle. . . . I told him I wanted to make war on the English."

Joan's habit was to forget trouble, once it lay behind her. It was not all as simple and easy as her words imply. Among those who testified at the Revision were some who were in Chinon on the day of her arrival, present even in the castle at the moment of her meeting with the King. Recounted more than twenty-five years later, their details may not be exact, but at least they provide certain definite outlines. Messire Simon Charles, a distinguished emissary of the court, supplies a connected story of that momentous day.

"The year that Joan came to the King is the very year that the King had sent me to the embassy at Venice. I returned from there about the month of March. It was just at this time that I learned from Jean de Metz, who had conducted her, that Joan was there, waiting to be received by the King.

"It was deliberated by the council whether the King should hear her or not. She was at first interrogated, being asked why she had come, and for what purpose. She began by replying that she would tell nothing, except to the King. She was told that it was in the name of the King that she was invited to explain, and in such manner was led to make known the motive of her mission.

"'I have,' she said, 'been commanded to do two things on the part of the King of Heaven: one, to raise the siege of Orleans; the other, to conduct the King to Reims for his sacrament and his coronation.'"

We may suppose that Joan had sent word to the castle of her arrival and that this interview took place at the hotel, though we get no hint of this. The emissary does not waste words.

"After having heard her, some of the councillors declared that the King should have no faith in this girl. Others were of the opinion that since she claimed to be sent of God and commanded to speak to the King, the King should at least hear her. The King, however, wished that she be first examined by some clerks and men of the Church. And this took place.

"Finally, though not without difficulty, it was decided that the King should hear Joan. But when she entered the château of Chinon to come before the King, the King, on the advice of the principals of his court, still hesitated to give her audience. Then it was recalled to the King that Robert de Baudricourt had announced to him by letter the sending of this woman; that she had been conducted across provinces occupied by the enemy, and that she had in some miraculous way forded numerous rivers to come to him. This decided the King, and an audience was given Joan.

"Informed that she was coming, the King retired behind some others. Nevertheless, Joan recognized him very well and made him reverence. She conversed long with him. After hearing her, the King appeared joyful."

Simon Charles's story would suggest that the preliminaries may have required more than the one afternoon allowed for by Joan's testimony. Dunois declared that she waited two days for an audience. But Dunois was in Orleans, and was remembering hearsay after twenty-seven years. Joan would be likely to know, and to remember. The town of Chinon lies just below the castle; no more than a few moments would be required to pass between it and the hotel. Messengers and priests could come and go several times during an afternoon, even allowing for interviews. As to who it was that pleaded for Joan, reminding the King of her hard journey, one likes to think that it was Queen Yolande and Marie of Anjou.

That it was not La Trémouille or Regnault de Chartres seems fairly certain. These two would view with mixed feelings an acquisition like Joan. She might be turned to possible profit, a new menace to the English. On the other hand, she might ingratiate herself dangerously with the King. One never could tell about these Heaven-sent aids; one must move cautiously. Like all of their time, La Trémouille and the Archbishop had a certain respect for the miracle workers, who now and again appeared and had their day, but they were not overawed by them. Miracle workers had their place; if made to keep it, they might be useful.

In March it would be dark "after dinner," when Joan tells us that she went to the castle, and we may picture her with her two knights, preceded by torches, mounting the steep, stony way that winds up to the

entrance, crossing the drawbridge and passing under the arch of the lofty *tour de l'horloge*, a clock-tower to this day.

There would be a space of court to cross, a stair to mount, then a blaze of light, a dazzle of gay silk and cloth of gold, and facing it all a peasant girl from the borders of Lorraine, who claimed to have brought inspired messages to the King.

In early March there would be a fire roaring in the great chimney at the farther end of the room. Also, according to Joan, there were "fifty flambeaux, and three hundred men-at-arms," the latter being a fair guess at the entire assembly, many of whom must have been women. Any diversion was welcome; a novelty like Joan would bring out the full strength of the castle. The audience chamber being seventy-five feet long by thirty-three wide, three hundred persons would amply fill it.

There must have been a moment of expectant silence as Joan entered. They would be curious to see how she looked, what she would do first. What they saw was a lithe, rather slender, fairly tall youth, with dark cropped hair, Joan in the page's costume she had worn from Vaucouleurs, the suit in which she had forded rivers and slept on the frozen ground; surely a curious figure before that tinsel throng.

If they had expected her to be dazed and overawed, they were undeceived. Led forward by the Count of Vendôme,[1] what she did was to go immediately to Charles, who occupied no special place but had "retired behind some others," and falling on her knees

make him reverence. From Raoul de Gaucourt, the soldier, we get this momentary picture:

"I was present in Chinon when Joan came there. I saw her present herself before the majesty of the King with great humility and simplicity, poor little shepherdess that she was! and I heard her pronounce these words:

"'Very illustrious Lord Dauphin, I am come, being sent on the part of God, to give succour to the kingdom and to you.'"[1]

Joan never revealed by what sign she recognized the King. He is said to have been unprepossessing, with strongly marked features, but his pictures present him as nothing very unusual. Joan's statement, "I recognised him by the counsel and revelation of my Voice," is all we have on the subject.

Of the words spoken to the King during their long converse apart — in that small tower embrasure to the left of the fireplace, maybe — what message she gave him that made him show a joyful face to the others — that, also, she never could be brought to tell. The poet-secretary, Alain Chartier, in a letter soon after the event, wrote:

"As to what she said to the King, nobody knows that. But it was most manifest that the King was greatly encouraged, as if by the Spirit."

Father Jean Pasquerel, who became her chaplain and confessor, told at the Revision as much as Joan had confided to him of the matter. The good father, being well along in years, was not always clear in his memories, but he could hardly have forgotten the sub-

stance of the Maid's revelation. According to Pasquerel, Joan stated her name and errand to the King; then, after much questioning by the King:

"'I tell thee on the part of Messire that thou art the true heritor of France, son of the King, and He sends me to conduct thee to Reims, in order that thou receivest there thy coronation and thy sacrament, if such be thy wish.'

"Following this interview the King told the clerks that Joan had spoken to him of certain secret things which no one knew, nor could know, except God; for which reason he had much confidence in her."

If we accept Father Pasquerel's account, the reason for Charles's joy becomes evident. As to the secret revelation by which she gained the King's confidence, the evidence concerning it is interesting, even if not very conclusive. Three relations of it appear in the great collection of documents made by Jules Quicherat, today the chief source of all Joan material. The fact that these accounts agree in substance is in their favour. One of them, though third-hand testimony, given long after the fact, is accepted by most of Joan's historians and by Quicherat himself. This version, included in the fourth volume of his monumental work,[1] appeared in 1516, in a book entitled "Hardiesses de Grands Rois et Empereurs," by Pierre Sala, who had his information from Seigneur de Boisy, "a good and loyal man," who had it direct from the King, to whom he was chamberlain to the end of Charles's days. By this account, as well as by the others, Joan repeated to the King a mental prayer which he had made in a despairing hour,

asking of Heaven that, if he was the legitimate heir to the kingdom, God would defend him, or at the worst grant him the grace to escape without death or prison, allowing him to retire to Spain or Scotland, ancient brothers in arms, allies of the kings of France.

This is so obviously the prayer that Charles might have made, and the miracle one which Joan should have performed, that one is inclined to doubt. Yet the obvious does sometimes happen, and in this instance there is nothing to take its place.

III

JOAN'S TOWER. "MY COUSIN, THE DUKE OF ALENÇON"

We have no report of how the King's audience ended, nor do we know whether Joan returned to her hotel or took immediate possession of the tower of Coudray, assigned to her as a lodging.[1]

The castle of Chinon was really three castles, separated by "douves," deep hollows spanned by bridges. First to the eastward was the fortress of St. George, built by Henry II of England, already grey with the centuries. The second, the castle of the Milieu, in which was the royal apartment, was still older. Beyond it was the third castle, Coudray, equally ancient, a group of towers, in the main one of which, a story above the ground, was a large circular room, probably fitted with such comforts as custom provided. There would be a few pieces of furniture, possibly some skins or woven mats on the stone floor, something in the nature of hangings on the walls. There was at least one window, a narrow opening in the thick masonry — so thick that at one side it enclosed a staircase — and there was an ample fireplace.

To Joan, after her cheerless winter journey, all this must have been in the nature of luxury. The King, de Gaucourt says, gave her into the protection of Guillaume Bellier, his major-domo, and Madame Bellier, "a woman of great devotion and reputation, and very recommendable." Joan was also assigned a page, Louis

de Contes, a boy of fourteen, poor but of noble family.[1] Thus Joan had the beginnings of a household, soon needed, for her fame had sped through the night, and day brought many who wished to see her.

Among the first to come was one who would play a large part in her military fortunes, riding at her side through many victories, John, Duke of Alençon. The King's cousin, he was of a race of soldiers. His great-grandfather had been killed at Crécy; his grandfather, comrade of the great du Guesclin, had passed his life battling with the English; his father had died a hero at Agincourt, and the young Duke himself, made prisoner at the Battle of Verneuil, had remained five years in the fortress of Crotoy rather than accept liberty without ransom on condition that he would desert the cause of France.

It must have been the day after Joan's arrival that news of it came to Alençon, on the marshes of St. Florent, some twenty miles west of Chinon. His own story follows:

"One day when I was shooting quails near St. Florent-les-Saumur one of my couriers came to announce to me that there had arrived in the King's presence a young girl who declared herself sent from God, to put the English to flight and raise the siege of Orleans. On this news I went in the morning to Chinon. I found there the said Joan conversing with the King. As I approached, Joan demanded who I was.

"'This is my cousin, the Duke of Alençon,' replied the King.

"'You are very welcome,' Joan said to me. 'The

more we can get together of the blood of the King of France, the better it will be.'

"The day after, Joan came to the King's mass, and when she saw him she made him reverence. The King led her into a room. The lord of La Trémouille and I were with him. He had signed to the others to retire, retaining us. Joan addressed to the King several requests. She asked him particularly to make a gift of his kingdom to the King of Heaven [a feudal custom] after which Heaven would do for him what it had done for his predecessors and restore him to the estate of his fathers. The same day, the King having gone for a walk, Joan rode in his presence, lance in hand. Having seen how well she rode and bore the lance, I made her a gift of a horse."

The Duke of Alençon was a judge of such things. It is easy to believe that Joan by this time had learned horsemanship, but who had taught her the manual of the lance?

Joan had said to the King that she wanted to "make war on the English." If she now believed that her troubles were over, that it would all come about in the simple, direct way she saw so clearly, she was doomed to a period of disappointment. The King, Alençon says, decided that Joan should be examined by the men of the Church, and he names five bishops chosen for the purpose.

"They examined Joan in my presence, asking her why she had come and who had sent her to the King. She replied that she had come on the part of the King of Heaven, and that she had Voices and a council who

told her what she had to do. But there my memory fails me."

Joan, a peasant girl, before a great array of ecclesiastics; the picture was to become a familiar one. The King had doubtless been prompted to his decision by La Trémouille and the Archbishop of Reims, to delay matters. Yet in the light, or rather darkness, of existing belief Joan's examination was proper enough. We cannot too often remember the ignorance and superstition of that day. The dark ages had passed indeed, but the twilight lingered. Sorcery was accepted as a fact by everybody, including Joan herself. This prodigy from Lorraine might be all that she claimed. Again, she might well enough be a witch, an emissary of Satan. Who could decide these things but the great doctors of theology?

Not greatly troubled by the examinations themselves, Joan chafed under the delay. Says Pasquerel: "Joan told me that she was not pleased by so many examinations; that they prevented her from accomplishing the work for which she was sent; that she was eager to be doing, and that it was time."

"That it was time!" Those last words are significant. Joan knew not only her righteousness of purpose but the brief space allotted for its accomplishment. We have it from different sources that she said she would last but a year, a year or a little more.

"Many times," says Alençon, "I have heard Joan tell the King that she would last but a year, not much more, and that it was her purpose to work well during that year; for according to what she said, she had four

charges: to put the English to flight; to have the King crowned at Reims; to deliver the Duke of Orleans from the hands of the enemy; and to raise the siege of Orleans."

Some of those who heard Joan speak of the brief period allotted for her task, assumed that she prophesied her death. In a letter written at Bruges, two months after her arrival at Chinon, we find:

"It is said that the Maid is to achieve two more great feats [this was after Orleans] and then is to die."

Joan herself did not know what she meant, but only that another year would end her usefulness. She had been appointed to labours greater than those assigned to Hercules. To perform them, or even a portion of them, in the time allowed, she must, as she said, "work well."

Joan did not commonly speak of the release of the Duke of Orleans as a part of her mission, though she clearly so regarded it. Next to the King her heart went out to Duke Charles, the poet, sequestered in England.

It was natural that she should mention this purpose to Alençon, for he had married Duke Charles's daughter. Perceval de Cagny, Alençon's squire, in a faithful memoir of which we shall hear again, says that Joan held the Duke of Orleans to be a part of her charge, and that in case he did not return she would make a great effort to seek him in England. "And by occasion of the fondness and good will that she had for the Duke of Orleans, she made great account of the Duke of Alençon, who had married his daughter."[1]

IV

A MAID AND HER TOWER

FROM Louis de Contes, who had been appointed to be Joan's little page, we learn something of her life at Coudray. During the day he was always in her company, as he says, and several times saw her go to and from the "house of the King."

"I remember perfectly that while she was in the tower of Coudray personages of great estate came to confer with her. What they did, or said, I do not know. Always when I saw them arrive, I retired. . . . Many times I saw Joan on her knees. She seemed at her prayers, but I did not well understand what she said. Often enough she wept."

A happier event of this trying period was a visit which Joan paid to the mother and wife of the Duke of Alençon. Perceval de Cagny, already quoted, tells of it.

"And it was but a little after her coming to Chinon," writes de Cagny, "that she went to see the Duchess of Alençon, in the Abbey of St. Florent, near Saumur, where she was lodged. God knows the joy that the mother of the said Alençon, she and the said daughter of Orleans, gave her during the three or four days she was in that place. And after this, always afterward, she felt herself nearer and more acquainted with the Duke of Alençon than with any other, and always in speaking of him called him '*Mon beau duc*,' and not otherwise."

Then, or later, Joan promised Alençon's wife that he should return safe from the battles. But Alençon himself relates this incident, farther along. Joan's visit to St. Florent remains one of the few wholly serene incidents of her brief career.[1]

As the days passed, and the spring sun laid a tint of green on the hills, Joan must often have looked down from her high tower on the picture below, the scene that so long made the castle of Chinon a favourite residence of Kings.

It was one of the fairest views in France: a river that came out of the east and made a path of light across the world; the valley with its level fields and undulating slopes, with here and there a glimpse of the farther blue; the little city just below her, with its ancient bridge (ancient even then), its battlemented walls, its high, sharp roofs, and everywhere the feathery poplars and pointed cypresses — in a word, France, the France she had come to save. From infancy the peasant girl had known a picture world such as this, and at moments she must have remembered that along the Meuse the hills would soon be turning green.

The scene from Joan's tower cannot have greatly changed. Very likely there is less of forest and more of field, but in the wide expanse of beauty this would be hardly noticeable. The little city lies just under the castle walls; its battlements have vanished, but the ancient bridge, whose living panorama of changing fashions has continued through seven hundred years, remains steadfast; many of the high-pointed houses

still stand, though for the most part cracked and crumbling, sheltering only emptiness.

The castle itself is quite roofless, its towers and the house of the King open to the sky. Of the audience chamber, where Joan was received, only fragmentary walls remain, one of them still holding the fireplace that helped to brighten her welcome. Joan's tower is roofless like the rest; cawing rooks circle above its crumbling walls, débris heaps the floor of her chamber, her fireplace is only an outline on the wall, the near-by chapel to which she retired to pray is the mere remnant of a foundation.

Yet somehow Joan is there. Throughout all the ruined castle her presence lives, when the kings that for centuries reigned there have become barely remembered names. In a field beyond the great north wall, one facing it can waken an interesting echo. And that is what the castle itself has become: an echo of English and French history, of the story that was alive and active there during half a thousand years. Of those five centuries memory preserves little beside the advent of Joan of Arc and the days of her stay. Henry Plantagenet, Richard Cœur de Lion, Louis IX, Richelieu — these great names are no more than whispered among the ruins. But all day, and all the days, is voiced the name of the peasant girl of Domremy whose brief sojourn there meant the liberation of France.

V

"THE SOLDIERS WILL DO BATTLE, AND GOD WILL GIVE THE VICTORY"

To appreciate properly Joan of Arc's purpose, one must consider Charles VII, not as a man, or even as a king, but as point of departure toward the uplifting of a fallen nation. To Joan, whatever his weaknesses and shortcomings, and these did not remain unknown to her, he was the true prince, with the heaven-born right to rule. Joan, and apparently her Voices, knew nothing of electorates or the will of the people. To them, the King's will and the will of the people were one. The "*gentil Dauphin*," as she called him ("gentle," but only in the sense of being noble — gently born), duly crowned and consecrated, would at once become the symbol of a peaceful and united France. Better than those about her Joan knew the hearts of the people, because she was of them. To her, and to them, Charles uncrowned was a mere semblance of authority; crowned, and anointed by the holy oil at Reims, he would become a King in fact, his will supreme, his person sacred. It is said that Joan at Chinon pledged him to rule righteously, and this is likely enough, though the evidence is not direct. What we know certainly is that before all she insisted on his coronation. The siege of Orleans must be raised, the way made safe to Reims. These things at least must be done in the brief time allotted her. She wished only to be at them.

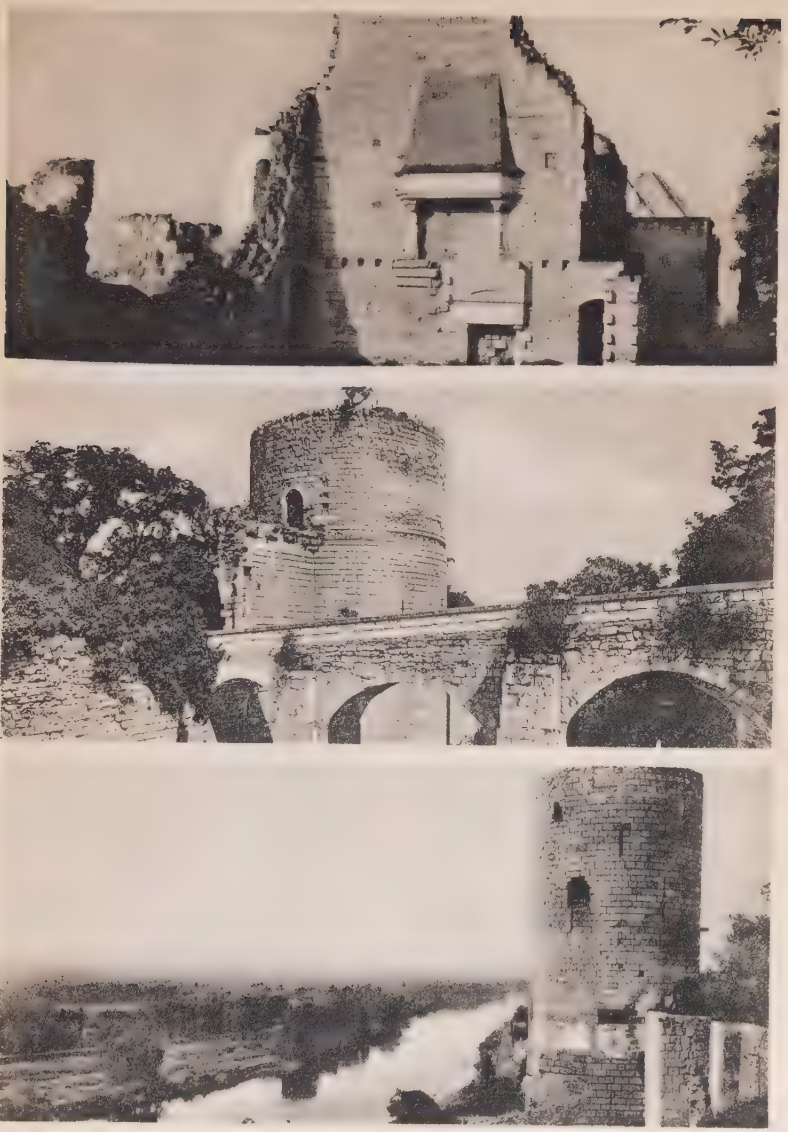
At her trial Joan said that she was questioned three weeks at Chinon and at Poitiers. There is no account of the Chinon examination, but according to Alençon she declared, one day when they dined together, that though much examined, "she knew, and could do, more things than she had told those who questioned her."

The end was not yet. "The King," says Alençon, "after having heard the report of those whom he had appointed to examine her, further wished that Joan should go to Poitiers; and there took place a second examination where I was not present."

That old chronicle, the "Journal of the Siege of Orleans," declares that on setting out for Poitiers, Joan said: "In God's name, I well know that I shall have much to go through at Poitiers! But God will aid me. Now let us be going."

So for Poitiers Joan set out, accompanied by the King and his suite, which included the two queens and many fine lords and ladies, and the poet-secretary, Alain Chartier, and of course the Archbishop of Reims and La Trémouille, who would never let Joan and the King out of their sight together. Joan's own two knights also rode with her, and her little page, altogether a goodly escort for a peasant girl from the banks of the Meuse. We may picture her in this fine company in the appearance of a handsome youth. There is no reason to suppose that she had changed the form of her dress, though one may be sure it was now of more seemly cut and material; those two queens, Yolande of Aragon and Marie of Anjou, would have seen to that.

It was during the third week of March that this im-



CHINON

Top: KING'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.
Center: JOAN'S TOWER, COUDRAY. *Below:* VIEW FROM COUDRAY

POITIERS

Above: CATHEDRAL. *Left:* JOAN'S STEPPING BLOCK
Right: SITE OF JEAN RABATEAU'S HOME

posing cavalcade set out for that seat of learning and doctrinal wisdom, the university city of Poitiers, fifty miles to the southward. It is not known by which road they travelled, nor where they stopped for the night which they must have spent on the way. There would be no lack of great castles to receive them. Arriving at Poitiers, Joan, and possibly others of the party, found welcome at the home of Master Jean Rabateau, then King's Advocate in Parliament. The Maid's fame had travelled in every direction. Her arrival under such auspices was a mighty event. Persons of all ranks flocked to see her. The Rabateau home was on a narrow street that led to the cathedral. The little thoroughfare was thronged with those eager for a glimpse of the maid from Lorraine, whom God had sent to restore France.

It could only have been Regnault de Chartres and La Trémouille that prompted the expedition to Poitiers, for only these two could find profit in delay. Furthermore, the archbishop would naturally have the direction of the hearing and could follow the trend of public sentiment, to Charles of vital importance in shaping a decision. The examinations took place at the home of Jean Rabateau and have been recalled by no less than four witnesses, with remarkable agreement as to the main facts. Among those who questioned Joan was Brother Seguin of Seguin, "*un bien aigre homme*," but kind of heart, even if crabbed of aspect and manner. His memory is none too exact, as when he recites Joan's account of how the Voices came to her, but his intent is honesty. Says Brother Seguin:

"I saw Joan for the first time at Poitiers. The King's Council had assembled in that city, in the home of a lady La Macée, and among the councillors was the Archbishop of Reims, then Chancellor of France. I had been required to come, also Master Jean Lombart, professor of sacred theology, of the University of Paris . . . with several others whom I do not now recall, and we were told that we were summoned on the part of the King, to examine Joan, with orders to report to the Council of what manner she seemed to us. We were sent in fact to the home of Master Rabateau, of Poitiers, to interrogate Joan, who was staying there. We betook ourselves there and asked Joan many questions. Among other questions, Master Jean Lombart demanded of Joan:

"'Why have you come? The King wishes to know what impulse prompted you to seek him out.' She replied impressively:

"'As I guarded the animals a Voice appeared to me. This Voice said to me: "God has great pity for the people of France. It is required that thou, Joan, betake thee to France." Having heard these words, I wept. Then the Voice said to me: "Go to Vaucouleurs. Thou wilt find there a captain who will conduct thee safely to France, and to the King. Be without fear." I have done what was commanded me. And I reached the King without prevention of any sort.'[1]

"Thereupon Maître Guillaume Aimery spoke to her as follows: 'According to your statements, the Voice told you that God wished to deliver the people of France from their present calamities. But if God wishes to

deliver the people of France it is not necessary to have soldiers.'

"'In God's name,' replied Joan, 'the soldiers will do battle, and God will give the victory.'" [1]

"This reply was satisfactory, and Master Guillaume was pleased with it."

Joan must long since have grown restive under the processes of "celestial science." Learned doctors were her bane. The *bien aigre homme* tells of her impatience with his own trivial questions.

"I who speak, I asked Joan what dialect her Voice spoke.[2]

"'A better than yours,' she answered, and in fact I speak Limosin dialect. Questioning her again, I said to her:

"'Do you believe in God?'

"'Yes, better than you,' she answered me.

"'But, after all,' I said, 'God does not wish us to believe you without some sign, showing that you must be believed. We shall not be able to counsel the King, on a simple assertion, to confide in you, and put in peril the men-at-arms. Have you nothing else to say?'

"She replied: 'In God's name! I have not come to Poitiers to work signs! But take me to Orleans; and I will show you signs why I am sent.' She added: 'Give me men in whatever number shall be judged good, and I will go to Orleans.'

"At the same time she told us four things, then to come, which have since happened: First, that the English would be overthrown, the siege of Orleans raised, and the city freed of its enemies, the same being pre-

viously summoned by the said Joan; second, that the King would be crowned at Reims; third, that the city of Paris would be placed again in submission to the King; fourth, that the Duke of Orleans would return from England. Now, I who speak, I have seen these four things accomplished.

"We reported all this to the Council of the King, and we were of the opinion, in view of the extreme necessity and the perilous case of Orleans, that the King could avail himself of her and send her to that city.

"Furthermore, the other commissioners and myself inquired into the life and habits of Joan. We found that she was a good Christian, living in the Catholic faith and never idle. To know more exactly of her private life, some women were placed in her company, who reported to the Council on her acts and deeds.

"For me, I believe Joan was sent by God; for when she first appeared, the King and his subjects had no more hope. All believed that he could do nothing but escape."

From Advocate Jean Barbin, who seems to have been on terms of intimacy with the doctors, we learn of a rumour that the King ordered inquiries to be made of Joan at Domremy. This seems unlikely. In the person of Joan's knights the King had two good witnesses as to her antecedents, and Robert de Baudricourt had vouched for her. The doctors told Barbin that Joan had answered "as a fine scholar might have done," and that there was in her "something divine."

"The wife of Rabateau told me that each day after

dinner Joan remained long on her knees; that she did the same at night, and that often she went to a small oratory of the house, to pray there for a long time. . . .

"In the course of the deliberations Master Jean Erault, professor of theology, told of having heard say by a certain Marie of Avignon, formerly with the King (Charles VI), that she had announced to him that the kingdom of France must suffer much and undergo many calamities; that she had many visions touching the King of France, and that among other things she saw much of arms, which being shown to her, Marie, caused her terror, through the fear that she would be forced to bear them; but it had been said to her to fear nothing, seeing that it was not she who would be required to arm herself, but a maid who would follow her, and with these arms deliver the kingdom of France from her enemies. And the theologian, Master Erault, believed firmly that Joan was the maid of whom Marie of Avignon had spoken."

We have already seen that this prophecy was known to Joan, she having quoted it in support of her purpose to take up arms for France. In the quoted testimony of Master Jean Erault we get a fuller version of the prophecy itself, a fairly correct one, if Joan is to be regarded as its fulfilment.

A young squire, Gobert Thibault, had come to Poitiers with the King's suite and evidently had impressed Joan with his hearty enthusiasm. He came one day to the Rabateau home, and in his memory of it is a hint of her weariness of men of words, her eagerness for men of action, the vigorous comradeship she felt in them.

"When we arrived at her residence Joan came up to us, and striking me on the shoulder said to me: 'I would like well to have many men of such good will!' Master Pierre of Versailles addressed to her these words:

"'We are sent to you on the part of the King.'

"'I can well believe,' she said, 'that you have been sent to question me.' And she added: 'I do not know A from B.'

"'Why, then, have you come?' the theologians asked her.

"She replied: 'I have come on the part of the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans and to conduct the King to Reims, in order that he may be there crowned and anointed. Have you paper and ink? Master Jean Erault, write what I am going to say: "*You, Suffolk, Glasdale, and La Pole, I summon you on the part of the King of the heavens to return to England.*"'[1] Master Pierre de Versailles and Master Jean Erault did nothing further this time, that I remember.

"Joan remained at Poitiers as long as the King. . . . I saw her conductors, Jean de Metz, Bertrand de Poulengy and Jean Coulon [Colet]. I was on terms of familiarity with them."

Here we have a glimpse of Joan's first summons to the English. The complete letter must have been written very soon after, even the same day, for it bears date of March 22, when Joan could have been no more than three or four days in Poitiers.[2] Five versions of this letter appear in Quicherat's great collection, varying somewhat in diction and in archaic orthography, but conforming in substance. The translation that fol-

lows is from the text produced at Joan's trial, as authentic as any, very likely a copy of the original. Joan denied that she used the phrase "render to the Maid," and had dictated instead, "render to the King," but as the former appears in all the copies it may be that her amanuensis employed it to give personality and a force that the King's name lacked.

✠ JESUS MARY ✠

King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourself Regent of the kingdom of France; you, William de la Pole, Count of Suffolk; John, Lord Talbot; and you, Thomas, Lord Scales, who call yourselves lieutenants of the said Duke of Bedford, do justly by the King of Heaven; render to the Maid who is sent here of God, the King of Heaven, the keys of all the good cities that you have taken and violated in France. She has come here from God to restore the royal blood. She is all ready to make peace, if you will deal rightly by her, acknowledge the wrong done France,[1] and pay for what you have taken. And all of you, archers, companions of war, nobles and others who are before the city of Orleans, get back to your own country, God with you; and if this is not done, expect news of the Maid, who will go to see you shortly, to your very great damage. King of England, if you do not do this [*se ainsi ne le faictes*], I am Chef de Guerre, and in whatever place I shall find your people in France, I will make them go whether they will or not; and if they will not obey I will have them all killed [*je les feray tous occire*]. I am sent here by God, the King of Heaven, each and all, to put you out of all France.[2] And if they will obey I will be merciful. And stand not by your opinion, for you will never hold the kingdom of France through God, King of Heaven, son of Saint Mary; it will be thus ruled by King Charles, true heritor; for God, the King

of Heaven, wishes it, and this to him is revealed by the Maid, and he will enter Paris in good company. If you will not believe the news from God and the Maid, in whatever place we shall find you, we shall strike in your midst, and will make so great a hurrah [*hahay*] that for a thousand years there has not been one in France so great, if you do not deal justly. And you may well believe that the King of Heaven will send more strength to the Maid than you will be able to lead in all your assaults against her and her good soldiers. And when the blows fall we shall see who will have the better right from God of heaven. You, Duke of Bedford, the Maid begs you and requires of you that you work not your own destruction. If you listen to her you will yet be able to come in her company to where the French will do the finest deed that ever was done for Christianity.[1] And reply to this, if you wish to make peace at the city of Orleans; and if thus you do not do, you will shortly remember it to your great sorrow. Written this Tuesday, Holy Week. [March 22, 1429.]

Joan told her judges that she had not dictated the words *Chef de Guerre*, but this is unimportant. Even if the words were supplied by her secretary, it shows that by March 22 the doctors had either decided in her favour, or were about to do so.

It is a strange production, this letter, one that could have come only of that time and situation, a crude, boastful letter, until we remember its writer. Joan was not schooled in diplomacy. She knew only that she had been given a mission, and the power with which to accomplish it. She had something to say to these English, and could say it only in her own way, which was to make it as direct and forceful as she knew how. It is the letter of a peasant, if you will, a peasant who had spoken with angels.

There was at Poitiers a boy of fifteen, François Garivel, who would later become King's Counsellor General. Garivel, who lived to testify at the Revision, tells how the examination by the doctors came to an end. The judges, he says, were favourable to Joan, who persevered in replying that she was sent on the part of God, in behalf of the noble Dauphin, to replace him in his kingdom.

"It was asked of Joan why she called the King the 'Dauphin,' in the place of giving him his title of King. She answered: 'I will not call him King until he shall have been crowned and anointed at Reims. It is to this city that I intend to lead him.'

"Soon after, the clerks said to Joan: 'You should show a sign to inspire belief that you were indeed sent by God.'

"She replied: 'The sign I have from God is to raise the siege of Orleans, and this I have no doubt of doing, if the King will give me soldiers, as few as he pleases.'

"Finally, after a solemn examination, much prolonged, by the clerks of the different faculties, there was a collective deliberation, where it was concluded that the King could legitimately accept Joan, and that she could conduct a troop of soldiers to Orleans against the besiegers, for nothing had been found in her that was not of the Catholic faith and very reasonable."

Thus Joan's examinations came to a close. She had stood the tests of theology, and fairly won her victory. Alain Chartier, in a Latin letter, at the end of July, wrote: "Marvellous spectacle: woman among men;

unlearned against doctors; alone against many, she disputed, she so little, on the highest questions."

It must have been soon after the date of Joan's letter that the examinations ended, for the end was then certainly foreseen. According to various witnesses they lasted about three weeks, including the time at Chinon.[1] To be quite exact, the Poitiers examination could have been a matter of no more than a few days, its favourable conclusion foreshadowed from the beginning; for Joan by this time was clearly in high favour, rapidly becoming the idol of the people. At Poitiers, as elsewhere, her lodgings were sought by visitors of the highest rank; the narrow street in front was crowded with eager and devout men and women. Many wanted her to touch their rings, to bless their handkerchiefs, and all were moved by unquestioning faith. Whatever may have been the private sentiments of La Trémouille and Regnault de Chartres, these two were for the moment with the majority.

To the King, the doctors sent a report of their findings, a curious and interesting document.

OPINIONS OF THE DOCTORS THAT THE KING HAS ASKED, TOUCHING THE CASE OF THE MAID SENT FROM GOD

The King, in view of the necessity of himself and of his kingdom, and in consideration of the continued prayers of his poor people to God, and of all others loving peace and justice, could not repulse nor reject the Maid who claims to be sent from God to give him succour, notwithstanding that these promises be only of human endeavour; nor also was he held to believe in her too soon and lightly. But, following

Holy Scripture, he must test her in two manners: that is to say, by human prudence, inquiring into her life, as to her morals and of her intention, as said Saint Paul the Apostle: "Try the spirits, whether they are of God," [1] and by devout prayer, to require sign of any divine work or hope by which one may judge that she is come by the will of God. Thus commanded God to Ahaz, saying to him: "Ask a sign of the Lord"; and similarly did Gideon who asked a sign, and several others.

The King, since the coming of the Maid, has observed and held by the commands and the two methods above named: that is to say, probation by human prudence; and by prayer, in demanding a sign from God.

As to the first, which is by human prudence, he has tested the said Maid concerning her life, her birth, her habits, her purpose, and has kept her near him during the space of six weeks, to prove her to all people, clerks, men of the church, persons of devotion, soldiers, wives, widows and others. And publicly and privately she has conversed with everyone: but in her has been found nothing evil; only good, humility, virginity, devotion, honesty, simplicity; and of her birth and of her life several marvellous things are told as true.[2]

As to the second manner of probation, the King demanded of her a sign, to which she replied that before the city of

[1] It is rather late, and possibly discourteous, after five hundred years, to call attention to it, but the learned doctors were here in error; the quotation is not from Saint Paul, but from I John, Chap. IV, verse 1.

[2] It is partly upon this clause that belief in a commission having been sent by the King to Domremy is founded. It is much more likely that Joan's knights and others of her escort from Vaucouleurs had told certain legendary things of her birth and childhood, that already when they left were being repeated along the Meuse; as, for example, that great joy had seized upon the village when she was born (it was Twelfth Night), cocks had flapped their wings and crowed; the people had rushed out into the streets. As a child, the wolves had never attacked her flocks; wild birds had eaten from her hands. Domremy lies in a legendary land; to this day such things grow there overnight.

Orleans she will show it, and in no other place; for thus has she been commanded by God.

The King, in view of the probation of the Maid — in so far as possible, and no evil found in her, and her reply considered, which is to demonstrate a holy sign before Orleans; in view of her constancy and her perseverance in her words, and her urgent request to go to Orleans to see there the sign of divine help — must not prevent her from going to Orleans with his soldiers, but must have her conducted honourably, trusting in God. For to regard her with suspicion or abandon her, when there is no appearance of evil, would be to repel the Holy Spirit and render himself unworthy of the aid of God, as said Gamaliel, in a council with the Jews, concerning the Apostles.

The report is undated, but it must have been prepared with deliberation, for it speaks of Joan having been with the King "during the space of six weeks." This would make it of issue about April 17, by which time Joan was already deep in her preparation for the march on Orleans. Many copies of it were transcribed, to be sent not only throughout France, but to distant lands; Joan's fame ran far and wide. For her triumph over the doctors she was regarded as a new Saint Catherine, and accredited with miracles.

Of Joan's examination at Poitiers no transcript has survived; all that we know of it is from the witnesses quoted. Joan herself believed that a record had been kept, for at Rouen she appealed to the "book of Poitiers." The questions and answers must have been written down, but whether by intent or careless circumstance, the precious document has long since disappeared.

Little trace of any sort remains of Joan's visit to Poitiers. The house of Jean Rabateau long ago vanished. At some period it became a hotel, for we find it referred to as the Hôtel de la Rose. Today on its site, 53 Rue de la Cathédrale, is a shop where furniture is sold, its façade bearing a tablet that tells of Joan's stay.

Not far down the street, facing an open square, is the great cathedral itself, where Joan must have gone to mass and to confession. It is one of the largest churches in France; if the Maid could have been awed by anything of the world, it was by this, to her the magnificent portal of the next. Within, it is so lofty that the massive columns seem slender as they mount upwards. A small figure in that vast place, she has become today its chief object. On a high pedestal her impressive statue faces that of Saint Peter across the main aisle. Magnificent windows shed upon it the same tender radiance that once fell upon Joan herself. Besides the cathedral and one other ancient and beautiful church, Nôtre Dame de la Grande, modern Poitiers contains few landmarks of Joan's time. But in the Musée Augustin, at 9 Rue Victor Hugo, there is an object preserved as sacred. It is a weather-beaten black stone, the stepping-block from which Joan mounted her horse when she rode away.

PART THREE

JOAN SHOWS HER "SIGN"

I

CHEF DE GUERRE

Not only had Joan triumphed over the doctors, but she had been found to be otherwise suited to her task. A commission of ladies of the court, Queen Yolande, with the wives of le Maçon and de Gaucourt, having assured themselves of Joan's purity, certified their findings to the King. It being believed that evil spirits could not manifest themselves through a maid, there was no longer any reason why the King should not avail himself of Joan's help, which he proceeded to do immediately, without waiting for the report from Poitiers. The efficient Queen Yolande went to Tours and to Blois, to begin the assembling and provisioning of an army, being presently followed by the Duke of Alençon, sent by the King to assist her.

Tours is a short day's ride from Chinon. Joan may have gone with Queen Yolande, or she may have followed with her own military household, now supplemented by Cavalier Jean d'Aulon, called by Dunois, " one of the best men in the kingdom," which was no great recommendation; d'Aulon deserved a better one.

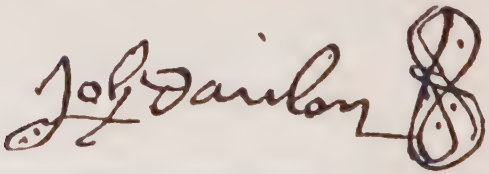
Because of his years and integrity, to d'Aulon was assigned the special protection of the Maid. He had the supervision of her stables, her commissary, and was chief of her personal staff, an important position, for at a step the peasant girl of Lorraine had become head of the King's army. That she had no regular

commission, that Alençon, then or later, held the official command, signifies nothing. Alençon and Joan were as one in military matters, that *one* being Joan.

As for the others, it was the royal decree that the Maid was to be followed in all undertakings. They were, as heretofore, to lead their commands, but the Maid was to direct the campaign and its movements.

She was, as her letter stated, *Chef de Guerre*, chief of war. Those seasoned warriors, hardened Armagnac leaders and captains of free companies, raiders and freebooters, all of them, would not always be tractable, which certainly is no wonder; but they would come to realize presently that the more strictly they followed her, the greater and more certain would be their victories. Commander-in-chief of the King's armies, Joan certainly was, nothing less.

She became even more — a living symbol of patriotism, courage, and victory. These things had been long unknown in France; the country was a mere chaos. Joan from the beginning personified a nation, gave to France something it had never known before, something it has never lost. Whatever the French mean today by "*Patrie*," and it means more than is conveyed by any similar word of any other nation, was first realized for them in Joan of Arc.



SIGNATURE OF JEAN D'AULON, CHIEF OF JOAN'S HOUSEHOLD

II

JOAN AND HER HOUSEHOLD AT TOURS

At Tours it must have seemed to Joan that her troubles had come to an end, that her way was made plain for her. Queen Yolande was also Duchess of Tours, greatly loved by the people. To know that Joan was under her protection would have been enough; her assurance that the Maid, under a still higher guardianship, had come to France's deliverance stirred them to eager assistance.

The news went forth, and headed by their leaders, old Armagnac bandits, troops came gathering in; roused, more likely, by the prospect of despoiling their enemies than by any loyalty to the King. Victory to them meant loot, and they themselves had been looted so often. Now, with a heaven-sent Maid to lead them, an invincible spirit, enchantress, no matter what, but in any case a human talisman, it would be their turn. They were made welcome, in whatever manner or aspect they presented themselves, and sent on to Blois, where Queen Yolande and Alençon were busy gathering supplies for this nondescript army.

To Joan, the sight of soldiers marching through the streets, her soldiers to be, the cheering of the ranks when she appeared among them, must have seemed a divine assurance of victory. She appears to have considered such demonstrations less a personal tribute than homage paid through her to God, King, and Country; in which she was largely mistaken, no doubt.

It was Queen Yolande who had provided for Joan's lodgings in Tours. A friend of Yolande's childhood, Eleonore de Paul, later a maid of honour, had married a distinguished citizen of Tours, by the name of Jean du Puy. To Jean du Puy and Eleonore de Paul, known also as "La Pau" (they had a curious fashion of nicknaming in that day), the Queen entrusted Joan, and a portion at least of her company.

"At Tours," says Louis de Contes, "I was page to Joan, with a certain Raymond," by which it may be supposed that demands upon her had multiplied. De Contes adds that during their sojourn at Tours, the King caused to be made for the Maid a complete suit of armour, and enlarged her military household.

We may pass, for the moment, Joan's armour, to consider certain important additions to her personal staff. Of these, one was Father Jean Pasquerel, quoted in an earlier chapter. The others were Joan's brothers, Jean and Pierre, who had followed their sister to war. Father Pasquerel's story at this point is astonishing enough and would be even more so if we did not recall that Joan's mother was a notable religious pilgrim who had already earned the name Romée by a pilgrimage to Rome or some other distant place. Says Pasquerel:

"When I had, for the first time, news of Joan and her arrival at court, I was in the city of Puy, where also was the mother of Joan and some of those who had conducted her [Joan] to the King."

Before going farther, the reader should know that Puy, or Le Puy, the ancient capital of Velay, about two hundred and fifty miles southeast of Tours, is

nearly three hundred miles from Domremy. Its cathedral had a venerated "Black Virgin" and was a celebrated pilgrimage church. Great religious assemblies were held there, especially when Good Friday and the Annunciation fell on the same day, as they did March 25, 1429. It was a matter of wide belief that when Good Friday and the Annunciation came thus in conjunction great events were imminent.

It is easy to believe that Joan's mother would wish to pray at the celebrated shrine for her daughter's success. The journey, however, even for devout, and probably robust, Isabelle Romée would present difficulties. She could not have gone alone; she must have gone in a company made up of her neighbours and ardent and devout persons from neighbouring villages. Her two sons, Jean and Pierre, by this time determined to join their sister, one may suppose accompanied the party at least a portion of the distance, as far perhaps as Dijon, which would be the natural turning-point in the direction of Tours. As for those mentioned by Pasquerel as having conducted Joan to the King, these could be no other than Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, sent to Le Puy by Joan to offer prayers at the celebrated shrine, she being then at Poitiers, unable to go herself.[1] That she knew of her mother's journey is most unlikely, there being apparently no way for her to find it out.

Pursuing his story of those whom he had met at Le Puy, Father Pasquerel says:

[1] The two knights arriving with Joan at Poitiers March 18 would have time to ride on to Le Puy, two hundred miles farther, by March 25.

"Being entered into acquaintanceship with me, they said: 'You must come with us to Joan; we shall not let you go until we have conducted you to her.' I came with them to Chinon, then to Tours."

The knights had returned by Poitiers to Chinon, only to find that Joan had already left for Tours. Pasquerel does not say this, but the conclusion seems clear, as clear as anything in that half-lit world. Joan's mother was not with them, or the good priest would have mentioned that fact. The coming and going of the knights, the mother at the distant pilgrimage, the appearance of the brothers — it is all a good deal like an old tale or a dream. Pasquerel tells of the arrival at Tours:

"I was then a lecturer in a convent in that city. Joan lived for the time in the house of Jean du Puy, citizen of the place. It was there we found her. My companions said to her: 'Joan, we have brought to you this good father. When you know him well, you will love him well.'

"Joan answered them: 'The good father makes me very happy. I have already heard of him and tomorrow shall confess to him.' The next day I heard her in confession and I sang the mass before her. From that hour I always followed Joan, and did not cease to be her chaplain until Compiègne."

Joan's household thus had the important additions of an almoner, or chaplain, and her two brothers. There is no account of the meeting of Jean and Pierre with their sister. They would be vain of her, of course; also, considerably in awe of her.

The page, de Contes, mentions the suit of armour com-

manded for Joan. But it was to be more than that: a complete outfit; a sort of trousseau, in fact, though surely the strangest ever prepared for a girl of seventeen. Rich and beautiful, but ominous: a suit of armour, a banner and a sword; for in this case the bridegroom would be War.

III

BUSY AND HAPPY DAYS AT TOURS

THE building of Joan's armour must have required time and care. Tours was famous for its armourers; there was a whole street of them, but the master workman entrusted with this undertaking, however skilful, would find his task a bit puzzling. Assuredly he had never before made armour for a young girl, and there must be special care in the measurements, the frequent fittings and adjustments until all the pieces were adapted to the Maid's curving grace and suppleness.

At a later period Joan developed a natural feminine taste for handsome garments (we like to remember this, though her judges brought it against her), and it is recorded that she was "passionately fond of beautiful armour." Seeing her unique garment grow under the deft handiwork of the craftsman would develop any latent tendency she might have for fine apparel, and when it was finished and adjusted who can blame her if her lofty religious satisfaction in it was warmed a little by a sense of personal approval?

It was what is known as "white armour," of polished, unbrowned steel, and must have been very beautiful. It would give her an unearthly look, and probably no one better than Joan realized the effect this would have on her followers, likewise upon the enemy. It was such armour as this that Saint Michael had worn in her visions of him, the armour of the holy pictures, the armour of heaven.

By an ancient record of the city of Tours we learn that Joan's armour cost the sum of one hundred francs, which may be reckoned as the equivalent of no less than one thousand dollars, by present values. As we have seen, a strong horse in that day could be had for twelve francs. Joan's armour cost the value of eight horses. Her two knights were likewise provided with new armour, at a cost of one hundred and twenty francs each, perhaps because more material and labour were required. Another hundred francs was spent on armour for each of Joan's brothers. Everywhere knights were arming for the great campaign — busy days for the armourers of Tours.

Meantime, there was the sword. She still had the one presented by Robert de Baudricourt, but it now appeared that her heavenly council wished her to have something different, a blade consecrated by brave deeds. All that we know of this matter we have from Joan herself. She told her judges that while she was at Tours or Chinon she sent for a sword that was in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois behind the altar, and that this sword was found, quite rusty. The sword had been rusted by the earth, and there were five crosses on it, which she had known from her Voices.

She had not seen the man, an armourer from Tours, who had gone to look for it. She had written to the clergy of St. Catherine to ask if it was their pleasure that she have the sword, and the clerk had sent it to her. It was not, as it seemed, very deep in the ground behind the altar. Moreover, she was not certain whether the sword was before the altar or behind it, but believed

that she had written that it was behind it. The ecclesiastics of the place had polished the weapon, and the rust had fallen away without the use of force. The churchmen had given her a sheath, and with those of Tours caused two sheaths to be made for her, one of red velvet, and the other of cloth of gold. Joan herself had caused to be made still another one, of leather, very strong. She had loved this sword well, she told them, because she so greatly loved Saint Catherine, in whose church it had been found.[1]

That a Tours armourer went for the sword would indicate that Joan sent for it from that city. The reader will remember St. Catherine de Fierbois as the place where she stopped to hear masses and to send the King at Chinon notice of her coming. Tradition has ascribed the former ownership of the sword marked with five crosses to Charles Martel, who is supposed to have hung it in the church of Fierbois, then "a little chapel in a deep forest," as an offering to Saint Catherine after his victory over the Saracens in 732.

It is from Joan, also, that we get the story of the banner. Pasquerel left a brief account of it, but inexact as to details. At Rouen Joan testified:

"I had a banner, the field of which was sown with lilies. There the world was represented [the image of God holding the world] and two angels at the sides. It was of linen or white *boucassin*. There was written upon it, as it seems to me, these words: *Jesus Mary*, and it was fringed with silk."

She said that these words were inscribed along the side, as she thought, and that all had been done by the

commandment of God. Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret had told her to take it and carry it boldly, and to have painted on it the King of Heaven. In battle she had carried it herself, in order not to kill anybody.

Joan had also a pennant, on which was pictured the Annunciation, with an angel holding a lily. From an old document we know that the work and material for both were supplied by one Hauves Poulvoir, who received twenty-five francs for everything.[1]

Poulvoir is thought to have been a Scotchman, by the name of James (or Hamish) Power, of which the French form is a liberal adaptation. He had a winsome daughter of about Joan's age, and during those days when work on the banner was in progress the two saw much of each other. That Joan became fond of pretty Héliote Poulvoir is shown by a special request which later she would make in her behalf. The Maid was removed from the world, set apart by her mission and her vows. But she was very human, and it must have been a great joy at times to discuss purely feminine matters with one who was just a young girl.

On the whole, the month of busy preparation at Tours was for Joan a happy one, as being the longest period of her active career into which there entered neither conspiracy nor bloodshed. In Tours, whichever way she turned, there was love, faith, friendliness. The blessings of the cathedral were conferred upon her, her banner, and her arms. Her lodgings were sought by those who regarded her as the hope of France. If the home of Jean du Puy and Eleonore de Paul wherein

during these memorable days she found such kindly welcome still exists and can be identified, it should be preserved as a monument by the city which held the Maid as sacred and struck medals in her honour. There is some reason for believing that the house at number 18 Rue Briconnet, today miscalled the "House of Tristan," was in 1429 the home of Jean du Puy. Then or earlier it seems to have been of the du Puy family, but the record is not complete.

Of other objects in Tours associated with Joan, there is the beautiful cathedral of St. Gatien, already more than three hundred years old when she came. Also, the great church of St. Martin, of which today only two imposing towers remain. A rich, busy place, modern Tours preserves little of the aspect of the medieval capital that welcomed Joan and provided so largely for her campaign. The street of the armourers is gone, or so changed that its identification is not certain. It may have been Rue Sainte-Marthe, in the fifteenth century called Rue Braquemart, after a family of armourers, then celebrated. Yet with all the changes something is left of the ancient city; small side streets with curious names, such as the "Street of the Flying Serpent," while near the river, in the neighbourhood of the house on Rue Briconnet, are hoary residences that could have been there when she rode by with Jean d'Aulon beside her, her two knights and her brothers in her train.

IV

BLOIS. REFORMING AN ARMY. A FIGURE IN WHITE ARMOUR, STRAIGHT FROM A CHURCH WINDOW

IT was on the morning of Saturday, April 23, that Joan and her staff crossed the bridge at Tours and turned their faces toward Blois.[1] The crowds that had assembled to see them go were well repaid. There is no description of it, but it is very easy to imagine: Joan in glistening armour, with Jean d'Aulon, followed by her two knights, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy; following these, her two brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc; next, her two pages, Louis de Contes and Raymond; finally, as a sort of rear-guard, Father Pasquerel, by whose side rode Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims. Or, perhaps, Father Pasquerel and the archbishop had a more advanced place in the procession. No matter; riding two by two across the bridge in the spring morning, they made a goodly show, and the streets and water-front of Tours were thronged. There may have followed a body of troops; belated arrivals were always going.

From Tours to Blois the distance is thirty-six miles; they would ride it in a day. We know nothing of their reception at Blois, nor where Joan lodged, possibly in the ancient castle, the ruins of which still stand. We know that she found there an assembly of hard-fighting, hard-swearing, war-worn leaders of Armagnac bands and free companies: captains like Etienne de Vignolles, called La Hire, at once the terror and admiration of

France; Marshal de Rais, later reputed to be Bluebeard himself in person; Ambroise de Loré and Seigneur de Culan, less violent than the others, maybe, but no less gifted in human destruction. De Gaucourt also may have been there. At all events there appeared to be plenty of force and sufficient supplies, which Joan in her simple fashion probably took for granted, without much inquiry as to ways and means.

There had been problems of which perhaps she did not know. The Duke of Alençon gives a good hint of them:

"Thereupon [following the decision of Poitiers], the King sent me to the Queen of Sicily [Yolande, already at Blois] to occupy myself with the preparations of a convoy of supplies for the army that must be sent to Orleans. . . . But money was lacking. To get it and pay for the supplies I returned to the King. I apprised him of the fact that the supplies were ready, that there remained only to find the wherewith to pay for them, and the soldiers. The King sent some men who delivered the necessary sums, so that both men and provisions were ready to move on Orleans and try to raise the siege."

Possibly one might delve through the ancient accountings and find the names of those men who brought the "necessary sums," and discover where they procured them. It sounds simple enough as Alençon tells it, but the King's treasury was empty. He could not even buy a new coat; accounts at Chinon show that he was obliged to have new sleeves put into an old one. As for La Trémouille, even had he been so disposed, he

could hardly have supplied funds for paying and provisioning an army. Alençon himself had been impoverished by his ransom, and most of the nobles were in a similar plight. There must have been a general levying and borrowing at Tours and Poitiers and Bourges and other good towns. It is something of a mystery, and Alençon offers no hint of a solution.

With such matters Joan did not immediately concern herself. It was the moral problem that she promptly took in hand. Brief observation of her captains and a glimpse or two of the army convinced her of the need of this, in the conduct of a holy war. Everywhere there was wild drinking, gambling, swearing. Mingled with the soldiers was a sprinkling of women of the sort known to all armies in all ages of warfare. Joan assembled her captains and told them that these things must end, not gradually, but at once: the hard drinking and profanity must cease; the women must go; the men, also the captains, must say their prayers and go to mass and confession, if they wished to march under the banner of Heaven.

Those battered chiefs must have been in despair, but it seems they agreed, at least to go to confession and to pray. La Hire, whose every other word had been an oath, promised to swear only by his baton, a form employed by Joan herself. La Hire also composed a prayer, the famous prayer of which, it is true, there is no certain history, but which established tradition has ascribed to him. It ran:

"Oh, God, do with me as I would do by you, if you were La Hire and I were God."

The effect of Joan's proposed reforms on the soldiers may be imagined. Few of them could have seen her on her arrival, the night before, and now when the tale of her requirements flew there would be a moment of consternation, then outbreaks of roaring derision. Those crime-soaked children of war could not believe their ears. Profanity was their mother tongue; women were their prerogative. As for going to confession, why in a month they could not even begin the story of their murders and violations.

But then their captains appeared, La Hire and the others, and riding among them, banner in hand, a figure in white armour, straight from a church window, as it must have seemed to them, or from the gates of paradise. Ribaldry ceased and did not begin again when she had passed. That day and the next she rode among them. Joan had a natural bent for dramatic effect and, consciously or otherwise, often followed it.

Father Pasquerel provides a memory of Blois: "Having quit Tours to go to Orleans, we were at Blois two or three days, waiting for the provisions to be loaded on the boats. At Blois Joan told me to have made a banner around which she would assemble the priests, and to have painted on it the image of Christ crucified. The banner ready, Joan each day — once in the morning and once in the evening — had me convoke all the priests. These, assembled, chanted anthems and hymns in honour of the Blessed Mary. Joan was with them. But she would not permit any of the soldiers to be there who had not confessed that day, and she

notified all to confess themselves and come to the reunion, seeing that all the priests there held themselves ready to hear all penitents of good will."

Father Pasquerel's staff of priests became busy with confessions. The morning and evening prayer-meeting swelled to full attendance; the women were no longer seen. There is plenty of evidence for this new state of affairs. Pasquerel himself presents a picture of the start for Orleans that speaks volumes:

"The day we quitted Blois to go to Orleans, Joan had all the priests assembled. The banner at their head, they opened the march. The soldiers followed. The cortège left the city by the side of the Solonge [the country to the south of the Loire] chanting 'Veni Creator Spiritus' and several other anthems."

Apart from the Crusades, no similar military spectacle had been known to history.

SIGNATURE OF LA HIRE

V

JOAN AND HER ARMY ON THE MARCH. A MIRACLE BEFORE ORLEANS

FROM the testimony of Louis de Contes we learn that Joan left Blois fully armed, and that during the ride to Orleans she did not cease to counsel the army to "have great confidence in God and confess their sins." He adds that she took communion on the way, and that she slept in her armour, being much bruised as a result. It was at the end of April, when nights in Touraine are none too warm. To lie down on the ground in a casing of cold metal must have been a trial after the luxurious beds of Eleonore de Paul. Whether Joan repeated the experiment on the second night of the march or not de Contes does not say. Later, in the field, it became her custom to sleep in that way.

Joan's army must have been an imposing spectacle as it wound its way through the springtime along the banks of the Loire — the chanting priests and armoured knights; the gleaming lances and ranks of bowmen; the wagon-loads of provisions — sixty of them; the herd of more than four hundred cattle. By Joan's account the King had given her ten or twelve thousand men, and to her inexperienced eyes the force must have seemed fully that large. But the wagons and the herd could not long have provided for an army of that size, while a good portion of the provisions was intended for the hungry people of Orleans. Joan's armed strength could hardly have exceeded four thousand, but with

that gleaming object riding among them, promising certain victory, they were enough. At evening and at morning an altar was raised in the fields, priests with their pictured standards assembled to intone the service, while all about knelt soldiers who heretofore had known war only as rapine, barbarity, and foul living. By the time they reached Orleans the English onrush and the "terrible English hurrah" had lost most of their terrors.

Orleans is thirty-five miles from Blois. According to Pasquerel they spent two nights on the way, the second probably at Cléry, where there was, and still is, a celebrated pilgrimage church. Sometime during the third day they arrived opposite the besieged city.

On that side of the river, the south side, were several English strongholds. The convoy with the provisions passed so near the enemy that French and English could see each other plainly. Simon Beaucroix, esquire, attached to Joan's guard, says that Joan wanted to march directly on the fort of St. John le Blanc. She appears to have been over-ruled, for they passed on, to a point beyond Orleans, "to a place where the citizens of Orleans had sent some boats, to receive and transport the convoy of provisions."

The "Journal of the Siege" records that the convoy was brought across to Chécy, which is a good five miles above Orleans, and today it is difficult to understand why it was necessary to go up such a distance. The stage of the water and condition of the banks may have had something to do with it, also the possibility of attack from the English forces during the delay and confusion of ferrying the supplies. Whatever the rea-

son, the plan was approved by Dunois, whose story rather confuses this detail, and presents its own mystery, also a miracle.

The mystery is the apparent deception practised on Joan, as to the army's approach upon Orleans. Either Joan's knowledge of geography was so hazy as to suppose that Orleans lay south of the Loire, or she expected to find some means of crossing before arriving there, for according to Dunois it was her purpose to march with her army and provision train between the fortresses, straight into the city gates. This is puzzling enough, considering the weeks during which she must have discussed the situation, not to mention the information which her Voices might well have supplied. Dunois was in military command of Orleans, and had been keenly interested in Joan ever since the first rumour of her arrival with her knights at Gien had reached the besieged city, two months before. On Joan's arrival with her army opposite Orleans he was there to welcome her, " at a point just across from the church of St. Loup "; that is to say, a mile above the fort which Joan had wished to attack. St. Loup was no longer a church; like St. Jean le Blanc it had been converted by the English into a fort. Dunois says that neither to the captains nor himself had it seemed possible to make entry of the army and provision on the Orleans side, where the English camps were strong and close together.

"We had recourse to boats by which the convoy would be brought in. But the undertaking was not without difficulties, for it was necessary that

they ascend the current, and the wind was exactly contrary."

Though he does not say so, it must have been just here that Joan was first presented to him. His story goes on:

"It was then that Joan said to me: 'Are you the Bastard of Orleans?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and I rejoice in your arrival.'

"'Was it you who gave counsel that I come here, on this side of the river, and that I am not to go directly where are Talbot and the English?'[1]

"I said to her: 'I and those wiser than I have given this counsel, believing it to be better and safer.'

" 'In God's name,' replied Joan, 'the counsel of our Lord is safer and wiser than yours. You have thought to deceive me, and you deceive yourself still more; for I bring you better succour than ever came to any knight or city whatever, seeing that it is the succour of the King of Heaven. Nevertheless, it comes to you not through love of me; it proceeds from God himself, who at the request of Saint Louis and Saint Charlemagne, has had pity for the city of Orleans, and has not wished that the enemy should at the same time possess the person of the duke and his city.'

"All at once, and immediately, the wind, that was contrary and made it very difficult for the boats in which were the supplies to ascend the stream, turned and became favourable. In consequence, the sails were at once spread. I entered the boats, and with me Nicole de Giresme, today Grand Prior of France. We passed the church of St. Loup, and beyond, notwith-

standing the English. From this moment I had great confidence in Joan, more than I had until that time."

Either Dunois was incorrectly reported or he must have been mistaken about the boats being loaded when they set out upon that miraculous up-stream wind. It would have been sufficiently difficult to get up the big empty barges, against the stout current that flows by Orleans, while the convoy itself could easily proceed by land five miles farther up the flat valley of the Loire, which according to other witnesses it did. Father Pasquerel introduces an entirely different miracle. The river, he says, was so low that the boats could not be used until a sudden rise of water made it navigable. But it is highly unlikely that the Loire should be low at the end of April, while Dunois' story of the changing wind is confirmed by de Gaucourt, who adds that Joan had prophesied that it would change. Pasquerel's memory was sometimes tricky.

As to the apparent deception practised on Joan, it could have been the result of an attempt to compromise with her wishes, to grant them without what, to her captains, must have seemed military imprudence. Between Blois and Orleans, Beaugency and Meung on the north bank of the river were in English hands. To pass that way would be to risk battle, with consequent delay or worse. Assuming that Joan said to La Hire and others with her that she wished to march into Orleans at the head of her army, they may well enough have assured her that at the proper place boats would be provided to transport both troops and convoy to a point where she could again take up the march. This

they must indeed have counted on, for they would hardly have taken an army up the wrong side of the river without some plan of getting it across, and it is unlikely that they hoped to capture the seemingly impregnable bridge-head on that side, and *march* over. If they could get Joan and her army ferried across above St. Loup, she could march in at the eastern or Burgundy gate, where there was only one small garrison to oppose them. This should fulfil her desires. Those practical soldiers, taught by bitter and recent experience the power and resource of the English, would not be likely to appreciate Joan's purpose in wishing to march in boldly where the English were the thickest, ignoring their strongholds, indifferent to their numbers.

Joan's captains did not know, as Joan herself certainly seems to have known, that the English, no longer overstrong in resources, were already half discouraged as to the outcome of the siege; that to appear among them, suddenly and without fear, with her chanting priests, her white armour, and banner of Heaven, her long array of gleaming knights and spearmen, her bowmen and wagon-train and herds, her army of God, in a word, would complete their demoralization, paralyze their energies, render them helpless. Perhaps her Voices had told her this; she may have sensed it through that innate understanding of human psychology, which was one of her chief gifts. To slip into Orleans by the back door, as it were, under cover of a military diversion, to show fear, was to give heart to the enemy, as well as to miss a supreme opportunity

to demonstrate the protection assured by her Voices, to manifest such a sign as she had promised at Poitiers.

To be thus baffled at the start by those upon whom she had most depended must have been a grief and a vexation of spirit. No number of boats that they could muster would ferry the army over in any other than a lingering and, to her, humiliating fashion. Simon Beaucroix says plainly that the army "*could not cross the Loire,*" making it necessary to take the back track for Blois, "seeing that there was no nearer bridge in command of the King." He adds that this put Joan in great anger. The transport of the provisions under way, she was for turning back with the army, to come up with them on the other side, as had been her plan. Dunois begged her not to do this, but to enter Orleans with such troops as could be brought over readily, letting the remainder return to Blois under the banner and moral direction of the priests.

"I besought her to decide to cross the Loire and enter the city of Orleans, where she was greatly desired. Of that she made difficulty, saying that she would not abandon her people. Wishing to remain with her soldiers, now well-confessed, penitent, and of good will, she refused to come." Joan was afraid that without her presence among them the soldiers would backslide and drift away. Dunois became alarmed. "I went," he says, "to the leaders who had charge of the expedition and asked them in all mercy, and in the interest of the King, to prevail upon Joan to enter Orleans. It would be understood that they themselves were to return to Blois, where they could cross the Loire to come

to Orleans, there being no nearer passage. The captains agreed to my request, consenting to cross by Blois.

"Joan came with me. She carried her standard, which was white, and on which was the figure of our Lord, holding a lily in His hand. La Hire crossed the Loire with us, and we entered all together the city of Orleans."

Dunois forgets that two hundred of Joan's men accompanied her, and that it was on the evening of the day following her arrival that she entered Orleans. He also lamentably fails to give any description of that momentous event, but Jean Lullier, merchant of Orleans, assures us that the Maid "was received with such great joy by all the inhabitants of both sexes, great and small, that it seemed she was an angel of God. By means of the Maid, they said, we are going at last to escape our enemies."

The faithful and fairly reliable "Journal of the Siege" provides fuller details. The Journal tells how on Thursday, April 28, Joan arrived at Chécy and passed the night there;[1] how on Friday, April 29, the convoy was brought to Orleans, under cover of a skirmish with the English at St. Loup, and how a party of knights and squires and soldiers went to greet her, "most joyous at her coming, all of whom made to her great reverence and fine welcome, and so she made to them."[2]

It was concluded among them that she was not to enter the city until evening, "to avoid the tumult of the people," which plan was carried out. Let the Journal itself quaintly tell the story:

"Thus at eight o'clock of the evening, notwithstanding all the English, who in nowise prevented it, she entered fully armed, mounted on a white horse; and borne before her her standard, which was likewise white, the which had two angels holding each a lily flower in her hand; and on the pennon was painted the Annunciation (which is the image of Our Lady, having before her an angel, presenting to her a lily).

"She, thus entering into Orleans, had at her left side the Bastard of Orleans, armed and mounted most richly. And after came several other nobles and valiant lords, squires, captains, and soldiers. . . . Elsewhere she was received by other soldiers and burghers and burgesses of Orleans carrying torches in great number, and making such joy as if they saw God descend among them; and not without cause, for they had many wearinesses, hardships, and trials; and what was worse, great doubt of succour, and fear to lose body and goods. But they felt wholly recomforted, and as if freed from siege by the divine virtue which they had been told was in the simple Maid, whom they regarded most affectionately, men, women, and little children. And there was a most marvellous press to touch her or the horse on which she was, so much so that one of those who carried the torches approached so near her standard that fire caught the pennon. Whereupon she touched her horse with the spurs, and turned him as gracefully to the pennon, of which she extinguished the fire, as if she had long followed the wars. And this the soldiers held in great wonder, and the burghers of Orleans also; the which accompanied her the length of their town and

city, making most great welcome, and in very great honour conducting her almost to the Regnart gate, to the home of Jacques Boucher, then treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, where she was received with great joy, with her two brothers, and the two gentlemen and their varlets, who were come with her from the country of Barroys." [1]

In the home of Jacques Boucher Joan occupied a room and a bed with little Charlotte Boucher, the treasurer's nine-year-old daughter. Her two brothers and her knights were entertained elsewhere.[2] Twenty-seven years later Charlotte Boucher told of Joan's simple, religious habits as she observed them during the week or more of their close association; how before an attack she set her conscience in order, took communion, and heard mass.

"Many times she said to my mother, 'Trust in God. God will aid the city of Orleans and expel the enemy.'"

Another declared that when Joan came Orleans had reached a point where they looked only to God for help. It is not surprising, then, that they turned eagerly to the Maid as the divine messenger they had prayed for, who had come at last, and none too soon.

VI

ORLEANS. JOAN INSPECTS THE ENEMY AND WARNS THEM

NEXT morning, which was Saturday, April 30, 1429, Joan was up early, ready to begin vigorous warfare, using such soldiers as were already in Orleans. De Contes, who should know, declares that she looked up Dunois, and returned much provoked (*fort courroucée*) because it had been decided not to attack until her army should return from Blois, it being already on its way there, led by most of its captains, and supervised as to its morals. Says Pasquerel: "As for me, on Joan's order I returned to Blois, with the priests and the banner." [1]

Dunois, d'Aulon, and other leaders agreed that it would be wise to overtake the army at Blois, and direct its course back to Orleans. Without Joan and other ranking officers, it might break up into factions or be diverted by the King's lukewarm counsellors. Joan well knew these dangers, but hesitated to let Dunois go.

"Joan was disposed neither to wait nor consent that I go after them. She wished without delay to summons the enemy to raise the siege or, if they refused, to attack them. She did in fact address to the English a summons, couched in her maternal tongue, and all in very simple words. In that letter she told them in substance that unless they retired from the siege and returned to England she would make a great assault upon them and force them to go. The letter was

addressed to Lord Talbot. Well, I affirm that from that hour, while formerly the English with two hundred of theirs could put to flight a thousand of ours, it required only four or five hundred of our soldiers to combat all the power of the English, and we were so successful with the enemy that they no longer dared to leave the *bastilles* that served them as refuges." [1]

There is some confusion as to Joan's *sommations* of Talbot, their number and time of delivery, but this must have been the second ; one, according to the "Journal of the Siege," having been sent from Blois, without doubt the letter prepared at Poitiers, quoted in an earlier chapter. The Journal also says that the English had kept one of her heralds, whom it appears they threatened to burn. Joan sent two more heralds to the English, demanding that they return the one sent from Blois, while Dunois also sent a message, stating that unless this herald was returned he would cause all the English prisoners in Orleans to die a painful death (*male mort*), and also any messengers sent by the English to negotiate ransoms.[2]

"For which reason, the enemy returned all the heralds and messengers of the Maid, sending word by them that they would doubly burn her, and that she was nothing but a *ribaulde*, and as such should go back and mind her cattle. Whereat, she was much angered, and when evening came went out on the *boulevard* of the Belle Croix, on the bridge, and spoke to Glasdale and other English in the Tourelles, and bade them surrender in the name of God, thus saving their lives.[3] But Glasdale and those with him

replied shamefully, insulting her and calling her cowherd, as before, crying most loudly that they would burn her, if they could catch her. By which she was not at all angered (*aucunement yrée*), replying to them that they spoke falsely, and this said retired within the city."[1]

The Belle Croix, it should be said, was an observation post built at the end of that part of the bridge held by the French. Between this and the Tourelles, which were near the other end, a section had been broken out. From the Belle Croix Joan could address the enemy at fairly close range. They seem to have made no attempt to injure her other than with words.

On the morning following this incident — it was Sunday, the first of May — Dunois and several others of the leaders left for Blois, to bring back the army. Jean d'Aulon, one of the party, tells the manner of their going. The old soldier's testimony, happily preserved in the phrase of the period, carries a flavour not entirely lost in translation. From him we get a picture of Joan's first appearance on the field of action, doing guard duty, it is true, but in defiance of the English fortresses, a short distance away.

"Thus when they were ready to depart in quest of those who were in the said city of Blois, and when this came to the notice of the Maid, incontinently mounted she her horse, and La Hire with her, and with some quantity of her soldiers issued upon the fields, to prevent that the said enemies wrought them [those leaving for Blois] any damage. And for this purpose placed herself the Maid, with her soldiers, between

the host of the said enemies and the said city of Orleans. And there did in such manner, that notwithstanding the great power and number of the soldiers in the host of the enemies, nevertheless, by the mercy of God, passed the said lords of Dunois and he who speaks, with all their men, and safely went their way; and similarly returned from thence the said Maid and her said soldiers into the said city."

In the "said city" Joan rode through the streets, accompanied by knights and squires, "for the reason that those of Orleans had so great a wish to see her that they nearly broke down the entrance of the house where she was lodged." The streets were so packed and the people so eager that she could hardly make her way through them.

"They could not see enough of her; and to all it seemed a most great marvel how she could so gracefully control her horse. And of a truth she maintained herself as highly in all ways "as could any soldier following the wars from his youth."[1]

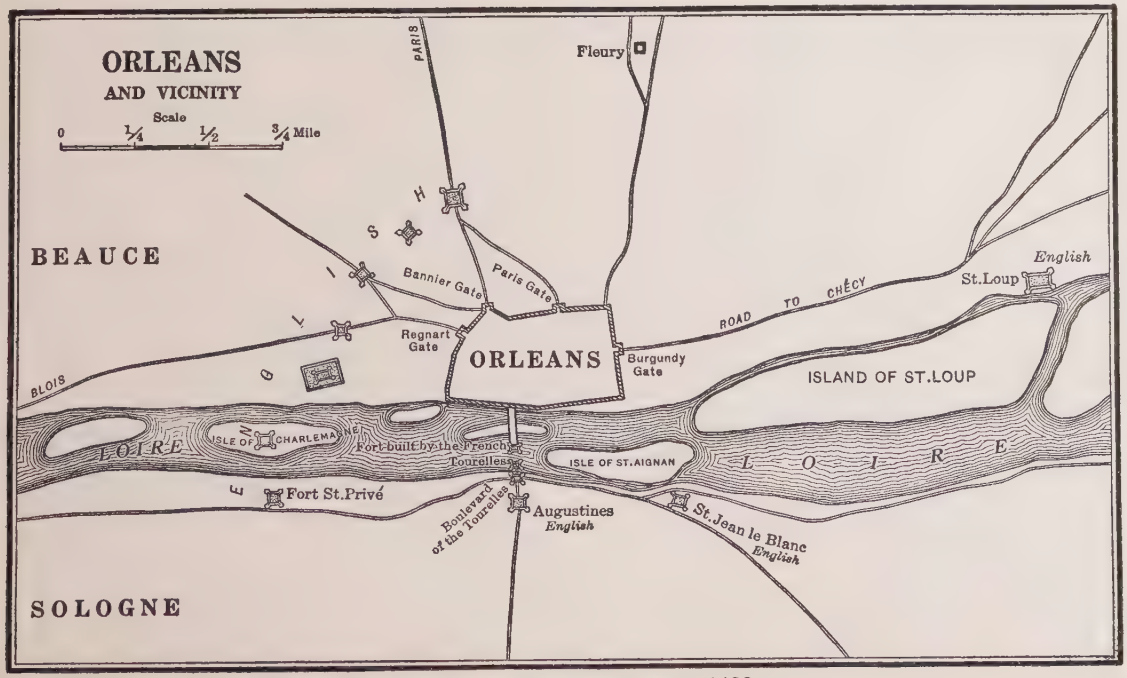
It being Sunday she would direct her following to the church. Master Pierre Compaing, canon of St. Aignan, tells of her leading the soldiers to confession, and further: "I who speak, I have seen La Hire confess at her instigation, and by her counsel," a statement confirmed by others. Later, toward the evening of the same day, Joan once more spoke to the English, this time from the Croix Morin, on the city wall, only to receive as harsh replies as those spoken from the Tourelles.

They could denounce her with evil names, but the

appearance in the sunset of that fearless figure in white armour on the walls, uttering such direct warnings as even the commonest soldiers could understand, had an effect only dimly realized today. We get something of the result when we read in the Journal that next day she rode boldly out of Orleans — we suppose with her staff, though the Journal does not say so — and made a general survey of the English strongholds, "went on the field to visit the bastiles of the English host," followed by a great crowd of the people of Orleans, who undoubtedly believed that in her company no harm could befall them, and certain it is that they came back safely. How nearly they approached the English forts is not told, but the five bastiles which they "visited" were ranged something less than a third of a mile from the city wall, which they had effectively bombarded. Joan and her company were therefore within easy gunshot, probably within bowshot. The English must have regarded the Maid with a curiosity that was mingled with growing terror. No attempt was made to injure the visitors, and on this occasion no words were exchanged.

"And having seen and regarded at her pleasure the fortifications of the English, she returned to the church of St. Croix of Orleans, within the city, where she heard vespers."

Perhaps this is a good place to say that these five *bastilles*, or stone towers, some of them with *boulevards*, (outer embankments), were located to the west and northwest of Orleans, in the general direction of Blois. A few hundred yards apart, they were believed to



ORLEANS AND VICINITY — MAY, 1429.

control the entrance to Orleans from that direction. It was between these fortresses that Joan had wished to march her army, and from later events it would seem that she might safely have done so.

As to the disposition of other English forces, there may have been a camp in the forest to the north of Orleans, where some remnant of a fortification exists today, and there was the fortified church of St. Loup, to the eastward, in the direction of Chécy. This was supposed to control the river on that side, but failed to do so, as we have already seen. On an island a little below Orleans, the Isle of Charlemagne, was a fortress by the same name, and across from it, on the south bank, another, so that the river was effectively closed from that direction. The south end of the bridge spanning the river, the English held by means of the fortified church, or priory, St. Augustines, with an embankment or *boulevard* at the bridge-head, behind which were the stone towers known as the Tourelles, built a little way out on the bridge itself. Above the bridge, at a distance of something more than half a mile, near the bank, was still another English camp, the fortress of St. Jean le Blanc, which Joan had wished to attack at the moment of her arrival. The reader cannot be supposed to keep this geography in his head, for which reason a map, drawn as simply as possible, has been provided. The sandy bed of the Loire is always changing; the islands shown in the river bear only an approximate resemblance to those of the present.

The "Journal of the Siege," with all its pleasant detail, makes no report of Joan's doings on Tuesday, the

third of May. Left to her own devices, she probably spent a good portion of it observing the enemy from the city walls and in riding through the narrow streets of Orleans inspecting the local troops. Witnesses from among the citizens have left an account of how once at least, during her brief stay with them, she scolded their soldiers for profanity, and how a great merchant (*grand seigneur marchand*) unluckily happened to be blaspheming on the street just as Joan happened along.

"She at once advanced to the profane seigneur," says the Widow Huré, who tells it, "took him by the throat, and said to him: 'Ah, friend, dare you thus forswear our Lord and Master? In God's name, you will recant before I leave here!' Thus pressed, the seigneur repented, and made amends."

By which we get a hint of the Maid's more vigorous measures of reform. She was no meek and lowly worker in the vineyard. We are reminded of Christ and the money-changers. These incidents may well have happened on that unrecorded third of May for Joan's previous days at Orleans had been filled with more general matters, while amid the whirl and clash and battle smoke of the days that now followed there was little space for correcting the erring soldiers or *grand seigneur marchands* of Orleans.

VII

THE ARMY RETURNS FROM BLOIS. JOAN OF ARC RIDES TO BATTLE.

THERE is much testimony as to what happened at Orleans during the next four or five days, and given after a lapse of twenty-seven years from the events, it is natural that it should not always agree as to details.

Concerning the main events, there is no great variation. It is the present historian's purpose to let the witnesses testify, making no attempt to strain logic unduly to reconcile diverse statements, it being less important that these agree than that they should complete a narrative that conforms to human reason and historic possibilities. The "Journal of the Siege," which, while not a contemporary document, must have been compiled largely from records of the moment, provides a background, as well as important details.[1]

From the Journal we learn that on Wednesday, May 4, news of the returning army having reached Orleans, Joan in company with La Hire, Florent d'Illiers, and other captains and foot soldiers, in all five hundred, rode out of Orleans to meet and to escort into that city Dunois and the captains who were bringing back the men from Blois. They brought also another convoy of supplies, "the same being received with very great joy by the city, which they entered in the face of the English, who never dared to come out, but kept safely within their defences."

Jean Chartier, royal chronicler, has it that there had been objections among the soldiers to marching up the north side of the river without Joan, and that the army had fallen off two-thirds in consequence. But Chartier is not always reliable, and this statement may be taken with allowance.[1] Nevertheless, there was doubtless some falling off. Father Pasquerel, who, as the reader will remember, led the army back to Blois, gives a fuller account:

"A few days afterwards, with a body of soldiers, I came to Orleans by the Beauce [the north side of the river] with the banner and the priests, without any interference. Having known of our coming, Joan came out to meet us, and all together we entered the city. There was no resistance; we introduced the supplies under the very eyes of the English. This was a marvellous thing. The English were in great strength and multitude, excellently armed and ready for battle, and they saw that the King's men made a sorry figure, by comparison. They saw us, they heard the chanting of our priests, in the midst of which I was, carrying the banner. Very well, they made no movement, and neither priests nor soldiers were attacked."

Thus, as she had planned in the beginning, Joan in white armour and carrying her banner led her army safely past the forts where were Talbot and the English, who offered her no opposition. Whether she would have been opposed six days earlier, before those awesome sunset appearances, those warnings delivered from the walls of Orleans, may be only surmised. Her plan seemed now justified, and in proportion as the

English were hesitant the people of Orleans became exultant and eager for battle.

That Joan herself, a girl of seventeen, was in high spirits is certain. She took Jean d'Aulon home with her, and as the two were finishing their midday meal together, Dunois came in with the rumour that the English commander Fastolf, with men and supplies for the enemy, was at Yinville (now Janville) some twenty miles distant.

"At which words the Maid was much rejoiced, as it seems to him who speaks, and said to the lord of Dunois, these or similar words:

" ' Bastard, Bastard, in God's name, I command thee that as soon as thou shalt know the coming of the said Fastolf thou shalt let me know: for if he pass without my knowing, I promise thee that I will have thy head taken off.' [*Je te feray oster la teste.*] To which the said Dunois replied that she need not doubt that he would let her know." In her exuberance Joan indulged in the rough pleasantry of the time. It is difficult to understand how anyone could regard her threat a serious one, as some of her historians seem to have done.

Apparently there was no plan to give battle that day, nor on the next, which was Ascension Day. The tired army and its leaders needed rest. The now confident and eager troops of Orleans, however, could not wait the order to attack. D'Aulon says that being weary he lay down on a small couch in the Maid's apartment, while in another part of the room Madame Boucher, the hostess, and Joan also composed themselves for a nap. D'Aulon was barely asleep, when suddenly the Maid

sprang up and with a great noise awakened him. Being asked what she wished, she cried:

"In God's name, my Counsel has told me to go against the English, but I do not know if I must go at their bastiles or against Fastolf who would victual them."[1]

"Upon which the deponent incontinently bestirred himself," and with Madame Boucher's assistance armed the Maid for battle. Meantime there arose a great noise in the street, and a cry that the enemy was working *grand dommaige* to the French. Joan rushed out while d'Aulon was arming himself. De Contes, in a room below, was here brought into action:

"I thought she had gone to sleep, when almost immediately she came down, saying:

"'Ha, graceless boy, you did not tell me that the blood of France was flowing!' At the same time she ordered me to go for her horse."

According to de Contes she had run down to him before arming, but was armed when he returned.

"She commanded me to bring her standard, still in her room, and I passed it to her through a window. Standard in hand, she left at a gallop toward the Burgundy gate."

Joan of Arc was riding to battle. Fire flew from under her horse's feet. "Ride after her!" shouted Madame Boucher, which the page did. What glory for a boy of fifteen!

The French had attacked the bastile of St. Loup, and had been getting the worst of it. "They uttered great shouts at seeing the Maid." D'Aulon, who must have

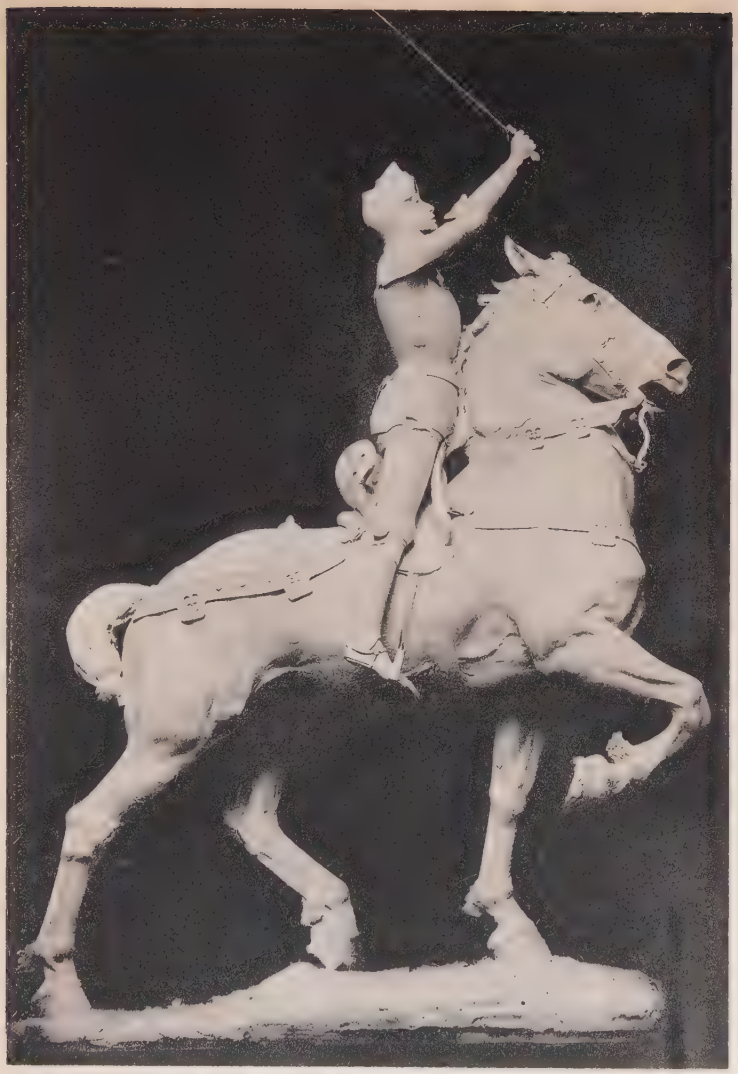
lost little time in getting himself armed and mounted, overtook the Maid at the Burgundy gate. As they dashed through, a man badly wounded was being carried in.

"The Maid," says d'Aulon, "asked of those who carried him, who was this man. They replied to her that it was a Frenchman. Then she said that never did she see French blood that her hair did not rise. Whereupon the Maid and he who speaks, in company with many soldiers, issued from the city to give succour to the French and injure the said enemies to the best of their ability. And being outside the said city, he who speaks had never seen so many soldiers of their party as he saw then."

Meaning the French. Apparently the entire force of Orleans had taken the field. They moved in a body on St. Loup, which they immediately assailed and at very small loss to them took by assault.

"And all the enemy within the place were killed or taken, and the said bastile remained in the hands of the French. Which done, the Maid and those of her company returned to the said city, in which they refreshed themselves and rested for the day."

The "Journal of the Siege" records that the assault had lasted the space of three hours; that one hundred and forty English were killed and forty taken prisoner, which gives an idea of the mortality ratio of the wars of that day. The bastile was destroyed by fire, "to the very great anger, damage, and displeasure of the English," meaning a detachment which had sallied forth from one of the other bastiles, with the purpose of giv-



"FORWARD WITH GOD!"

BRONZE STATUE, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK.
By Anna Hyatt Huntington

Above: OLD STREET IN MODERN TOURS. *Left:* ALLEGED HEAD OF JOAN OF ARC, ORLEANS. *Right:* HOME OF JACQUES BOUCHER, WHERE JOAN LODGED

ing aid to those of St. Loup. The citizens of Orleans, warned by the ringing of a bell, had marched out to the number of six hundred against these would-be rescuers, who forthwith abandoned the undertaking and "returned in sadness and anger (*dolens et courrouchez*), to their bastile."

As always happens after any exciting occasion there are those who contribute special details and sidelights. Colette Milet tells that to the sound of a trumpet Joan had notice served that no pillage was to be allowed from the church of St. Loup because it had been in English hands. De Contes reports that some churchmen who were among the English put on their ecclesiastical paraphernalia, in which to appear in the Maid's presence. Joan received them and had them conducted to her lodgings, allowing no harm to come to them. She took supper there, and de Contes makes the general comment that she was very temperate. "Often during a whole day she ate only a morsel of bread. I wondered that she ate so little. She ate but twice a day." [1]

According to Father Pasquerel "Joan was filled with great sorrow that so many of the English were slain, for the reason, as she said, that these poor people had died without confession, and she greatly pitied them.

"Then and there she confessed herself to me. At the same time she enjoined me to warn publicly all the soldiers to confess their sins and give thanks to God for the victory obtained; otherwise she would no longer aid them, or even remain in their company."

Joan would hardly have made the last statement

except under strong emotion, stirred by the unusual horrors of the day. Her purpose was too absolutely ordered. Pasquerel concludes:

"On this same day, the Eve of Ascension, Joan said that in five days the siege of Orleans would be raised, and there would not remain a single Englishman before the city. . . . On the evening of this day, being at my lodging, Joan told me that on the morrow, the day of the Ascension of our Lord, she would abstain from warfare, and from arming herself, through reverence for this solemn feast; and that on this day she would confess and take communion. She furthermore ordered that none should think of going out of the city that day, to attack or make an assault, without being previously confessed. She added that care should be taken that dissolute women made no part of her following, for the reason that because of their sins God would permit the army's defeat."

The great day closed with the ringing of bells and rejoicing in the streets of Orleans, sounds that fell ominously on English ears.[1] Joan of Arc, a peasant girl of seventeen, had been in battle and given her soldiers victory. For her, night came down in triumph, mingled with sorrow.

VIII

"READ, HERE IS A LETTER!" THE MAID MAKES GOOD HER PROMISE TO "SHOW A SIGN." THE SECOND DAY OF BATTLE BEFORE ORLEANS

No fighting occurred on Ascension Day, but the captains held a council, and Joan sent her final letter to the English. Father Pasquerel, secretary as well as priest, apparently kept a copy, or at any rate remembered its contents. It ran:

You men of England, who have no right in the kingdom of France, the King of Heaven sends word to you, and commands, by me, Joan the Maid, that you quit your bastiles and return to your own country. Otherwise I will cause you such confusion [*tel hahu*] that it will be of perpetual memory. This is what I write you for the third and last time, and I will not write you any more. *Jesus Mary,*

Joan the Maid.

I would have sent my letters more honestly; but you retain my heralds; you have retained my herald Guienne. Return him to me, and I will send you some of your men, taken at the Battle of St. Loup; for they are not all dead.[1]

"This letter written, Joan took an arrow, attached her missive to the end of it with a thread, and ordered an archer to shoot it among the English, crying 'Read; here is news!' The arrow reached the English with the letter. They read it, then began shouting with great clamour: 'News from the harlot of the Armagnacs!'[2]

"At these words Joan sobbed and wept abundantly, invoking the King of Heaven to her aid. Soon she was

consoled, because, she said, she had received news from the Lord."

At the council of war that day were present Joan, Dunois, the Marshals St. Sevère and de Rais, the lord of Graville, the baron of Coulences, the lord of Villars, the lord of Saintrailles, de Gaucourt, La Hire, the lord of Corraze, Messire Denis de Chailly, Thibault de Termes, Jamet de Tilloy, and a Scotch captain called Canede (Kennedy), with other captains and chiefs of war, the list being from the "Journal of the Siege," and here set down, once and for all, to show Joan's fighting force, it being borne in mind that the Duke of Alençon was still, with Queen Yolande, engaged in providing material resources.

The burgesses of Orleans, says the Journal, were present at the council, and decision was reached to attack the boulevards and tourelles on the other side of the river, "notwithstanding that the English had marvellously fortified themselves with means of defence and had a great number of people skilled in war. And it was commanded of the captains that each should be ready next morning early, with everything necessary to make an assault, the which command was well obeyed, for from evening such great diligence was used that all was in readiness before next morning, and so announced to the Maid."

According to another version, this council of war was held in the home of Jacques Boucher, where Joan lodged; also, Joan was not invited in until the plan was formed, and then told only a portion of it, there being a special secret manœuvre which it was

feared she might reveal. Jean Chartier, who records this, says that Joan, seeing through their deception, was angry and demanded to be told what they had really planned, saying: "I can keep a much greater thing than that," and walked up and down, without sitting.[1] Whereupon Dunois explained all the plan and she was content. All of which is very doubtful. We can scarcely imagine a council of war in the home of Jacques Boucher at which Joan was not present, or believe that the captains, knowing her mysterious sources of information, would attempt to deceive her as to their plans. At all events the secret manœuvre, said to have been an attack on a fort on the north bank to draw the English from the other side — rather a silly idea, when one remembers the happenings of the previous day — was not used. In the battle which began next morning, only the forts across the river were attacked.

Pasquerel rose at break of day — it was Friday, May 6 — confessed Joan and chanted the mass before her and all the people. Then she and the soldiers went to the assault, "which lasted from the morning until the evening." Joan with her army, to the number of about four thousand, led by Dunois, La Hire, and others, crossed the Loire in boats above Orleans, between St. Loup and the Tour Neuve, which was the main tower at the southeast corner of the city wall. They crossed to an island, which lay very near the south bank, so near that they could bridge the narrow channel between with two of their boats. The English fort of St. Jean le Blanc, which they planned

to attack first, was not far away. It was necessary to reduce this position before the bastile of the Augustines, which formed a part of the defences of the bridge-head, could be assailed. A part of the troops having crossed by the bridge of boats to the mainland proceeded at once without waiting for the Maid to St. Jean le Blanc, only to find it deserted, "for the reason that the English who were in it, as soon as they saw the coming of the French, left and incontinently took refuge in another, stronger and larger, bastile called the Bastile of the Augustines."

Honest, unimaginative Jean d'Aulon is a good witness, and we may allow him to continue the story, abating somewhat the old gentleman's documentary style.

"Seeing that the French were not strong enough to take this bastile, it was concluded to return, doing nothing. To accomplish this safely it was ordered that the more notable and valiant soldiers of the party remain behind, to prevent the enemy from working injury to those returning; to do which was ordered my lords de Gaucourt, de Villars, then seneschal of Beaucaire, and he who speaks."

The Maid had not yet landed. The soldiers who had found St. Jean le Blanc empty felt unequal to the stronger fort.

"Thus the French were returning from the bastile of St. Jean le Blanc, to cross to the said island, when the Maid and La Hire came over together, each having a horse in a boat, from another part of the island; on which horses they mounted as soon as they were across,

each lance in hand. As soon as they perceived that the enemy had sallied forth from the bastile of the Augustines, to rush upon their soldiers, incontinently the Maid and La Hire, who were at the front to guard the others, couched their lances and commenced to smite the said enemy; whereupon all followed them and began smiting these enemies in such manner that they were constrained to retreat and enter the said bastile of the Augustines." [1]

Here the good soul, with archaic deliberation, relates how a brave Spaniard, named Alphonse, or Arphonse, Partada — it is spelled both ways in the text — seeing another knight pass before him ventured an objection. D'Aulon sought without result to retain the over-eager warrior, between whom and Partada there now passed a sort of challenge of bravery, which ended by the two catching hands and together rushing straight upon the enemy's works. Reaching it they were confronted by a big and powerful English soldier, fully armed, who held the gate and disdained to close it. Partada and his brave rival could do nothing against this giant, and d'Aulon ordered "Master John, the cannonier," who seems to have been at hand with his piece (probably under his arm), to open fire upon this vast human obstacle to victory.

"Which did the said Master John, for immediately he perceived him he addressed his aim toward him in such wise that he brought him dead to the ground." Which was certainly a good shot, considering the weapon, though how he managed to avoid bringing down one of the knights seems a mystery.

"Whereat," adds d'Aulon, "the two men-of-arms gained the entrance through which all the others of the company passed and entered the said bastile, which very harshly and with great diligence they assailed at all parts, in such force that in a little time they carried it by assault. And there were killed and captured the greater portion of the enemy; and those who escaped retreated to the bastile of the Tourelles, being at the entrance of the bridge. And in this manner obtained the Maid and those with her victory over the said enemy for that day."

Simon Beaucroix, who was present, at one moment saw the French army in very great peril.

"But Joan said: 'In God's name, forward boldly!' And we charged the English, who in turn found themselves in great danger, though they had on that side of the river three forts, or bastiles. Immediately, and without great difficulty, the bastile of the Augustines was taken."

That no assistance came to the English from across the river, or even from the Tourelles, but a few yards distant, or from the bastile of St. Privé, a little farther down, would indicate that there had been slight danger of "relief from across the river," wherever the attack was made. Officers and men, the English were demoralized. They were not leaving their strongholds to meet the hair-lifting figure in white armour that had appeared in the sunset and warned them from the city walls.[1]

D'Aulon thinks that Joan remained with the army, which camped that night in and about the captured

fortress, and Simon Beaucroix, that when advised to return to Orleans the Maid refused, saying: "Shall we leave our soldiers?" By one authority she greatly feared a night attack, which is possible, but the same authority tells us that the English at St. Privé that night burned their own defences and escaped in boats to the great bastile of St. Laurent, across the river.[1] They were not making night attacks, but only night escapes; those of the Tourelles being now hemmed in had no choice but to remain.

Joan, after all, seems to have been persuaded to return to Orleans, for proper rest. De Contes plainly states this, and his memory is supported by what followed.

Though Friday, Pasquerel notes that she did not fast that night, having so much to do. "She was finishing her repast when there came to her a noble and valiant captain, whose name I do not recall. He said to Joan: 'The captains are assembled in council. They recognize that there are not many French as compared with the English, and that it has been by the great grace of God that they have obtained some advantage. The city being now full of provisions, we can hold it easily while waiting succour from the King. Wherefore the council does not find it expedient that the soldiers tomorrow make an attack.'

"Joan answered: 'You have been at your council, and I have been at mine. Now, be assured that the counsel of my Lord will fulfil itself and prevail, and that yours will fail.' And addressing herself to me, who was near her, said: 'Rise tomorrow very early, earlier

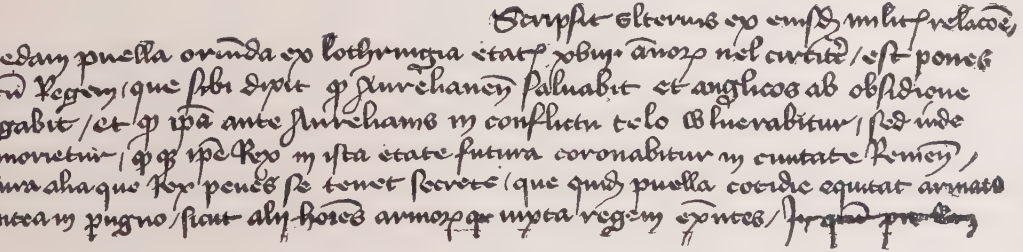
even than today, and do the best that you are able. It will be necessary to keep always near me, for tomorrow I shall have much to do, and greater need of you than I have ever had. Tomorrow the blood will flow from my body, above the breast.' "

That Joan foretold her wound cannot be doubted. To her judges at Rouen she said that she had known it well, and had told her King; that it had been revealed to her by Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. But even more substantial, today, is the letter written by a Flemish diplomat, Lord de Rotslaer, April 22, fifteen days before the event. This letter speaks of the news brought by a certain knight, of the army which Charles VII is assembling to march to Orleans, then adds that, by report of the same knight, "a certain maid, native of Lorraine, of the age of eighteen years, or thereabouts, is close to the King; that she has told him that she will save Orleans and drive away the English who are besieging it, and that she herself in an engagement before Orleans will be wounded by a shaft, but that she will not die of it; and that the said King, before the end of the summer, will be crowned in the city of Reims; and several other things that the King holds very sacred. The which maid fully armed, lance in hand, each day mounts a horse, like other soldiers about the king." [1]

[1] This letter is vouched for as authentic by Quicherat, who prints it in Vol. IV of his great collection. Also, by H. Wallon, in his monumental "Jean d'Arc," where it is reproduced in facsimile, from which the facsimile in the present volume is taken. The letter is recorded under its date in *les "Registres noir" de la chambre des comptes de Brabant, Bibliothèque de Bruxelles.*

EXTRACT FROM A LATIN LETTER WRITTEN BY LORD DE ROTSLAER, APRIL 22, 1429.

Joan is here shown to have prophesied her wound and the King's coronation. The original of this letter is in the library of Brussels.



Text: Scripsit ulterius, ex ejusdem militis relatione, quod quædam Puella oriunda ex Lotharingia ætatis XVIII annorum vel circiter, est penes prædictum regem; que sibi dixit quod Aurelianenses salvabit et Anglicos ab obsidione effugabit, et quod ipsa ante Aureliam in conflictu telo vulnerabitur, sed inde non morietur; quodque ipse rex in ipsa æstate futura coronabitur in civitate Remensi; et plura alia quæ rex penes es tenet secrete, que quidem Puella cotidie equitat armata cum lancea in pugno, sicut alii homines armorum juxta regem existentes, etc.

An English translation of this extract appears in the text of page 166.

IX

THE DAY OF THE TOURELLES. ANOTHER "SIGN" SHOWN AT ORLEANS. A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN, SORELY WOUNDED. "GLASDALE, GLASDALE, SURRENDER TO THE KING OF HEAVEN!"

If Pasquerel's memory served him faithfully, either jealousy of Joan had somewhere developed, or the apparently impregnable Tourelles, rising dark and forbidding in the night, had discouraged the tired conquerors of the day. Some sort of opposition there must have been.

De Contes says that it came from several lords who considered that the Maid wished to put the King's army in peril, but that in spite of them she caused the Burgundy gate to be opened, also a little gate near the tower, and crossed the river with soldiers, to attack the bastile of the bridge. Another statement, that de Gaucourt tried to prevent Joan's going, even by force, and was denounced by her as "a wicked man" has no more than a hearsay value.[1]

Whatever the truth, nothing interfered seriously with the story of that eventful May 7, 1429. Father Pasquerel rose at the first hour and celebrated mass. As Joan was making ready to leave the house, a man came bringing a fish for her breakfast, an *alose* — in English a shad. Seeing it, Joan said to her host: "Keep it until evening, because this evening I will bring you a *godon*, and will return by the way of the bridge." [2]

Pasquerel with her, Joan now went to the assault of the bastile of the bridge, "where was the Englishman Clasdas"; that is to say, Glasdale, who had called her vile names. "The assault lasted from the morning until the going down of the sun."

It seems worth while here to present another brief outline of the English defences, so that with the aid of the map the situation may be clear to the reader's mind. It is really very simple: At the very end of the bridge there was a high *boulevard*, or steep embankment, in front of which was a *fosse*, or dry moat, the two constituting a strong defence. Behind this was a wooden drawbridge, and beyond it, on the first arch of the bridge itself, the stone towers known as the Tourelles, followed by a gap several feet in width, broken out by the English to prevent attack from the Orleans side. It seemed a complete defence, and must have mounted some guns powerful for that day, for they had bombarded the walls of Orleans, across the river. Nor did the English lack courage, but because of a new lack of confidence it had been turned into a kind of desperation, which was likely to break and become merely despair.

The attack on the outworks at the end of the bridge began early and at all points. "And there was most marvellous assault," says the Journal, "during which were performed many fine feats of arms, as many in assailing as in defending, for the English were strong and in great number, and abundantly provided with all things of a defensive sort. Of which they made good showing, for notwithstanding that the French scaled

their defences in divers places most weightily, and attacked fiercely the very top of the fortifications with such valour and boldness that it seemed in their hardihood they believed themselves to be immortal, the English repulsed them many times, tumbled them from high to low, as well with cannons and other bolts as with axes, lances, *guisarmes* [a long steel weapon, curved and sharpened at the end], leaden maces, and even their bare hands, in such manner that they killed and wounded many of the French."

It is a stirring picture: the ladders rising against the steep embankment, men swarming up them, only to be beaten back or overthrown; the fighting at the very summit of the defences; the air thick with arrows and stones, missiles of every sort; the intermittent roar and the drifting smoke of the guns, and amid it all a figure in white armour, encouraging her soldiers, lending a hand to the work, her standard, held aloft by a bearer, floating before her on the wind. De Contes says that she was always with the men:

"'Have good heart!' she called to them. 'Do not fall back; you will have the bastile soon!'"

Meantime the soldiers and citizens of Orleans were not idle. Not only were they in readiness for an attack from the forces of Talbot on that side of the river, but they were preparing to give important aid to their allies at the other end of the bridge. Carpenters were devising means to span the gap made by the broken arch, while others contrived a deadly attack from another quarter. Apparently these things were unsuspected by those battling across the river. The English

were too occupied in defending their *boulevard* to observe any activities on the Orleans side, while before Joan and her army rose the high embankment, which they scaled again and again, only to be hurled back from that seemingly impregnable defence.

Through the May morning and deep into the afternoon the strife continued. Then came what seemed disaster: the casualty revealed to Joan by her Voices occurred.

She was setting up a ladder, the first, as she remembered, though it must have been later in the day, when an arrow or bolt from a cross-bow, fired from above, struck her between the shoulder and throat with such force that it pierced armour and body through — according to Dunois the length of half a foot.

There is some variance as to what happened at this point, and considering the whirling events of the moment and the long lapse of years before the story was told, we find this not strange. Dunois thinks that Joan did not leave the field, and accepted no remedy for her wound; Pasquerel, that she refused to have the wound "charmed" by the soldiers, believing this a sin, but willingly accepted a dressing of olive oil and lard, weeping and lamenting the while, just a girl of seventeen, sorely wounded. But then being comforted (by Saint Catherine, she told her judges), she confessed and went back to the field, which fits with de Contes' statement that they removed her armour to dress her wound, after which she armed herself and returned to the attack.

But by this time the face of the battle had changed.

That Joan's misfortune would give renewed confidence to the English is certain. They had drawn blood from the witch in white armour. She was not invulnerable; she had crawled off to die.

Correspondingly all this would depress the French. Without the Maid they would be where they had been before her coming. They were worn out; the hour was getting late, near sunset by what Dunois says; the battle lagged. The leaders agreed to order a retreat for the day. According to d'Aulon it had even been sounded.

It was just at this point that Joan again appeared on the field. Learning of the order to retire, she asked Dunois to wait a little. "At the same time she mounted her horse, withdrew to a vineyard, alone and apart, and remained there in prayer for the space of half a quarter of an hour; then returning, seized her standard, planted it on the brink of the *fosse*, pressing the enemy, who shuddered and were seized with terror. The soldiers of the King took heart, and ran to the escalade."

D'Aulon's addition to this incident is that Joan, seeing her banner in the hands of a stranger, a Basque, who was following d'Aulon into the *fosse* in a last effort to encourage the men, became alarmed, and, seizing the floating end of it, shook it fiercely, crying: "Ha, my standard, my standard!" Which the army took for a signal and rallied.

There is a much more beautiful, even if less convincing, version. The Maid, seeing the weariness of the soldiers, had them take some rest and refreshment,[1] after which she said to them:

"Return again with the grace of God to the assault, for without fail the English will have no more strength to defend themselves, and their Tourelles and their *boulevards* will be taken."

This said, she planted her standard and went apart on her horse, to say a prayer to our Lord; and said to a nobleman, being near by: "Keep watch, and note when the tip of my standard shall touch the *boulevards*." And a little after he said to her: "Joan, the tip touches!" On which she answered him: "All is yours! Enter!"

Whereupon there was another general assault, the soldiers in the gathering twilight rushing *en masse* upon the wall.[1]

Whatever the incident of the banner, Joan's reappearance on the field was alone enough to rally her soldiers and to strike terror to the English, who, looking down, could only believe they had witnessed the working of some new super-magic, which must overcome them. Joan, looking up, called out to the English commander:

"Glasdale, Glasdale, surrender to the King of Heaven! You called me *putain*, but I have great pity for your soul, and for your followers."[2]

Only Pasquerel relates this incident, but all agree that the English, showing great fear, offered little resistance to this final assault, which must indeed have been a rather awesome procedure.

There was another and very urgent reason for their sudden terror. The busy people of Orleans had timed their coöperation well. In the midst of the assault, an engine of destruction, a fire-raft loaded with a

quantity of inflammable material, had been towed out into the river and from the end of the isle of St. Aignan carefully drifted exactly under the wooden drawbridge which connected the *boulevard* with the Tourelles. The English engaged with the oncoming attack knew nothing of this manœuvre. Their first warning of it was a cloud of rising smoke, the smell of pitch, the fierce crackle of flames. For them no further interest in the French assault, but only in a general dash for safety. A good portion of them must have got across, but then the burning structure gave way, and all upon it, including Glasdale and other nobles, true knights last to go, were plunged into the swollen river and being armoured, gave no further sign.[1]

Those who had managed to reach the Tourelles found themselves little better off. The Orleans carpenters had prepared a narrow bridge, made of a long drain, or gutter, which they now pushed across the broken arch behind the defence. Over this passed first, fully armed, a valiant knight, Nicole de Giresme, of the Order of Rhodes, and following his example, many others, as well. "Which has since been called more of a miracle of our Lord than anything else, seeing that the gutter was marvellously long and straight, and high in air, without support." [2]

To the panic-stricken English these new assailants were coming through the air. In the smoke and dusk their narrow support was invisible. Behind them the bridge thronged with people. One of the survivors declared that to him and to others it seemed "that all the world was there assembled."

They made no further resistance. Fire raged behind and below. Completely hemmed in, they could only surrender. Not one escaped; all not killed or drowned were captured. Says Pasquerel:

"Joan, moved with great pity, wept bitterly for the souls of Glasdale and the others, drowned in great number." In contrast with which, the Journal comments that the destruction of Glasdale and his nobles was a "*grant dommaige* to the valiant French, who from their ransom had expected great finance."

The tumult of battle at an end, the sound of bells, with the voices of the clergy and people of Orleans chanting *Te Deum Laudamus*, filled the evening air. Weary and sorely wounded, the Maid, supported by her household, rode back by the bridge as she had promised, bringing her *godon*, many *godons*, to supper. She did not eat the *alose* saved for her. Says Dunois:

"We returned to Orleans, where we were received with great joy and affection. Joan was conducted to her lodging, for the dressing of her wound. A surgeon having finished this care, she thought to repair her forces, and took four or five slices of bread, which she dipped in *l'eau rougie* [water reddened with wine]. This was her food and drink for the day."

Did her wound throb and burn and break her sleep? Or did Saint Catherine again soothe away the pain? It was cured in a fortnight, she told her judges, adding that in the meantime she "had not ceased to ride."

X

THE "SIGN" OF ORLEANS COMPLETE

FRENCH historians have puzzled themselves over Talbot's action on that eventful May 7, and on its face it seems amazing enough. He had a strong force on the Orleans side; it is argued that he should have attempted to storm the city. "If Talbot had seen, if Talbot had chosen, he might have taken Orleans," declares one authority. The present historian is not a military expert, but he cannot help remembering that Talbot before Joan's arrival, with a force more numerous, more courageous, its confidence strengthened by many victories, had done nothing of the sort. Joan had drawn few if any soldiers from Orleans; its walls were as well defended as before her coming. Talbot knew this, and that his men were no longer in a fighting mood. To the lay, literary mind, it seems that, if he could move his men at all, he should have crossed the river below Orleans and created a diversion by attacking the Maid's army on the flank or rear.

But it would appear that with his demoralized forces he could do nothing but remain shut up in his bastiles and watch, for the scene was in plain view, the destruction of one fort after another, ending with the fall of the Tourelles, by which Orleans regained the bridge and communication with the country below the Loire. Possibly he was expecting the arrival of Fastolf with

fresh troops, men who had not fallen under the spell of the witch. He may have regarded the Orleans situation as hopeless and intended to withdraw in as good order as possible. What followed would warrant this conclusion.

By Dunois' account, the English, very early next morning, left their camps and arrayed themselves in order of battle, as if to give combat. Joan notified, rose and armoured herself only with a light coat of mail, doubtless because of the soreness of her wound. "Her wish was that we should not attack them, nor demand anything from them, but permit them to retire."

Dunois does not mention that Joan held a service on the field; nor does Pasquerel, which is more surprising. A citizen of Orleans, Jean de Champeaux, and he is supported by nine others, testified that she did this. The thing he relates sounds very like what Joan would be apt to do. The Maid hurrying to join her men was asked:

"Is it wrong to fight on Sunday?"

"We must hold a mass," she replied.

And at once she sent for a table (a portable altar), had the ecclesiastical ornaments brought, "and caused there to be celebrated two masses, which she heard with great devotion, and all the army likewise. The masses finished, Joan said to look and see if the English faced our way. Someone replied no, that they had turned toward the château of Meung. 'In God's name,' she said, 'they are going. Let them go, while we give thanks to God and pursue them no farther, since today is Sunday.'"

Less than two months before, Joan, asked to show a sign, had said to her examiners:

"I did not come to Poitiers to work signs. Take me to Orleans, and I will show you the sign for which I was sent."

She had kept her word, she had shown her sign. A situation that had baffled the French captains, kept a city in terror and a King in walled retirement for nearly seven months, a girl of seventeen had relieved in three days.

Critics of Joan, and there has never been any lack of these, assure us that the English were in rather puny force before Orleans. Contemporary eyewitnesses tell another story. Jean Lullier, merchant of Orleans, whose name appears more than once in these pages, deposes:

"In my opinion it was impossible that the Orleanais and the army in Orleans could long have held against the forces of the adversaries, who had such great superiority."

His words are abundantly echoed; furthermore, it is unlikely that the English force, had it been of insignificant size, would have marched out in full array on that Sunday morning of May 8, to make a show of battle, but would have decamped quietly during the night.

Assuming the weakness of the English to be a fact, and they may well have been in straits, another fact is that only Joan was moved to take advantage of it. Had Dunois, La Hire, and the others done so, there would have been no need of Joan. A third and larger

fact is that until her coming the French army had been panic-stricken. Any English force with its trampling charge and terrible hurrah was to them unconquerable. The critics do not mention the second fact, and not always the third. They mainly criticise, and criticism after the event is always easy — and rather cheap.

The English had decamped, leaving many arms; also their sick and apparently certain prisoners, among the latter, by one account, the herald, Guienne. Possession was taken of the bastiles and their immediate destruction ordered. On the same day in Orleans great processions were held, in which churchmen, soldiers, and citizens mingled. It was the first of the fêtes to be held in honour of the Maid of Orleans, for such she had become to them, so to remain until this day.

XI

IF JOAN SHOULD RETURN TO ORLEANS

To the outside world Orleans suggests the name of Joan of Arc. Foreign visitors seek out her statue, the home of Jacques Boucher, visit the museums, and inquire rather hopelessly as to localities.

Modern Orleans long since outgrew its walls, took them down and converted their space into streets. The old outline is now followed, as nearly as it may be identified, by the Rue Notre Dame de Recouvrance on the west; partly by the Rue Dupanloup on the north, and by Rue de Bourdon Blanc and Rue de la Tour Neuve on the east, the last named beginning near the water, where the Tour Neuve (new tower) once stood. On this side of the city a tower that was once a part of the wall still remains, and diagonally across from it a tablet over a factory entrance marks the site occupied in later years by the home of Joan's brother, Pierre d'Arc, then called du Lys. Of the ancient ramparts only the old tower is discoverable. It stands at the corner of Rue des Africains and Rue St. Flore, and is probably the Tour Blanche. The table mentioned states that Joan's brother lived on the site from 1452 until 1509. If this is true he must have been almost, if not quite, one hundred years old. But tablets are seldom reliable.

Modern Orleans has reached out far beyond where once stood the English bastiles, taking in a wide tract on the west and north, and on the east the

churches of St. Euverte and St. Aignan, that in Joan's time belonged to the suburbs, beyond the wall. Joan may have attended them, though this is unlikely. The cathedral of St. Croix, which she did attend, wrecked by the Huguenots and later rebuilt, contains not much that she could have seen. A fine statue of her above the main altar dominates the place, and stained-glass windows tell her story. It is at St. Croix, on May 7 and 8 of each year, that a great celebration is held in her honour. On the second day there starts from its entrance a splendid procession of churchmen, soldiers, and citizens that, passing the home of Jacques Boucher, makes its way across the bridge to the site of the Tourelles, thence returning to the cathedral doors. The broad street which leads to the cathedral is named for her, and a little distance away, where once was the Bannier Gate, is the Place Martroi, with Foyatier's equestrian statue of the Maid, around the base of which elaborate bas-reliefs picture the great scenes of her career.

Orleans has many representations of Joan. In the court of the Hôtel de Ville is the well-known figure by Princesse Marie of Orleans, a bronze replica of the marble at Versailles. In the Joan of Arc Museum on the Rue du Tabour are literally hundreds of statues, statuettes, and pictures, each expressing some sculptor's or painter's conception of the Maid. Not one of them is authentic, and while among many of the early pictures there is a family resemblance, it only means that they are copies of a still earlier "portrait" believed to be something like her. Joan in her testimony spoke of

seeing at Arras a picture of herself in armour, delivering a letter to the King. This has long since disappeared, and in any case it must have been crude and imaginary.

Joan never sat for a portrait, but at the Historical Museum of Orleans, in the so-called house of Diana of Poitiers, there is a remarkable head, believed by some to have been modelled by a sculptor who had seen her and studied her features. There is a card on it which states that it is from the church of St. Eloi; also that it is "the head of a statue of St. George and not, as has been claimed, of Joan of Arc."

Nevertheless, the belief persists that it was modelled by one who had seen Joan. The head is unquestionably that of a young girl, and the helmet is such as she must have worn. There is about it no suggestion of the ideal; it has all the characteristics of a portrait. The features are strong and strikingly spaced; the eyebrows high and curiously arched, the heavy-lidded eyes wide apart. The nose is prominent, the lips full and shapely, the chin slightly irregular as to form. It is a portrait of somebody; the more we look at it the more the conviction grows that whatever its ancient and present label, its model was Joan of Arc. The face tells her story.

To return for a moment to the museum on the Rue du Tabour. It is housed in a beautiful old mansion of the Renaissance, and contains many things which Joan could have seen: a piece of the ancient bridge which she conquered and crossed; stone cannon-balls used in the siege; guns, coats of mail, axes, spears, all the convincing weapons employed in warfare five centuries

ago. In the museum, too, is the banner which the city of Orleans carries in her procession, and reproductions of Joan's banner, with ancient and more recent articles innumerable.

A short distance away, on the same street, stands the house of Jacques Boucher, where Joan lodged during the days of her sojourn. It is unquestionably a house of the period, and stands upon the right spot, near the site of the Regnart gate. Also, a portion of the façade is of undoubted antiquity, though without the infirmities of age that one finds in the cross-timbered architecture of Joan's time at Chinon. Within, all is straight and trim, nowhere any suggestion of great age. A room is pointed out as that occupied by Joan; it may be, but it must have been considerably changed. The house now holds a religious institution, and not all of it is shown. A little way from it, nearer the river, is the church of St. Paul, to which Joan is said to have gone for near-by worship. Still farther down, where once the western wall touched the river bank, is the church of Notre Dame de Recouvrance, built in honour of the city's delivery.

Of the bastiles that the Maid captured, nothing is discoverable today except vestiges of the Tourelles, found quite recently when some excavations were in progress on the south bank of the Loire. They are near what is now the entrance to a tunnel, carefully outlined, and identified by a tablet. A little to the south of them, at the end of a short street, Rue Croix de la Pucelle, a small monument stands at about the spot where Joan was wounded. Here rose the steep embank-

ment at the end of the bridge; here through the long spring day she toiled with her soldiers to surmount it; here at last the silver-white figure was struck down, only to return and plant her conquering banner against the wall. Busy people pass by, apparently unnoticing. They have not forgotten, for the French remember, and this is hallowed ground.

There is no trace of the bridge by which Joan returned to Orleans. The present bridge is lower down, and a statue of her at the end of it is a travesty. There are islands in the river, but time and veering currents have wrought many changes in their formation. What has not changed? Should Joan again arrive by way of the Solonge she would need to be told that the fair, unprotected city across the river was once the stoutly walled, sharp-roofed, compact little Orleans where she showed her sign.

PART FOUR

FROM JARGEAU TO PATAY

THE RETURN OF THE CONQUEROR. "THE YOUNG GIRL BOWED LOW BEFORE THE KING"

JOAN did not linger in Orleans. The "Journal of the Siege" has this entry:

"And next day [Monday, May 9] departed the Maid, and with her the Seigneur de Rais, the Baron Coulonces, and many other cavaliers, squires, and soldiers, to carry to the King news of the noble work, and also to have him undertake a journey, to the end that he might be crowned and anointed at Reims, as she had been commanded. But first she took leave of those at Orleans, who all wept for joy, and most humbly thanked her and offered themselves and their goods to her, as she might desire. Whereat she thanked them graciously, and set forth on her righteous mission; for she had done and accomplished the first part, which was to raise the siege of Orleans. During the which were performed many fine feats of arms, skirmishes, assaults, and invented innumerable engines, novelties, and subtleties of war, more than for a long time before had been used in any other city, town, or château of this kingdom, as said all of those who saw them, French as well as English, having been present at their construction and discovery." [1]

There is reason for believing that Joan and her escort set out for Chinon by the south bank of the Loire. Meung and Beaugency were held by the enemy; they could not risk going that way. Furthermore, on the

south side, ten miles below Orleans, was the town of Cléry with its celebrated pilgrimage church, most desirable to be visited at such a time.

The church of Our Lady of Cléry had long been a holy shrine. Nearly two hundred years earlier, it had been sought by Saint Louis before setting out for Jerusalem; later by Charles IV, called "The Bel," last of the Capets, and twice by Philip of Valois, called "The Beau." A tablet in the church presents the names of famous pilgrims, and under date of 1429 are those of Dunois and Joan of Arc. If this is a true record, and there is no reason to question it, the date of their visit may be set down as the ninth of May, when it is certain that Joan would be impelled to offer thanks at the famous altar. Great names follow theirs through the centuries, including that of Louis XI, who with all his sins, or perhaps because of them, wore a leaden image of Our Lady of Cléry in his hat, and restored the church when it had been partially destroyed by fire. He sleeps there today under an imposing tomb, and in a near-by column rests the heart of Charles VIII.

The fame of Joan's victories ran ahead of her, spreading in all directions. Foreign news writers, forerunners of today's journalists, were sending it as fast as horses could carry it to every corner of Europe. The nearer cities of France it reached almost overnight. The great churchman, John Gerson, then in Lyons, heard it, and within the week issued a statement in which he declared Joan to be a worthy sister of Deborah and Judith, "who has triumphed over the English by her military instinct, even as Saint Catherine triumphed

over the doctors by her philosophy; who in the moment of victory remains inaccessible to vanity and hate; who in the midst of popular enthusiasm lives in humility and prayer; who in the universal crush of ambition covets neither profit nor honours."

Gerson continued through several pages in this lofty strain, justifying the wearing of male garments by the Maid, finally warning his people not to forfeit, through lack of virtue and faith and gratitude, this heaven-sent aid, and so render sterile the divine miracle.[1]

Another churchman, Jacques Gelu, Archbishop of Embrun, scarcely less distinguished, declared that Joan was to be obeyed as a messenger of God in all matters where her mission was concerned. "We piously believe her to be the angel of the armies of the Lord," wrote the archbishop. Human wisdom must exercise itself in the practical details of warfare, but in every great undertaking the Maid was to be first, and chiefly, consulted.

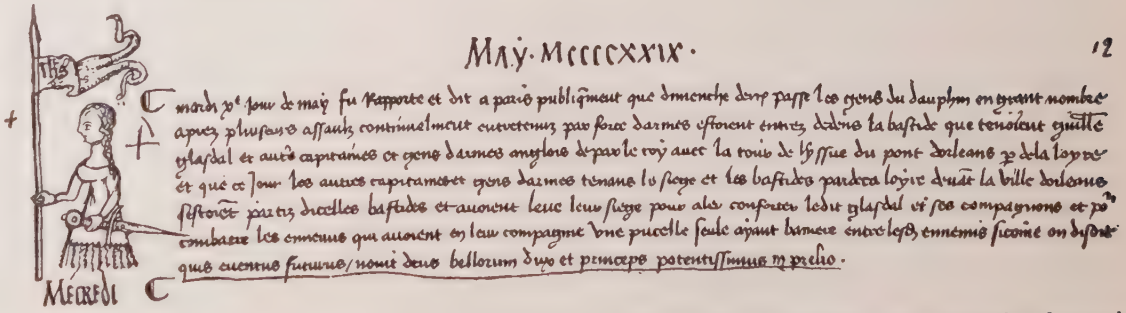
The news from Orleans had another effect in a different quarter. In Paris it came to the Duke of Bedford, who became most doleful (*moult dolent*), in the fear that the people would rise against the English. An old chronicle has it that "he departed in great haste from Paris and retired to the woods of Vincennes whence he sent to all parts for men, though few came, for the Picards and other people of the kingdom who were of his party began to desert the English, and to hate and scorn them." [2]

They were weary of a domination that afforded them no protection, no privilege but that of fighting against

EXTRACT FROM THE REGISTER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

In it is noted the news of the raising of the siege of Orleans. On the margin the recording clerk drew a sketch of the Maid as he imagined she might look, from the messenger's description of her.

(Facsimile reproduced from Wallon's Jeanne d'Arc. Original is in National Archives of France.)



Text: Mardi X^e^ jour de may fu rapporte et dit a Paris publiquement que dimenche derrenier passe les gens du dauphin en grant nombre aprez plusieurs assaulz continuelment entretenuz par force darmes estoient entrez dedens la bastide que tenoient Guillaume Glasdal et autres capitaines et gens darmes anglois de par le roy avec le tour de lyssue du pont dorleans par dela loyre et que ce jour les autres capitaines et gens darmes tenans le siege et les bastides par deca loyre devant la ville

dorleans sestoient partiz dicelles bastides et avoient leve leur siege pour aler conforter le dit Glasdal et ses compagnons et pour combattre les ennemis qui avoient en leur compagnie une pucelle seule ayant baniere entre les diz ennemis sicome on disoit *quis eventus futurus, novit deus bellorum et dux princeps potentissimus in prelio.*

Translation: Tuesday, 10th day of May, it was reported and publicly said in Paris that on Sunday last the people of the Dauphin in great number, after many assaults continuously maintained, by force of arms entered into the bastile that William Glasdale and other captains held for the King [of England], also the tower at the end of the bridge of Orleans, across the Loire; and that this day the other captains and men holding the siege and the bastiles this side of the Loire, before the city of Orleans, left these bastiles and raised the siege to go to the aid of the said Glasdale and his companions, and to give battle to the enemies who have in their company a maid having only a banner, among the enemies, as is said. What the outcome will be knoweth God of the armies, Chief and all powerful Prince of battles.[1]

The reader will note the misstatements in this entry. The attack on the Tourelles was made on Saturday instead of Sunday. Talbot *did not leave his bastiles to go to Glasdale's aid,* but solely for the purpose of getting himself and his men out of that fatal locality.

[1] The lack of punctuation in the original entry makes rather uncertain the connection of the French with the Latin phrase at the end.

their own race. "If the Duke of Burgundy chose," wrote an Italian correspondent, "were it but by a word, to aid the Dauphin's party, there would not be a fighting Englishman in the country by midsummer."

Nobody more clearly sensed the feeling of the French people, or better realized conditions, than Joan of Arc. *How* she knew, does not matter. Our certainty is that she believed France to be ready for the second part of her mission, that she could now safely conduct the Dauphin to Reims to receive his crown. It was this message she carried him.

She had expected to find the King at Chinon, but the news of her victories had outrun her and brought him to Tours.[1] About all that is known of their meeting is from a German chronicler, Eberhardt de Windecken, who probably had it from news letters and official reports. The Maid, he says, arrived a little in advance. "She took her banner in her hand, and rode toward the King and met him. Then the young girl bowed low before the King, who bade her sit upright, and it was thought he would gladly have kissed her for the joy that he felt." History holds few more dramatic moments.

According to the chronicle, this happened on Wednesday, May 11. Charles had received the news at least a day earlier, and on the tenth wrote to the citizens of Narbonne: "We cannot honour enough the virtuous deeds and marvellous things that the herald, who was present, has reported to us, also others, of the Maid, who always in person was present at the performance of everything." Charles was probably more unselfishly

grateful to Joan at that moment than ever afterward.[1]

There is no account of the rejoicings with which the Maid was welcomed to Tours, of the throngs and processions and glad bell-ringing when side by side with the King she rode through the press of shouting, weeping, kneeling people, many of whom fought to kiss her hands, her feet, even her horse, and were in danger of being trodden down. We know of these things because they happened elsewhere, and because they were brought against her at Rouen. Tours had loved Joan from the beginning, and would not withhold tribute now.

Little Héliote Poulvoir would be among that swaying mass, and we may be sure that later Joan sought her out and that again they were just two young girls together, though the painter's daughter would certainly regard with increased awe this miracle-working comrade, who had delivered a city and was a great hero, almost a saint.

A day or two in Tours; then twenty-five miles to the southeastward, to Loches, where the King had a fine, strong château, in part quite new and luxurious, suited to the life he loved, and could now enjoy without thought of his enemies. From the scenes at Loches comes this significant incident:

"Here is a fact that I heard from the lips of Master Pierre of Versailles: One day when he was at Loches with Joan, certain people flung themselves at the feet

[1] For the text in full of Charles's interesting letter to the citizens of Narbonne, see Appendix to this volume, note for page 193.

of her horse, kissing her hands and feet. Master Pierre said to Joan: 'You do wrong to suffer such things. That is not due you. Forbid it, for you lead the people to idolatry.' Joan replied: 'Of a truth, if God does not protect me from it, I would not know how to protect myself.'" [1]

II

"NOBLE DAUPHIN, COME AT ONCE TO REIMS." A YOUNG KNIGHT AND HIS LETTER

THE German chronicler Windecken wrote: "Then the King held counsel as to what he should do, for the young girl wished always to conduct him to Reims and crown him and proclaim him King."

Charles was in no haste to take the road for Reims. Joan, impatient, knowing her numbered days to be slipping by, grieved and became urgent. It was explained to her, and with reason from the military standpoint, that the English must be driven from certain places along the Loire before the march to Reims could begin. Dunois, in fact, with de Boussac and Saintrailles, while Joan's wound was healing, led an expedition against Jargeau, twelve miles to the east of Orleans, but without success. Dunois returned to Loches, and it is his testimony that supplies most of the links connecting with Joan's next work in the field. His defeat at Jargeau he fails to mention, but it is clear that he wished the Maid to be present when he attacked that stronghold again.

Dunois, with Joan and other captains, sought the King's apartment at Loches to ask him to send troops to recover the castles and towns along the Loire, to render more easy and certain his coronation at Reims. "On which occasion," he says, "Joan addressed numerous and urgent entreaties to the King, asking him to hasten and to delay no longer.

"There is another thing that I remember: At Loches, the King was one day in his private room, having with him his confessor, the Seigneur Christophe d'Harcourt, Bishop of Castres, and the Seigneur de Trèves [Robert le Maçon], formerly Chancellor of France, when Joan, eager to enter, knocked at the door. An instant later she crossed the threshold, fell on her knees, and embracing the knees of the King spoke these or similar words:

"'Noble Dauphin, hold no longer so many of these interminable councils, but come at once to Reims and receive your rightful crown.'

"'Is it your counsel that tells you this?' asked the Seigneur d'Harcourt.

"'Yes,' she replied, 'and I am much stimulated thereby.'[1]

"D'Harcourt continued: 'Would you not explain, here in the presence of the King, the manner of your counsel when it speaks to you?'

"Joan answered him, blushing somewhat: 'I think I understand what you wish to know, and I will tell it to you willingly.'

"Whereupon the King: 'Joan, is it truly your wish to declare what is asked of you, before the persons here present?' She answered, 'Yes,' and added the following words, or others like them:

"'When I am baffled in some manner, because someone does not wish to credit the things that I speak on the part of God, I retire apart, and I pray to God, complaining that those to whom I speak are hard of belief. My prayer to God finished, I hear a Voice that says to

me: "Daughter of God, go, go, go; I will aid thee, go."[1] And when I hear this Voice I have great joy. I would like always to hear it.' And, a striking thing, in repeating the language of her Voices, she was in a marvellous transport, her gaze lifted to heaven."

Dunois does not give the close or the immediate sequence of this scene. The "Journal of the Siege," repeating it, adds: "These things thus heard, the King was again very joyous and concluded that he would believe her, and that he would go to Reims; but nevertheless would first take some places along the Loire." Dunois does say that the King now made all possible diligence and sent Alençon with himself and other captains in company with Joan to recover Jargeau, Meung, and Beaugency, all of which were reduced, "but only by the grace of an intervention of the Maid; this is my conviction." Which is good testimony — Dunois, as we have seen, having once undertaken Jargeau on his own account.

Dunois' mere statement that the towns were reduced is not quite enough; the details of that astonishing campaign make one of the great pages of history. In the first place, a new army had to be assembled. During the fortnight or more since Orleans, the first army, poorly paid and provisioned, with few opportunities of plunder, had melted away. Had Charles and his leaders been willing, after Orleans, to march at once upon Reims, and from Reims directly upon Paris, in accordance with Joan's simple plan, Charles might have had crown and kingdom by the middle of June, without further bloodshed. The English were terror-struck;

the alliance with Burgundy was strained; Paris, weary of Anglo-Burgundian domination, was more than half for the King.[1]

As it was, the work must be done tediously, tragically — a labour of years, years that would include martyrdom.

Windecken, who apparently had his information from some positive source, says that Joan was with Charles until May 23, which would mean that she left Loches at that time, with the campaign of the Loire assured. The date could hardly have been later, for by June 8 a new army was ready for the field. Leaders who with their forces had returned to their cities of command, or who had forgotten their lately-acquired religion to go raiding again, notified of the new adventure had responded with commendable promptness.[2]

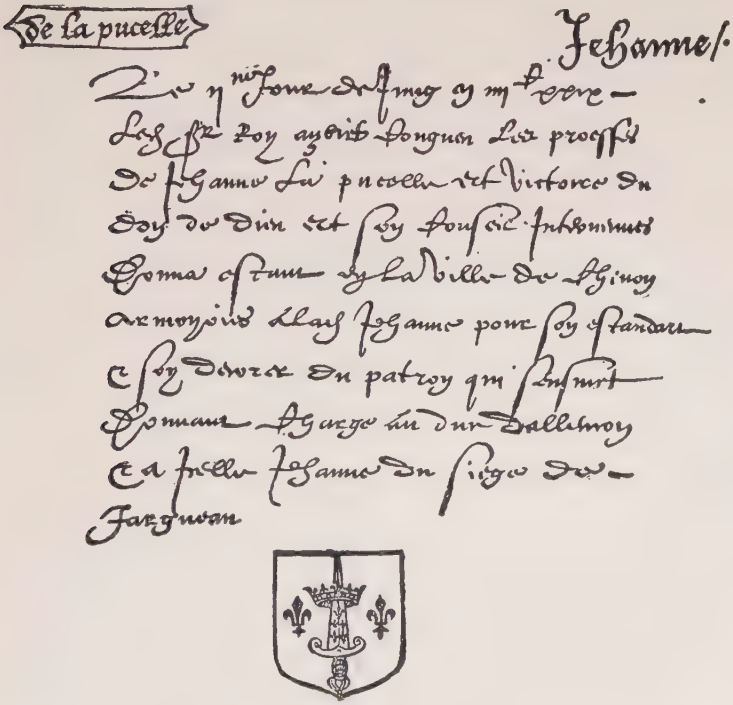
D'Alençon, who as Lieutenant-General was to head this expedition, must have been summoned to Loches for conference as to ways and means, especially as to the latter, "the King not having *grand finances* to pay the army," such being the comment of Alençon's squire, Perceval de Cagny, a good witness.[3]

The King named a day, says de Cagny, when he would be at Gien, on the Loire (that is, to set out for Reims) whereupon the Maid spoke to "her *beau duc*, Alençon," saying that while the King prepared himself and was on the road to Gien, they would go and deliver the town of Jargeau, which was a menace to Orleans. Whereupon Alençon served notice that Dunois, La Hire, and other leaders should be on a certain day with their men at a village near Romorantin, in Solonge.

In the midst of these things the King saw fit to confer upon Joan a certain rank, in the form of armorial bearings with which to decorate her standard. The design, which he is said to have drawn himself, was that of a sword supporting a crown, with a single *fleur-de-lis* at the left and right, later to become the arms of Joan's family. The grant bears date of June 2, 1429, when the King was for the moment at Chinon.

LETTER GRANTING ARMORIAL BEARINGS TO JOAN OF ARC, JUNE 2, 1429.

(Original in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. Here reproduced from facsimile in Wallon's Jeanne d'Arc.)



Text of the letter granting armorial bearings to the Maid.

De La Pucelle *Johanne*

Le II^me^ jour de jung m. iiij^c^ xxix le dit Seigneur Roy ayent congneu les proesses de Jehanne la pucelle et Victoires du Don de Dieu et son conseil intervenues donna estant en la ville de Chinon armoyries a la dite Jehanne pour son estandart et soy decorer du patron qui sensuict donnant charge au duc Dallenson et a icelle Jehanne du siege de Jargueau.

Translation

Of the Maid *Joan*

The second day of June, 1429, the said Lord King having learned of the feats of valor of Joan the Maid and of the victories obtained by the gift of God and the intervention of her Council,[1] gave, being in the city of Chinon, armorial bearings to the said Maid, to decorate her standard and herself, of the pattern which follows; giving charge to the Duke of Alençon and the said Maid of the siege of Jargeau.

Charles may have thought that such recognition would add to Joan's prestige in assembling the new army. That an imposing force should have been collected within a fortnight suggests the use of some special conjury, but it probably was no more than the magic that now attached to the name and fame of the Maid of Orleans. "They came," says Chartier, "more to accompany Joan the Maid than for any other reason." If Joan ever made use of her bearings, there is no record of it.

[1] The translation here is not exact but conveys the purport of the text.

Funds were harder to raise than men, but here also the Maid's name had a value of its own. Orleans naturally gave supplies, being grateful, as well as anxious to see the further banishment of the English, still too close for comfort. But support came as well from private sources — from nobles, little able to afford it after the devastating ransoms following Verneuil. A letter written at this time, by one of those ready to devote both life and fortune to the cause that Joan represented, shows not only the spirit of the moment, but a fresh, living picture of the very moment itself. It was written from Selle-sur-Cher, where troops were assembling, by Guy de Laval, fourteenth of the name, scion of one of the foremost families of France. There was no better blood than that of the de Lavals, and this letter signed by two of them, Guy and André, is addressed to their lady mother and to their grandmother, Jeanne de Laval, in her youth the wife of Bertrand du Guesclin, a hero of almost legendary proportions, who once himself had all but rid France of the English scourge.[1]

GUY AND ANDRÉ DE LAVAL TO JEANNE AND ANNE DE LAVAL

June 8, 1429.

My very honoured ladies and mothers, since I wrote to you from Saint Catherine de Fierbois, Friday last, I arrived Saturday at Loches, and went to see my lord the Dauphin at the castle at the issue of Vespers, in the collegial church; he being a very handsome and gracious lord, and very well formed and active and clever, of the age of about seven

years, which he must be;[1] and there saw my cousin, the lady de la Trémouille who made me very welcome; and, as is said, has no more than two months to carry her child.

On Sunday I arrived at Saint Aignan,[2] where was the King; and sent for the Seigneur de Trèves to come to my lodging. He went with my uncle to the castle, to notify the King that I had come, and to know when it would please him that I should appear in his presence: and I had reply that I should come as soon as it pleased me; and he made me very welcome and said to me many pleasant words. And when he left the room or spoke with any other he returned each time to me, to have speech of many things, and said that I had come in time of need, without being sent for, and that for this he was all the more grateful. And when I said to him that I had not brought so great a company as I desired, he replied that what I had brought sufficed, and that I had full authority to raise a greater number. And the Sire de Trèves said, at his house, to the Seigneur de La Chapelle, that the King and all about him had been well content with the persons of my brother and myself, and well pleased at our return; and swore fervently that he could not mention one of his friends or relations to whom he would have given such a reception and such a welcome, and he was not mean [*meshitre*] in offering welcome and hospitality, as he said.

And on Monday I left with the King to go to Selles in Berry, four leagues from Saint Aignan; and the King summoned the Maid to meet him, she being already at Selles. This was said to be on my account that I might see her; and the said Maid gave warm welcome to my brother and me; being fully armed except the head, her lance in her hand. And afterwards when we had descended at Selles, I went to

[1] The Dauphin in this case was the little prince Louis, afterward Louis XI, born 1423.

[2] St. Aignan is about twenty-five miles northeast of Loches, in the general direction of Gien. The King, who had a château there, was thus making his journey by easy and comfortable stages.

her lodgings to see her; and she had wine brought, and said that she would soon offer me wine in Paris; and there seemed something wholly divine in her manner, and to see her and to hear her. She left Selles this Monday at Vespers, to go to Romorantin, three leagues distant to assemble and order the arrivals, the Marshal de Boussac and a great number of soldiers and others with her; and I saw her mount her horse, armed all in white, except the head, a little axe in her hand, on a great black courser, that at the entrance to her lodging plunged fiercely, and would not suffer her to mount; whereupon she said, "Lead him to the cross," which was before the near-by church, on the road. And then she mounted without him moving, any more than if he had been bound. Then she turned towards the church which was close by, and said in a very womanly voice: "You, priests and men of the church, form procession and make prayers to God." After which she set out on her way, saying, "Forward! Forward!" her standard furled, carried by a graceful page, her little axe in her hand. And one of her brothers who came a week ago, left also with her, armoured all in white.

And arrived this Monday at Selles my lord the Duke of Alençon, who has a great company, and I have today won from him a wager at tennis.[1]

And my brother of Vendôme has not yet come here. I have found here one of the gentlemen of my brother of Chauvigny,[2] for the reason that he had already heard that I had arrived at Saint Catherine; and has told me that he has written to the nobles of his lands, and himself expects to be here soon; and says that my sister is his dear love and is fatter than cus-

[1] We quote this sentence in the original as an interesting sample of the young man's composition and orthography, much better than that of the average gentleman of his time, many of whom could not write at all. "Et arriva ce lundy à Selles monseigneur le duc d'Alençon, qui ha très grosse compagnie; et ay aujour d'huy gagné de luy à la paulme unne convenance." Quicherat collection, Vol. V, page 108.

[2] Louis of Bourbon, Count of Vendôme, had married his young sister, Jeanne de Laval; Guy de Chauvigny another sister, Catherine de Laval.

tomary. And said that my lord the Constable [Richemont] is coming this way with six hundred men-at-arms and four hundred archers, and that Jean de la Roche is also coming, and that the King had never before so great a company as is expected here; nor ever men went with better will in time of need than they go now. And today should arrive my cousin de Rais and swell my company; and in any case what there are, are of the right sort and well equipped; and there is Seigneur Argenton, one of the principal governors, who received me gladly and made me welcome; but of money there is none at the court, so that for the present I have hope from it of neither aid nor support. For which reason, you, madam, my mother, who have my seal, spare not my land, either by sale or by mortgage, or whatever seems best to do, for here our honour is to be saved, or by default lowered, being peradventure on the way to perish; for if we do not do thus, because there is no money for payment, we shall be left quite alone.[1] And thus far our case has been, and still is, in good honour; and our coming, to the King and to all his people, as well as to the other lords who come from all parts, has been very agreeable, and all make us more welcome than we are able to write you.

The Maid told me in her lodgings, when I went to see her there, that three days before my arrival she had sent to you, my grandmother, a very small gold ring, but that this was a very little thing, and that she had wished to send a better in consideration of your good opinion.

This day my lord d'Alençon, the Bastard of Orleans and Gaucourt must leave this place of Selles and follow the Maid. And have delivered I know not what letters to my cousin de La Trémouille and Seigneur de Trèves, by occasion of which

[1] . . . "car si nous ne fasismes ainsy, veu qu'il n'y a point de soulde, nous demeurerons tous seuls."

The writer here seems to mean that if they cannot furnish their share of the funds for payment of troops, etc., they will be left out of the great movement, and in an unenviable position.

the King is moved to wish to retain me with him until the Maid has been before the English places about Orleans that are to be besieged; the artillery being already provided.[1] And the Maid has no fear that she will not soon be with the King, saying that when he sets out on his journey to Reims, that I shall go with her; but God does not wish that I should do this [remain] and not go now. And my brother says, like my lord of Alençon, that he who would remain would be disgraced. And thinks that the King will leave here this Thursday to be nearer the army; and each day men come from all parts. Later I will let you know, as soon as anything shall be accomplished, what has been done. It is hoped that before ten days pass, things will be well advanced, one way or the other. But all have such trust in God that I believe He will aid us.

My very honoured ladies and mothers, we commend ourselves, my brother and myself, to you the most humbly that we can, and send you some blanks signed by my hand, in order, if it seems good to you, at this date, to write anything of the contents herein, to my lord the Duke [of Brittany] that it may be written to him; for I never can write to him; and please also write to us immediately of your news; and you, madame my mother, in what health you find yourself after the medicines you have taken, for I have concerning this a very great uneasiness. And with these presents I send you draft of my will, in order that you, my mothers, may advise and write me by the next coming this way of what may seem to you proper to add thereto; and I think myself of adding something to it; but I have as yet had but little time.

My very honoured ladies and mothers, I pray the Blessed Son of God that He give you good life and long, and we commend ourselves also to our brother Louis. And for the reader

[1] The young man's mother and grandmother are believed to have written asking that Guy and his brother André, both very young, be kept out of the forefront of battle.

of these presents, whom we salute, the Seigneur de Boschet,[1] and our cousin his daughter, my cousin of La Chapelle and all your company. [Here follows a partly obliterated sentence, ending with] and we have no more in all than about three hundred écus of French weight.

Written at Selles, this Wednesday, eighth of June.

And this Vespers have arrived here my lord of Vendôme, my lord de Boussac, and others; and La Hire has reached the army, and the work will soon begin. Please God that it be to our desire.

Your humble sons,
Guy and André de Laval.

For the sake of brevity, maybe, Joan's historians have quoted only brief extracts from this document. To the present writer it seems worth presenting in its entirety. That the young man, carried away by his feelings, is not always coherent, rather adds to the human reality of his picture.

As for the scene he describes, the vicinity of the church at Selles has not greatly changed. Ancient houses are there in plenty; the handsome church itself has only become more hoary since Joan mounted her restive charger before the cross, and admonished the churchmen to march and pray. The cross has vanished, but the lovely vision of the Maid he leaves us is imperishable.

[1] This knight distinguished himself in the recapture of the town of Laval from the English on September 25 of that same year. An annual procession perpetuates the memory of the event.

III

JARGEAU

THE Maid put in a day or two getting the army started from Romorantin, then with Alençon set out for Orleans, arriving there June 9. The foot-soldiers were already coming in, probably in several detachments, numbering, in all, anywhere from three to eight thousand men — the former figure being de Cagny's, the latter from the "Journal of the Siege." Apparently there was no such thing as an accurate count of soldiers. They rested briefly in Orleans, then took up the march upon Jargeau, twelve miles up the river, well armed and equipped for siege work, the heavy guns being transported by water. Joan and Alençon with other leaders left on Friday the 10th, probably late in the day, for Alençon says they slept that night in a wood.

The defenders of Jargeau, under the command of the Duke of Suffolk, and his two brothers, John and Alexander de la Pole, were fewer in number. The place, however, was very strong, considered by some of the French captains impregnable. Moreover, Fastolf, so long reported, was now certainly on the way with men and supplies, and might at any time come to their relief. Some of the French captains were for intercepting him. By the Journal's account, "several did depart for that purpose, and others would have done so if it had not been for the Maid and some lords and captains, who by fair words caused them to remain, and

called back the others." The King had given strict orders that Joan's direction was to be heeded in all things, but the captains had no clear idea of obedience, and still less of discipline.

Nothing decisive happened on the first day before Jargeau. Alençon, in charge of the expedition, gives the best account.

"There was a discussion among the captains. Some were of the opinion that we should make an assault; others were against this, alleging the great power of the English and their great multitude. Seeing these difficulties, Joan said to us: 'Fear no multitude whatsoever. Do not hesitate to assault the English. God conducts our work. If I had not this assurance, I would rather guard sheep than expose myself to so great perils.' On which words we pressed upon Jargeau, believing to capture the suburb and there pass the night. But knowing of our approach, the English made a sortie and at first drove us back. Seeing which, Joan took her standard and rallied the attack, inviting the soldiers to have good heart. We did so well that the King's men camped in the faubourgs of Jargeau."

De Cagny says that the Maid that night spoke to those inside, calling to them: "Surrender the place to the King of Heaven, and to the noble King Charles, and go away! Otherwise he will destroy you" [*vous mescherra*]. Joan believed she knew the effect this would have on the men. Perhaps Suffolk had heard what had happened to Glasdale, after calling Joan an evil name. Alençon continues the story:

"Truly I believe that God did conduct our work, for

during the night the King's men did not, so to speak, set any guard, and if the English had made a sortie we should have been in great danger.

"We prepared the artillery, and as soon as it was morning brought forward the machines and heavy guns. Then at the end of some hours we held a council among us as to what we should do to capture the city from the English.

"We were in council when it was reported to us that La Hire conferred with the Duke of Suffolk. At this news the others and myself, who had charge of the expedition, were displeased with La Hire. He was sent for, and came.

"La Hire arriving, the assault was agreed upon. The heralds shouted: 'To the assault!' And Joan said to me: 'Forward, noble duke, to the assault!'

"It seemed to me," Alençon confesses, "that in beginning the assault so promptly we were getting at the work too quickly.[1] Joan said to me: 'Doubt not. The hour is good when God pleases. One must work when God wills. Work and God will work also.' A little later she said to me: 'Ah, noble duke, hast thou fear? Knowest thou not I have promised thy wife to bring thee back safe and sound?' And in fact when I left my wife, to come to the army with Joan, my wife said to her: 'Jeannette, I am much afraid for my husband. He is no more than out of prison, and has been obliged to spend so much money for ransom that I would gladly see him remain at home.' To which Joan had replied: 'Madame, be without fear; I will bring him back safe to you, and in better health than he is now.'[2]

"During the assault, as I stood in a certain place, Joan said to me: 'Step aside from there. If you do not, that machine will kill you.' I stepped aside, and a little later the machine that Joan had indicated killed the Sire du Lude, in the very place from which I had withdrawn. All this made a great impression on me. I marvelled much at Joan's words and at the truth of predictions.

"Joan moved forward to the assault and I with her. As our people stormed the walls the Duke of Suffolk cried out that he wished to speak to me. He was not heard, and the assault continued. Joan was on a ladder, her standard in her hand. The ladder was struck, also Joan herself, by a stone that fell on her headpiece. The blow felled her to the earth. She sprang up and called to the soldiers: 'Friends, friends, up! up! Our Lord has condemned the English. At this moment they are ours. Have good heart!' And the next instant Jargeau was taken.[1] The English retired toward the bridges. The French pursued them and killed more than eleven hundred men."

Alençon greatly exaggerates the enemy's loss, which probably was not more than six hundred killed. According to de Cagny the assault lasted three or four hours, when the place which had seemed impossible of capture was taken, at a cost to the French of "XVI or XX persons." De Cagny fails to estimate the English loss, but gives the total number in Jargeau at from seven to eight hundred. He concludes:

"The Duke of Suffolk was taken prisoner, one of his brothers, and forty or fifty others: his other

brother and the surplus of the English were put to death."

Just what de Cagny means by the "surplus" is not quite clear; possibly those who did not look as if they could pay ransom, such being the military etiquette of the time. By the "Journal of the Siege" a number of the prisoners were killed on the way back to Orleans, because of a debate which arose among the French as to dividing them. The captured Suffolk and his brother John, with several other valuable prizes, were taken to Orleans by boat, for safety. The Journal reports a romantic circumstance of Suffolk's surrender, which is probably as true here as are its various duplicates elsewhere in history.

"Several valiant men of war pursued the English, and especially a young French nobleman named Guillaume Regnault had great purpose to take the Duke of Suffolk, who, being overtaken, demanded of him if he were a nobleman. To which he replied that he was. And again, was he a knight? And he answered, 'No.' Whereupon the Count made him a knight, and surrendered to him."

Another legend has it that Suffolk declared he would surrender only to the Maid, but de Cagny or Alençon would certainly have mentioned this.

IV

A PRESENT FROM THE DUKE OF ORLEANS. MEUNG AND BEAUGENCY

JOAN, Alençon, Dunois, and other captains, returning to Orleans, were "received with very great joy," as may be supposed, and the Maid found waiting for her a gift from Duke Charles of Orleans, prisoner in England. It was in the form of an order to Treasurer Jacques Boucher, at whose house Joan had lodged, to pay to Jean Lullier, merchant, and to Jean Bourgois, tailor, thirteen *écus* of gold for the cloth and making of two fine garments, one of the crimson weave of Brussels, the other of dark green, both to be richly lined and finished in white satin, *sandal*, and other stuffs, all very costly, as is shown by the price, the same to be made and delivered to Joan the Maid, "in consideration of the good and agreeable services that the said Maid has rendered us in the encounter with the English, ancient enemies of my lord the King and ourselves."

The garments were named as "a robe and a *huque*," and we are not entirely clear today as to their form; but one of them would seem to have been a kind of overdress, slashed at the sides, to be worn over her armour. At all events they were to be as rich and fine as money and skill could make them. That Joan was happy in this remembrance from the Duke in exile, and human enough and girl enough to love the gift for its own sake, need not be doubted. How different this new "red

robe" from the patched red skirt she had worn to Vaucouleurs!

It was on Sunday, June 12, that Jargeau was taken. De Cagny notes that next day, having properly garrisoned the place, officers and army dined at Orleans, and in the villages on both sides of the river, remaining there that day, and the next, which was Tuesday.

"This day the Maid was most grandly fêted by those of the city. The Duke of Alençon, all the other captains, knights, squires, burgesses, and commoners who saw her were so much pleased with her that they could not be more so, saying that God had sent her to replace the King in his seigneury."

The army received reinforcements at Orleans. Several lords and knights came with their men, among them the two Laval brothers, who could no longer be restrained. Joan, her army refreshed and in high spirits, was for pushing on.

"At vespers she called her *beau duc d'Alençon*, and said to him: 'I wish tomorrow to see those of Meung. Give orders that the company be ready to leave at that hour.'" [1]

Meung is twelve miles from Orleans, but the army left in time to capture the bridge-head that night, after what de Cagny calls an *escarmouche*. They camped there, and Alençon with a few men slept in a church. They were in great peril, he says, but does not explain how, or mention Joan's whereabouts.

Morning came, and leaving a detachment at the bridge-head the army pushed on four miles farther to Beaugency, which they were prepared to besiege. But

at the first attack the English withdrew to the great donjon tower of the château, around which the French established a cordon to prevent escape. By accident, or intention, some English soldiers had been left in the neighbouring houses, and these kept up a desultory warfare most of the day. Cannon shots were exchanged with those in the castle, with little effect. That night the French seated cannons and bombards, in preparation for a general attack.

The next day, which was Friday, June 17, an event took place which has been variously reported. This was nothing less than the return, with offer of allegiance, of the great Constable, Arthur of Brittany, Count of Richemont, whom the reader may remember as having been estranged from the King by La Trémouille. "My lord the Constable is on his way with six hundred men and four hundred archers," wrote young Laval to his mother nine days earlier. He had now arrived.

The "Journal of the Siege" has a brief summary of how Richemont arrived with other lords, and how together they implored the Maid that she would make Richemont's peace with the King. This petition she granted, "by reason of which he made oath before her and the lords that he would always and loyally serve the King. The chronicle adds that Joan also persuaded Alençon and others to accept Richemont, and agreed to intercede with the King for him. Whereupon Richemont and his forces joined the siege.

It was not quite as swift and simple as this. Alençon provides some further details. The King's orders had been that the Constable was on no account to be re-

Above: CHURCH AT SELLES-SUR-CHER; NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE RIGHT JOAN MOUNTED HER HORSE. *Left:* CHATEAU OF CHARLES VII, LOCHES, WHERE JOAN LODGED. *Right:* THE MAID'S STATUE BY DESVERGINES—IN MANY CHURCHES

Above: BEAUGENCY; THE BIG SQUARE TOWER WAS HELD BY THE ENGLISH. *Below, left:* PART OF OLD RAMPARTS AT JARGEAU *Right:* ANCIENT CHURCH AND HOUSE AT ROMORANTIN

ceived into their company. The news of his approach therefore made a commotion. Alençon says that Joan and himself, with some of the other captains were ready to withdraw, whatever that may mean. It sounds rather childish, as also Alençon's next remark:

"I said to Joan: 'If the Constable comes, I shall leave.'" This must have been on the first day at Beaugency, when the Constable was still a good way off, for Alençon adds: "Next day, before the arrival of the Constable, news came that the English were marching on us, with Talbot at their head."

We interrupt here briefly to say that the English in the donjon tower, noting the preparation made for their destruction, had agreed during the night to surrender and abandon the town at daybreak, being allowed to take certain of their belongings, under pledge not to bear arms for ten days. These terms accepted, they had already departed when Richemont appeared on the scene, with his plea to Joan for intercession with the King. Joan and Richemont would seem to have drawn a little apart to discuss the matter, when the report arrived of Talbot's approach. According to Alençon: "There came a man from the company of La Hire who said to the other captains and myself: 'The enemy is marching on us. We are going to have him facing us. They are just over there, a thousand men-at-arms.'"

A thousand men-at-arms (lances) meant a force of five thousand men. Joan was not so deeply engaged with Richemont that she did not catch some drift of the messenger's report.

"Hearing him speak, Joan asked: 'What did that soldier say?' His words were made known to her. Then she said to the Lord Constable: 'Ah, fair Constable, you did not come because of me, but since you are come, you are welcome.'"

Such was the beginning of what in the end would become of great moment in the history of France. It would take time, for La Trémouille, always at the King's ear, would long and bitterly oppose it. But it would come, and its beginning was that day at Beaugency, in the face of a threatening army.

The reader is not to make the mistake of thinking Richemont a simple-hearted, honest patriot, misunderstood and misused. Strong of heart and brave he undoubtedly was, and doubtless sincere in his professions of loyalty; but he was much like all the rest. He had been at one time or another on terms with the English; he had been concerned in the deadly Treaty of Troyes. He had furthered the removal of one enemy in Charles's court, the unspeakable de Giac, by having him put into a sack and drowned. Another, Camus de Beaulieu, he had caused to be assassinated at Poitiers. In time, and after his own fashion, he would attend to La Trémouille, but that could wait. La Trémouille had given valuable aid in the disposal of de Giac, and knew how perilous it was to have the Constable about the court. To Joan, Richemont was a brave soldier, willing to serve the King; no better and no worse than La Hire and other old Armagnac raiders.

V

FASTOLF'S ARMY, AT LAST

To explain the reported appearance under Talbot of so powerful a force, we here turn, for the first time, to information from the other side, to a witness from the enemy's camp, in the person of one Jean de Wavrin du Forestel, a Burgundian knight who fought under the English Fastolf, and later recorded his memories. De Wavrin is a terrific speller, and he occasionally employs words not elsewhere discoverable, but he is a faithful historian. A loser at Patay, he has left what is by far the fullest and most consistent account of that brief, decisive action. One likes to fancy the old Burgundian knight hanging up his armour, sharpening a quill, and sitting down to write the story of his defeat.[1]

De Wavrin says that Talbot had promptly announced his bad news to Bedford, who hastily got together troops from among those espousing Henry's cause, and sent Fastolf with about five thousand men into the Beauce, the country above the Loire, "men as well equipped as any I have ever seen in the land of France."

They moved too slowly, spending three days at Étampes and four at Janville, expecting Bedford to send reinforcements. In Janville they learned of the fall of Jargeau and the investment of Meung and Beaugency, "the which news gave them most great displeasure, though to amend it they could do nothing for the present." They were counselling, when Talbot appeared with forty lances and two hundred archers,

"for the coming of which were the English most joyous, for the reason that he was at this time held to be the most wise and valiant knight in the kingdom of England."

Fastolf and his captains immediately presented themselves at Talbot's inn, and after greetings and exchange of news all dined together and discussed earnestly. Fastolf held that the French, being exalted and renewed by their victories, and the English in a like measure frightened and cast down, the latter were in no condition to attack. He proposed that the Loire towns be left to make the best terms they could, while with his army he waited for additional troops from Bedford.

Some of the captains disagreed with this prudent plan, and especially Talbot, who, smarting from his defeat at Orleans, declared that with the aid of God and Saint George and such men as he had himself, with such others as would follow him, he would push on and fight. Inasmuch as Talbot a month earlier had withdrawn his entire army from before Orleans, and himself shown no fight whatever, this boast would seem to have been the result of afterthought.

Seeing that neither *excusation* nor remonstrance availed with Talbot, Fastolf and others retired to their lodgings, the captains being ordered to have all in readiness to take the field next morning. They departed in the dawn, pennons and guidons flying, making a brave sight though sick at heart, riding to meet the witch of Orleans and Jargeau, and therefore to their death, as most of them believed.

A little way in the open the captains assembled "in a trouplet midway of the field" (*en un troppel emmy le champ*), and again Fastolf protested against going farther, "laying before them all the doubts and dangerous perils they could well incur, according to his imagination. They were but a handful, he said, beside the French, and if fortune turned against them, all that the late King Henry had conquered in France would be on the way to perdition; for which reason it would be better to refrain a little, and wait for their *puissance* to be reinforced." Instinctively we compare this admonition with Joan's "Forward boldly! Have good heart, they are ours!" whether her troops were few or many.

Certainly no army ever went forward with so little heart as Fastolf's. The size of the enemy, Joan's reputed powers, their own inconsequence, were all magnified. They were defeated already, sentenced, with nothing to expect but execution. Nevertheless, Talbot insisting, they moved on in perfect order, taking the straight road for Meung. This was the force, correctly estimated as to size, reported to Alençon at Beaugency.

Had the English known the uncertainties in the French camp, they might have had better courage. Dunois, though somewhat confused as to time and circumstance, tells a story that clearly belongs here.

"The Constable, several others, and myself being present, the Duke of Alençon said to Joan: 'What shall I do?' Joan answered quite loudly: 'Have good spurs, all of you!' At these words, those present

asked Joan: 'What did you say? Are we then to turn our backs?'

"'No,' she replied, 'the English will turn their backs. They will not defend themselves, and will be beaten. You will need good spurs to follow them.'"

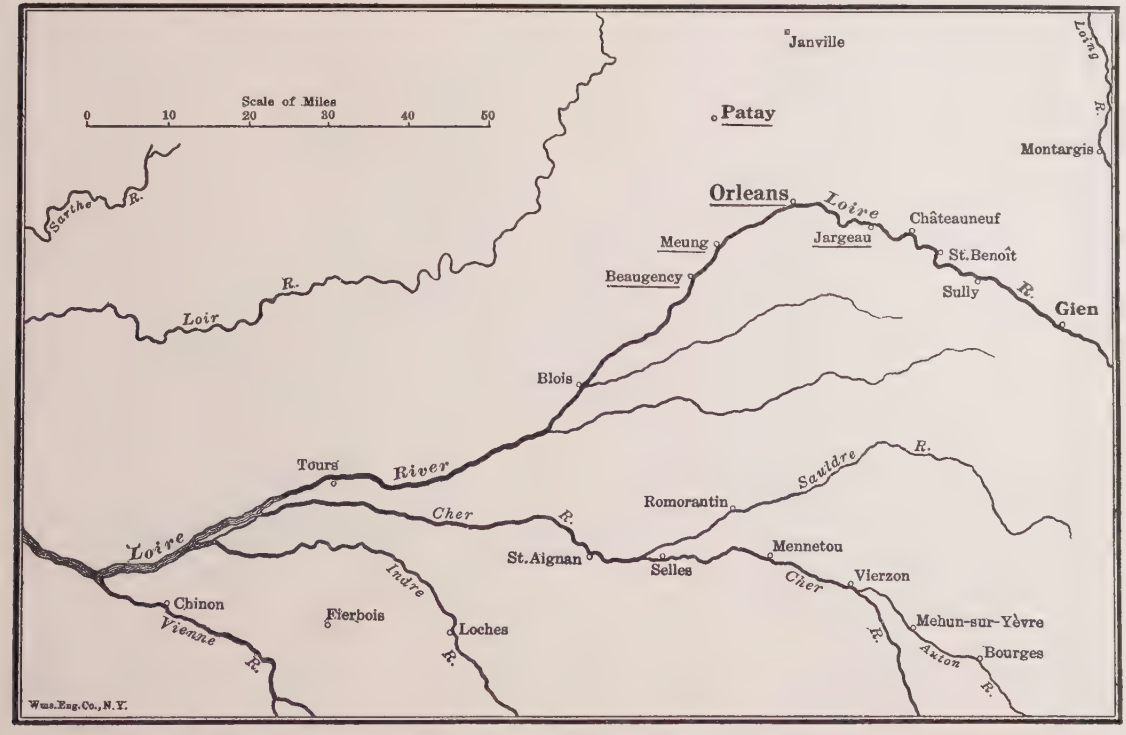
Joan was untroubled by doubts. A young knight, Thibault de Termes, supplies another memory of the moment.

"La Hire and myself, knowing the enemy united and ready for battle, said to Joan: 'The English are coming; they are in order of battle and ready to fight.' She answered by saying to the captains: 'Strike boldly, they will take to flight!' She added that it would not take long."[1]

How did she know so certainly a thing which the others, men born to the trade of arms, questioned? Had she a better knowledge of human nature? Did her Voices tell her? De Termes adds that the captains disposed themselves in order of attack.

They must have waited a considerable time for the English to appear, then moved forward to meet them, for by de Wavrin it was well toward evening when Fastolf's army, a league from Meung and possibly a mile from Beaugency, discovered them, "in strength of about 6000, whereof the chiefs were Joan the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, the Marshal de La Fayette, La Hire, Poton [Saintrailles] and other captains, ranged in order of battle on a little hill [*petite montaignette*], the better and more truly to observe the English."

Believing they were to be at once attacked, the English dismounted, and planting their spears in a de-



MAP OF THE COUNTRY ALONG THE LOIRE

(A general map of Joan's routes, with Itinerary, will be found at the end of Volume II.)

fence which had proved often effective, notably at the Battle of the Herrings — butts in the ground, points ahead (*étoquiez*) — sent forward two heralds, proposing that three knights be chosen from each side, to try the justice of their cause.

"To which," says de Wavrin, "reply was returned by the people of the Maid: 'Go to your camp for today, for it is late enough; but tomorrow, at the pleasure of God and Our Lady, we shall see you nearer.'" This is a faithful chronicler; the words are undoubtedly Joan's; they carry the exact flavour.

The English did not keep their position. They retired that night to Meung, where they bombarded the French garrison at the other end of the bridge. Fastolf did not know that Beaugency had surrendered, and hoped next morning to cross and march by the south bank to the town's relief. But when morning brought the news of its fall, the general assault which Talbot and Fastolf were preparing to make on the bridge was abandoned. The sight of the French the day before, Joan's message by the heralds, the bad news from Beaugency,[1] these things had given Fastolf a further chill, and even Talbot was no longer reckless. Gathering up the force that had been holding Meung, they set out with their combined armies across the level Beauce, for Paris.

They knew that the French army would be quickly after them, and they magnified its strength — De Wavrin, this time rather wildly, declaring that Joan's force had increased so rapidly, by reason of "new recruits from divers places," that their pursuers now

numbered twelve or thirteen thousand. The English army had taken the field regardless of order, but as they retreated northward, with as little delay as possible, they disposed themselves in good marching and battle array, their advance led by an English knight bearing a white standard. Joan's standard of victory was white; the English may have thought there was some special virtue in that colour.

VI

PATAY

THE French may have camped on the little hill where we left them; it is not certain. De Cagny gives the impression that they returned to Beaugency. In any case they must have heard the guns at Meung, though they seem to have been in no haste next morning in getting to the scene of action. In military operations Joan did not hurry. She gave her men time for rest and refreshment. Also, she heeded her Voices. By de Cagny's account they marched about eight o'clock, which would bring them to Meung by nine. The guns had long since ceased there, the enemy had vanished, though they could have been little more than out of sight.

Now, again, there was hesitation. The ancient prestige of the English died hard. Alençon says that many of the King's men were in fear, saying that it would be well to "make sure of the horses," though whether he means that the horses were to be saved, or themselves by means of them, is not so clear. Joan's opinion was definite enough. According to Alençon she said:

"'In God's name, we must fight them! If they were hung to the clouds we would have them; for God sends us to chastise them!' And she affirmed that she was sure of the victory. 'The noble King,' she said, 'will have today the greatest victory that he has

had in a long time. And my council has told me that they [the enemy] are all ours.'"

Joan's mention of the clouds somehow presents a picture of a still June day, with armies riding under a far-drifting sky. De Wavrin, though an enemy, gives an only slightly different version of Alençon's incident, even adding an important detail. The French were ready to ride after the English, he says, when the discussion occurred. Joan, being then asked where the English would be found, replied:

"'Ride with confidence, and we shall have good guidance.'

"So the armies of the French took the field in good order, having the most expert, mounted on flowers of horses, as many as sixty or eighty men, placed before to make discovery. And thus after long riding, this Saturday, drew near their enemies, the English, as hereafter you shall learn."

For details of this fateful day we rely almost wholly upon our Burgundian chronicler, no other eyewitness having left any account worthy of the name. It is eighteen miles from Meung to Patay, and it must have been in the early afternoon that the English, a league from the latter place, got word from their rear-guard scouts of a great force rapidly approaching. Other scouts were sent out and verified the report. The French were coming, riding swiftly, and in great strength. Soon after, they saw them.

The English, impeded by their provision train and foot soldiers, unable to escape, hastily prepared for battle. The method of defence was to be similar to that em-

ployed at the Herrings, with wagons behind a forefront of spears, ranged along the hedges near Patay. Talbot, dismounting, with five hundred picked archers, prepared to hold the French in check until the divisions could be united and properly disposed. The level Beauce, today a plain of wheat, was then partly or entirely covered with bushes, and there was an open way by which it was expected that the French would come. It was this approach that Talbot proposed to hold until his troops were in defensive formation, when he would fall back and join them. The plan was well enough, "but it happened entirely otherwise."

Joan had assured her captains that they would have good guidance. Probably she had no idea what it was to be, but she never made a truer prophecy. It was the sudden and strange fulfilment of it that upset the English plans. Says de Wavrin:

"Most straitly came the French after their enemies, which they could not yet fall upon, neither knew they the place where they were, when by adventure the foreriders saw a stag leave the woods, the which took its course toward Patay, and straight among the troops of the English, who raised a most great cry, not knowing their enemies to be so near to them. Hearing this cry, the afore-named French riders made certain that it came from the English, and also saw them, soon after, very plainly. So sent they some companions to announce to their captains what they had seen and found, letting them know that they might ride forward in good order, and that it was the moment to strike. The which promptly prepared themselves at all points, and

rode so fast that soon they saw the English plainly. When the said English saw the French approach them so near, they hurried the most that they could, in order to assemble at the hedges before the enemies' arrival."

At this point everything fell into confusion. The French army, now fully aware of the English, came thundering forward. The advance-guard, under La Hire, the Constable, de Boussac, and Poton Saintrailles, that terrible quartette, struck Talbot's lane of archers — cut straight through them before they could fix their arrows. The English advance forming at the hedges, a distance away, seeing Fastolf hurrying his men to join them, thought him in full retreat, the battle already lost.

"Wherefore," quoting de Wavrin, "the captain of the advance-guard, believing for truth that thus it was, for all his white standard, himself and his men took flight and abandoned the hedges." [1]

Nobody was more to blame than Fastolf. A day or two before he had frightened his men half to death, and this was the result. De Wavrin says, that seeing now what had happened, with worse to come, Fastolf was advised to save himself.

"It was said to him, myself being present, that he have care for his person, for the battle was lost to us."

Fastolf, however, maintained it to be his wish to re-enter the battle at all costs and take such fortune as the Lord might send, "saying that it was better to be dead or captured than shamefully to fly and thus abandon his men." All of which must have happened very quickly, but not before Talbot and his archers had been cut to pieces, and Talbot himself made

prisoner; "the French being already so forward with the battle that they could at their will kill or capture such as seemed good to them."

Apparently there was almost no defence. It was not really a battle at all; it was a *corral* and a slaughter.

"The English were discomfitted, with small loss to the French. So there died of the said English fully two thousand men, and there were taken two hundred prisoners," these figures being probably a fair estimate, though some of the French commanders doubled them. Fastolf, we are told, looked on, probably from a safe distance, "making the greatest dole ever man made," always about to rush into battle, always persuaded from doing so, setting out at last with a small company on the road to Étampes, in the direction of Paris. Perhaps he was not really a coward, but he leaned overmuch to discretion, and inspired anything but courage in his men.

"For myself," ends de Wavrin, and his words are full of apology, "I followed him as my captain, the which the Duke of Bedford had commanded me to obey, and even to serve his person." And so good-bye to Jean de Wavrin du Forestel, a brave knight and a faithful historian, even in defeat.

As the reader may surmise, the Duke of Bedford did not receive Fastolf very cordially. He relieved him of what was left of his command and deprived him of the ribbon of the Garter. He was later reinstated, but he was never entirely able to live down the memory of Patay.

French losses at Patay must have been insignificant. There are no figures, but the fact that there was practically no defence on the part of the English is sufficient. Thibault de Termes says that Joan before the battle declared that few if any of their men would be injured. De Termes adds that of his company but one gentleman was killed.[1]

Of Joan's active part in the battle no word remains. De Contes, the only one who tells anything of her movements, testified at the Revision:

"La Hire led the advance-guard, whereat Joan was much disappointed, for she greatly wished to have charge of the advance. La Hire fell upon the English. They fought, and the victory was with our men. Nearly all of the enemy were killed.

"Joan, who was very compassionate, was moved to great pity by such a slaughter. Here is an example: A Frenchman who conducted some English captives struck one on the head so hard that the man fell as one dead. At this sight Joan dismounted and had the English soldier confessed, sustaining his head and consoling him as much as was in her power."

That is all we know of Joan on the field at Patay — all we need to know. Alençon tells nothing of the battle, but relates an incident of its close. Talbot, a prisoner, was brought before him and the Constable, the Maid being present.

"I said to Talbot: 'You did not think this morning that this would happen to you.' Talbot replied:

"'It is the fortune of war.'"

Joan and Talbot must have spoken together, but we

shall never know their words. Other leaders, including Lord Scales, son of the Earl of Warwick, were among the prisoners. Joan's prophecy that the King would have that day the greatest victory he had known in "a long time" had been fulfilled. Not in his lifetime had the King known such a victory.

VII

THE LAND THAT JOAN SET FREE

It was the afternoon of a long summer day that Patay was fought, Saturday, June 18, 1429. Exactly a week earlier the Maid had attacked Jargeau, which had fallen next day. Following two days of refreshment at Orleans she had proceeded in the most workmanlike manner to envelop Meung and Beaugency, and to strike Fastolf's long impending army at Patay. Almost from the first her plan had included Fastolf. Six weeks earlier she had jokingly threatened to take off Dunois' head if he let Fastolf pass without her knowledge. Now, at last, she had met Fastolf's army and destroyed it. Talbot's army likewise was scattered, Talbot himself a prisoner. English power below Paris was broken.

The critics hold that Joan now made the vast mistake of not pushing on to Paris itself. The capital lay a short two days' ride to the northward, and from the purely military point of view would indeed seem to have been the next logical objective. Her army was ample, in high feather; it was provisioned with captured English supplies. Paris would have fallen, even opened its gates to her, as so many cities did a month later. We, today, cannot but regret the loss of this seemingly great opportunity, but if the military leaders about Joan — Dunois, La Hire, the Constable, Alençon — mentioned Paris to her then, no hint of it remains. Certainly her Voices did not, or she would have gone.

She repeatedly told her judges that in these matters she had acted only on their counsel. Her Voices had told her definitely to relieve Orleans, to destroy the English, and to conduct the King to his coronation at Reims. This she would obey without question, and to the letter. Had the King been ready to go to Reims after Orleans, she would have taken him then. Following Reims she would go to Paris, not with a dauphin, a mere shadow of authority, but with a king, crowned and anointed. This was the plan, and politically the right one. Only one thing could prevent it being carried out. Joan knew her people and her army. But neither Joan, nor apparently her Voices, reckoned on treachery.

"We returned to the King, and it was decided to go to Reims for the coronation," is Alençon's terse conclusion of his story of Joan's warfare. Her career as a soldier was by no means ended, but she had fought her greatest battles and the *beau duc* may have felt that the tale of lesser, and less fortunate, engagements would add nothing to his story. He ends his account with a personal tribute, in which he says that the Maid was much annoyed with men for swearing, and scolded them vehemently.

"She scolded me in particular, for that I happened to swear. When I saw her, I put a curb on my profanities. Sometimes in the army I slept beside her on the straw, with other soldiers. I could observe when she put on her armor, and it happened that I saw her breast, which was beautiful. But never was I moved with evil desires because of this.

"In all her acts, aside from the facts of war, she was just a simple girl. But in war she was very expert, whether to carry a lance, to assemble an army, to order a battle, or to dispose the artillery. All marvelled to see how in military matters she acted with as much sagacity and foresight as if she had been a captain, making war for twenty or thirty years. It was especially in the placing of artillery that she well understood herself."

De Termes and other captains echo this testimony, and military and other critics ever since have been either denying its truth, or offering far-fetched explanations; rarely, if ever, taking her native common sense, and still more rarely her Voices, into account.

How easily one of the witnesses or old chroniclers could have left us details of the Maid's appearance at this time! As it is, there is very little on which to form the picture. Jean d'Aulon's testimony that she was "beautiful and well-formed" (*belle et bien formée*), with Alençon's addition as to the beauty of her breast, can be regarded as authentic, but hints such as these only leave us wondering. Gui de Laval to his mother wrote that "there seemed something wholly divine in her manner, and to see her and to hear her," and spoke of the "womanly" quality of her voice; while another letter of this time, written by a counsellor of Charles's court, goes somewhat farther:[1]

[1] This interesting letter is quoted in full in the Appendix to this volume, under note for page 233.

"The Maid," says the writer, "is of satisfying grace, of a manly bearing and in her conversation displays wondrous good sense. Her voice has a womanly charm."

In all this, however, we get nothing of Joan's features, for which reason certain of her historians have assumed that she was of plain, even unprepossessing, appearance. Such a conclusion is unwarranted. A young man of twenty does not write of an unprepossessing girl, however exalted her mission, as something wholly divine to see and to hear. That Joan was not "pretty" we may thankfully take for granted, but that her face had in it the beauty of strength and purpose and was often lit by the transport noted by Dunois at Loches is no less certain. The alleged head at Orleans suggests something of what she may well have been like. Her comrades were not physically stirred by her, and have explained why; but the young man of Domremy who had her summoned to Toul in a suit for marriage, must have seen in her the fulness of his heart's desire.

The towns that Joan set free in her campaign of the Loire, Jargeau, Beaugency, and Patay, like Orleans, have paid fair tribute to her memory. Worthy statues of the Maid are in their public squares and their churches. At Jargeau and Patay there is little else to recall her. By careful search at Jargeau one may find a section or two of the ancient battlements, and may imagine that it was before one of these that the Maid was struck down, only to spring up with the call to victory on her lips. At Patay we look across levels of wheat, won-

dering where it might be that Talbot made his brave stand, where it was the English formed at the hedge, where Joan supported the head of the dying soldier. The field was south of Patay, how far is not certain.

There is more at Beaugency. The bridge there is the same that Joan crossed, though a section has been broken out and renewed; there are houses that she could have seen, and remains of the ancient gateways and ramparts. Also, the great donjon tower in which the English took refuge, today an empty shell, still rises high above its surroundings. Somewhere, not far from it, stood the Maid and Arthur of Richemont when she spoke certain words of welcome that in spite of a fatuous king pledged the great Constable to the cause of victorious France.

The Maid did not enter Meung, or need to; it was caught in her net as she passed by. But Meung remembers and honours her because of its delivery so long ago. All of these towns are small, as small today as when they were mere details of the great battlefield on which Joan of Arc checked English aggression in France, one day of a far-off June.

PART FIVE

THE CORONATION JOURNEY

I

"DOUBT NOT; YOU WILL GAIN ALL YOUR KINGDOM"

THAT reliable chronicler, Perceval de Cagny, says that Joan and her army camped that night in Patay and round about, and next day, which was Sunday, remained until after dinner before starting for Orleans. Richemont did not accompany them.

"The Duke of Alençon did not dare to conduct the Constable to the presence of the King, for the reason of the disfavour in which he was, as he said."

Richemont, joyous because of the victory, but grieved by the thought that he was not to join in the expedition to Reims, set out toward his seat at Parthenay, while the others marched to Orleans, where they were received with wild rejoicings, the people declaring that only through the Maid could such marvels have been accomplished.

Orleans expected the King to begin from there his journey to Reims, and dressed out the streets for his welcome. But the King was in La Trémouille's château at Sully, and apparently had lost interest in Orleans; for which reason the people murmured, and became ill-content.

Joan and Alençon also may have expected the King at Orleans. By de Cagny's record they remained in and about that city as much as five days. Part of Joan's occupation would be supervising the rich garments ordered for her by Duke Charles. She would need these for the coronation service at Reims.

De Cagny makes no mention of any side excursions during this period, but another chronicle, "Les Gestes des Nobles Françoys," on whatever authority, has it that once she rode to Sully, a distance of thirty miles, to meet the King, and that on another day he came twelve miles farther toward Orleans, to Châteauneuf, where again she went to meet him.[1] This would further explain Joan's long stay at Orleans. The King being at Sully, she may very well have ridden over to report her victories in person, to plead the cause of Richemont, waiting at Beaugency for news of his fate, and to urge an early departure for Reims. According to the "Gestes" her war leaders accompanied her to Châteauneuf and held council with Charles, who then turned back to Sully. They probably urged him to show himself at Orleans, but Charles was very comfortable at Sully, and could offer the excuse that it was not far from Gien, the starting-point for Reims.

Simon Charles, whom we have met before, testified that he saw Joan and the King at St. Benoit, a famous shrine between Châteauneuf and Sully, one of the oldest and still one of the most remarkable in France. Practically every pope for nearly six hundred years had visited St. Benoit, and Joan doubtless accompanied her King there to offer gratitude for victories, and prayers for the journey to Reims. It has been thought that the King was seeking to delay the next venture. Says Simon Charles:

"I who speak, I heard from the mouth of the King many good words of her. It was at St. Benoit-sur-Loire. The King had pity for Joan, in her anxiety, and

in the trouble she gave herself. He urged her to take some rest. Whereupon Joan said to him, weeping: 'Doubt not; you will gain all your kingdom and will soon be crowned.'" All of which may be true, though Joan was hardly a hysterical pleader.

That the King may have been uncertain as to his next venture is not surprising, when according to Dunois even the military leaders were not of a mind. Dunois testified that after the victories, lords of the royal blood, and captains, proposed as an alternate, or prelude, to Reims, that the King head an expedition to Normandy.

"But the Maid was always of the conviction that we must go to Reims and crown the King. In support of her opinion she said that once the King was crowned and anointed, the power of his adversaries would steadily diminish, and that finally they could injure neither the kingdom nor him. All came to agree with Joan's views."

De Cagny, the terse, giving but slight attention to matters not strictly relevant to chronology, has no word of any of these things. On June 24 he writes:

"This Friday, quite early, the Maid said to the Duke of Alençon: 'Have the trumpets sounded, and take horse. It is time to go to the noble King Charles, to put him on the road to his coronation at Reims.'

"Thus was it done. All in Orleans took horse, and those who were camped in the fields. And this day arrived before the King at Gien-sur-Loire."

The distance was forty miles; it would be well in the evening when they reached Gien. De Cagny says the

King was overjoyed to see them, and that there was much talk, it being believed that never before in so brief a time had such battles been won, and three notable places brought into obedience to the King. He does not mention Joan's intercession for the Constable. Probably it had already taken place — at Sully, according to the "Journal of the Siege," which adds:

"To the King Joan spoke of the Constable, of the goodwill he had demonstrated, and of the nobles and lords and valiant soldiers he had brought, a good fifteen hundred combatants, begging that the King would pardon his offences. Which the King did, at her request, howbeit that for love of La Trémouille, who had the greatest authority of those about him, would not suffer that he accompany him on the journey to his coronation; for which the Maid was much disappointed, and so were many great lords, captains, and other persons of counsel, knowing that the Constable had sent many good and valiant men. But nevertheless did not dare speak of it, because they saw that the King did in all things what pleased the lord de La Trémouille, to please whom he would not suffer that the Constable came before him."

That La Trémouille was already well and universally hated, except by his intimates and beneficiaries, is clear enough. Historians of all periods since have been particularly severe upon him for having, as they said, opposed and delayed the start to Reims. But as Joan did not reach the King until the evening of June 24, while the coronation journey began June 29, it may be

said that in this instance the devil was somewhat less black than he has been painted.

Neither La Trémouille nor his closest adherent, the Archbishop of Reims, could have any logical reason for opposing the coronation, and they were not likely to be influenced against their interests by mere spite. To La Trémouille, the opportunist, a king would be of more value as a leverage for prying money from the enemy than a mere dauphin, while at Reims the archbishop would come into his own. If they opposed the journey at all, it could have been through a human disinclination for setting out with an ill-provisioned army through what, nominally at least, was an enemy country.

To all except those swept by the flame of Joan's faith it must have seemed a hazardous venture. Joan had the assurance of her Voices, and in turn assured the others; but not all, especially those whose business it was to provide funds and provisions, were able to forget the more urgent of life's necessities, or that Reims was nearly two hundred miles distant, with every city between in enemy hands. That the King had faith is certain, for when it had been proposed that the Queen should also be crowned, he had at once ordered that she be brought to Gien to accompany him, the Queen being then at Bourges, to which place she presently returned, Charles having been counselled against taking her to Reims.

II

THE SPLENDID PAGEANT

JOAN never doubted that she would conduct Charles to Reims. On the day following her arrival in Gien she dictated a letter to the people of Tournai, a town that far to the north had kept faith with the King, inviting them to attend the coronation ceremonies. Joan's letters are too few to be quoted less than in full.

To the loyal French of the city of Tournay

✠ JESUS MARIA ✠

Noble, loyal French of the city of Tournay: The Maid lets you know the news from this side, that in eight days she has driven the English from all the places that they held on the river Loire, by assault or otherwise; where many of them have been killed and captured, and has discomfitted them in battle. And believe that the duke of Suffolk, La Pole his brother, the sire of Talbot, the sire of Scales, and messires John Fastolf and many knights and captains have been taken, and the brother of the duke of Suffolk, and Glasdale, are dead. Remain good, loyal Frenchmen, I beg of you, and beg and request of you that you all be ready to come to the coronation of the noble King Charles, at Reims, where we shall be soon; and come to meet us when you shall know that we draw near. I commend you to God. God guard you and give you grace that you may maintain the good cause of the kingdom of France.

Written at Gien, the XXVth day of June (1429).

Tournai, beyond Arras, is now in Belgium. Long stretches of enemy country lay between. Nevertheless

the letter arrived, for the entry of it, under date of July 7, appears in the Tournai archives; where it is further recorded that three chief citizens — sent, as requested by the Maid (*la Puchielle*), — delivered their report of the coronation, which included the reading of letters from the King, from the steps of the Hall of Council, "in the presence and audience of the people."

Joan either forgot, or was under a wrong impression concerning Fastolf's capture, and the English being entirely driven from the Loire. The English still occupied a few places above Gien, and a very small one, Marchenoire, near Blois, it being urged by certain leaders that these should be taken before starting for Reims. Fastolf, as we know, escaped, though his capture had been at first reported. That the Maid was not infallible preserves her as a human being.

At the same time that she wrote to the people of Tournai, or a little later, Joan sent a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, urging him to lay aside enmity and attend the coming coronation at Reims. No copy of this letter has ever come to light. The duke made no acknowledgment, though as will appear he was represented at Reims.

Eager now to be off, Joan chafed at each day's delay. De Cagny writes that she was much grieved (*moult marri*) when certain of the King's people still counselled against beginning the march, holding that there were "several cities, other walled towns, castles, and places strongly garrisoned by English and Burgundians, between Gien and Reims. The Maid answered that she well knew this, and held it of no account; and in vexa-

tion left her lodging and went to camp in the fields, two days before the departure of the King."

This is more like Joan; no mention here of hysteria and tears. She dared them. "And although the King had not money to pay his army, all knights, squires, men of war and of common in nowise refused to give service to the King for this journey in the company of the Maid, saying they would go wherever she would go. And she said: 'By my staff! I will conduct the noble King Charles and his company safely, and he will be crowned at the said place of Reims.'" [1]

It was on an auspicious and holy day that they started: St. Peter's and St. Paul's day, Wednesday, the twenty-ninth of June. De Cagny says they set out "after many words" (*plusieurs parolles*), which could mean that there were ceremonies. The "Journal of the Siege" supplies imposing details:

"The King departed from Gien the day of St. Peter, in this month of June, accompanied by the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, the Count of Clermont, since Duke of Bourbon, the Count of Vendôme, the Lord of Laval, the Count Boulogne, the Bastard of Orleans, the Lord of Lohiac [the younger Laval], the Marshals of St. Sevêre and de Rais, the Admiral de Culan, the Lords of Thouars, of Sully, of Chaumont-sur-Loire, of Prie, of Chauvigny and of La Trémouille, of Poton, of Jamet du Tilloy, called 'Bourgois,' with many other lords, nobles, valiant captains, and gentlemen, and about twelve thousand combatants, all worthy, hardy, and of great courage, as formerly, and then and also since they have shown by their

deeds and valiant enterprises, and especially on this journey."

Thus it was, through summer weather, side by side with her King, at the head of a vast and shining cavalcade, the girl who had seen a light and heard a voice in her father's garden, set out to complete her mission. Her impossible dream was coming true. What were her thoughts as that brave array wound across the valley of the Loire and entered the wooded hills, taking the direction of Auxerre?

III

THE THRIFT OF LA TRÉMOUILLE. THE DEFIANCE OF TROYES. "SOW BEANS, GOOD PEOPLE." JOAN BEFORE THE KING'S COUNCIL

A LETTER written from Nogent-sur-Seine, July 1, reported the Dauphin and his army at Montargis, for which reason it has been assumed that a start was first made by that route. But Montargis is twenty-five miles from Gien, in another direction, and a good fifty miles from Auxerre. This is a distance too great for them to have been in both Montargis and Auxerre on the same day, and there is the better evidence of the Journal that on July 1 the King's army was before the walls of the latter town.[1]

Auxerre was an enemy stronghold. Four months earlier Joan and one of her knights had somehow slipped through the gates unnoticed, to pray in the cathedral. But this time the gates were firmly closed; they could enter only by siege and assault.

Joan and her knights agreed that this would be an easy task, but the King's chief counsellor — that is to say, La Trémouille, whose harvest was about to begin — was for negotiation.

"Those of the city gave secretly two thousand crowns to the seigneur de La Trémouille, in order that he keep them from being assailed; and also delivered to the host of the King much provisions, which were very necessary. And by this means made no submission; whereat were much displeased many of the army and likewise the Maid." [2]

Jean Chartier, who as royal chronicler should know, says that the lords and captains spoke very strongly against La Trémouille and others of the King's council.[1] Whether the provisions were given, or sold, to the army is not certain. The word is *baillèrent,* delivered — probably at a price, in this instance, with sufficient profit to offset the bribe paid to La Trémouille — the Auxerrois being a thrifty people.

So, after spending the better part of three days, as we are told, — it was, in fact, two nights and a day — before Auxerre, on the morning of July 3 the army marched, leaving this unreduced city behind it, a thing which Joan and her captains must have engaged not to let happen again. That there was murmuring on various accounts in the army is likely enough, with much doubt as to the future of the expedition. But for the Maid it would quickly have begun to disintegrate. Chartier tells how she was everywhere in the ranks, with words of encouragement and caution:

"She rode fully armoured and spoke as wisely as any captain; and when any outcry or alarm arose among the soldiers, she came, whether on foot or mounted, . . . and gave heart and courage to all the others, admonishing them to keep good watch and guard, though in all else she was just a simple girl."

They made twenty miles that day, across fertile slopes, and camped at St. Florentin, a city set upon a hill, with fair, far-lying prospects. St. Florentin peacefully opened its gates and they lodged there, being off next day for Troyes, camping that night on a branch of the Armance, near the little halfway hamlet of St. Phal.

Troyes, large, grimly walled, and stoutly garrisoned by the enemy, was likely to be their chief obstacle. The army with its very limited supply of provisions, and particularly the royal council, experienced qualms. Joan was not disturbed. From St. Phal she sent the people of Troyes a letter, kindly but significant:

To the lords and burgesses of the city of Troyes

✠ JESUS MARIA ✠

Very dear and good friends, if it is your will to be so, lords, burgesses, and habitants of the city of Troyes, Joan the Maid writes to let you know — by the grace of the King of Heaven, her rightful and sovereign Lord, she being each day in His service — that you should make true obedience and recognition to the noble King of France, who will soon be at Reims and at Paris, come who may against him, and in his good towns of the holy kingdom, with the aid of King Jesus. Loyal French, come before King Charles, and there will be no trouble; and have no fears for your bodies nor for your possessions if you do this. And if you do not, I promise you and certify on your lives that we shall enter with the aid of God into all the towns that belong to the holy kingdom, and will make there a good lasting peace, come what may against us. I commend you to God. God guard you, if it please Him. Reply soon.

Before the city of Troyes, written at St. Phal, Tuesday, the fourth day of July.[1]

A pro-Burgundian chronicler, Jean Rogier, who rescued this and other documents for posterity, says that the people of Troyes at once sent word of all this, with a copy of Joan's letter, to the authorities at Reims, saying that they expected a siege, but that whatever the power of the enemy, in view of the justice of their

cause and other specified reasons, they would hold the city in obedience to the English king and the Duke of Burgundy, until death, they having "thus sworn, on the precious body of Jesus Christ." They begged the people of Reims to have pity on them, as brothers and loyal friends, and to send word to Bedford and the Duke of Burgundy for still further pity, also assistance.[1] A second letter to Reims quickly followed, saying that the enemy had arrived in person before the city, and had sent in letters, which they had taken, though not allowing the herald to enter.

The city fathers of Troyes were much disturbed. Joan had assured them that she would enter the city, whether on their invitation or otherwise, and they knew her habit of keeping such promises. To Reims, however, they repeated that they proposed to stand by their oath to resist to the death, though now modifying the form of it to read: "except by command of the Duke of Burgundy." They spoke of Joan's letter as having neither rhyme nor reason, called the writer of it a silly strutter (*coquarde*), "a fool full of the devil," saying that they had made no reply to her summons, but thrown it into the fire (doubtless thinking it bewitched) though apparently not before making a copy.

Meantime, the King's army was in fact at the gates of Troyes, all of which were firmly closed, defensive preparations showing along the walls. This was July 5, "about nine in the morning," which would indicate an early start from St. Phal, it being distant some fifteen miles. De Cagny says that it was July 8 when Charles arrived, so very likely he had maintained a royal

headquarters at St. Phal, or some other point not too near for royal safety, in case of brisk action and retreat. Like Joan, he had written to the inhabitants, his letter promising, in case they received him, to be a good lord to them.

The people of Troyes, waiting to hear from Reims, remained obdurate, though full of doubts. A priest among them, a wandering friar called Brother Richard, of whom we shall hear more presently, declared that during a sojourn among the French he had seen emissaries from Reims who had promised to deliver that city to the King. This, if true, was discouraging. After all, might it not be they were striving against the will of God?

But if the city fathers were weakening in their resolution there was as yet no visible sign of it. The arrival of the French troops became in fact a signal for warlike demonstration. The gates opened, to let out a sortie of some five or six hundred English and Burgundians, who after a brief skirmish hastily retired, the gates closing behind them — permanently, so far as war was concerned.

The fighting over, there now began a period of waiting, a siege which boded disaster, not to the beleaguered city, but to the investing army. Already at Auxerre the host of twelve thousand knights and men-at-arms had been short of provisions. The supplies contributed by that city could not last long. If Troyes held out, it was only a question of days when the glittering twelve thousand must scatter in search of sustenance and the King return ignominiously whence he came.

The siege could hardly have endured more than a single day but for the earlier counsel of the Brother Richard already mentioned. Much more has been written than is known of this striking figure, who appears to have been that mixture of charlatan and evangelist common to all ages. Monstrelet, a Burgundian chronicler, has it that he was banished from Paris and elsewhere for making predictions favourable to the French.[1]

Whatever else he was, one must acknowledge that he was something of a prophet. During the previous winter he had appeared in Troyes and the neighbouring towns, exhorting the people, among other things, to sow beans, in preparation for one who would soon come. "Sow, good people! Sow abundance of beans, for he who comes will come quickly!" Such, we are told, had been his words, the truth of which was now apparent. The King had come, and Joan, and with them a great army whose support in part was the ripening wheat, rubbed from the ear in the hand, but chiefly the succulent beans that made green wide stretches of fertile hillside. "The army suffered greatly from hunger; no less than five or six thousand of the soldiers were without bread for nearly a week, and but for the beans, sown by the admonishment of a *cordelier* named Brother Richard, many would have died. . . . And by reason of this famine, and because the Troyens would not submit, some counselled the King that he should return without going farther, the city of Châlons and likewise of Reims being in the hands of the adversaries."[2]

At this point the King summoned a council of his leaders and advisers, to decide what should be done. Why Joan was not at first included among those invited can only be surmised. Royal chronicler Jean Chartier, from whom all others have borrowed their versions, tells the story of what followed. Modern historians have paraphrased it, each to his purpose. The present writer prefers its original form.

"And the King sent for the Duke of Alençon, the Duke of Bourbon, the Count of Vendôme, and several other lords and captains, with others of his Council in great number, to advise him what to do. And it was there put in deliberation before the said Council, by the Archbishop of Reims, Chancellor of France, that the army could not well remain longer before the city of Troyes, for several reasons: first because of the great famine that was among the army, there being no supplies coming from anywhere; and also that there was nobody with any money; and further that it would be a marvellous thing to take the city of Troyes which was strong, well supplied with provisions, with arms and with people; and according to what one could see, those within had no wish to surrender and place the city in submission to the King of France; and also that there were neither *bombards* nor artillery,[1] nor sufficient number of men to prevail over the said city; and furthermore there was no French town or fortress from which one could have aid or succour nearer than Gien on the Loire, which was more than thirty leagues from the army.

"And so alleged and named several other reasons and

inconveniences which it was very apparent could happen to the army.[1] And the King commanded the Chancellor to ask the opinion of those present at the Council what was best to do. Whereupon the Chancellor commenced by asking a number, charging that each acquit himself loyally toward the King as to what should be done.

"And of the Council nearly all, in view and consideration of the things declared, and that the King had been refused the city of Auxerre with its fewer soldiers and less strength than Troyes, with other reasons that each alleged according to his understanding, were of the opinion that the King and his host should return.

"Then the Chancellor asked a senior councillor named Robert le Maçon, Lord of Trèves [he had been one of those who had listened to Joan's plea at Loches] who replied, that by his opinion it was proper to send for Joan the Maid, who was of the army and not of the Council, that it well might be that she would say something that would be profitable to the King and the company.

"He said further, that when the King had set out on this undertaking, he had not done so because of the great force of arms he had, nor because of the great sums with which he was provided to pay his soldiers, nor indeed because the journey seemed to him very feasible; but solely had undertaken this journey on the advice of Joan the Maid, who had steadily urged him to go to his coronation at Reims, saying that he would find there little resistance, and that this was the will of God; that if Joan counselled nothing further than

already had been said, then he was of the common opinion: that is to say, that the King and his army should return whence they had come; but that the said Joan might say something on which the King could base another conclusion.

"And following the opinion of Messire Robert le Maçon, they sent for Joan the Maid, who entering the Council made reverence to the King, according as she was accustomed. And it was told her by the Chancellor that the King had sent for her in order to make known the difficulties of the situation, as debated by the Council . . . in order that she might express an opinion to the King as to what further might be done.

"The Maid, addressing her answer to the King, asked if he would believe what she would tell him. To which he replied that if she said something profitable and reasonable, he would willingly believe it.

"Then again she spoke, asking if she would be believed, and the King answered yes, according to what she would say. Whereupon she said to him:

"'Noble King of France, if you will remain here before your city of Troyes, it will be in your domination within two days, whether through force or through love; and of this make no doubt.'

"Upon which the Chancellor said to her: 'Joan, could we be certain of having it in *six* days, we might well wait; but do you speak as you see?' [*mais dittez vous voir?*] And again she said that she had no doubt. At which opinion of Joan the Maid, the King and his Council ceased debate, and it was decided to remain.

"Joan the Maid, on a courser, her staff in her hand,

rode among the army and set knights and squires at work, and all others of whatever rank, carrying faggots, doors, tables, shutters [probably from the houses of the suburbs] and other things necessary to make shelters and approaches against the said city, and to seat any guns they might have; and made such marvellous diligence as might have made a captain bred all his days to war."

Dunois adds to Chartier's account that Joan set up her tent near the moat and herself worked with an energy that no two or three of the most experienced soldiers could have equalled. The bold city fathers who had sworn the most sacred oath to defend the city until their death paled at the night spectacle of a white-armoured figure shouting orders in preparation for the assault at daybreak. They remembered Jargeau and forgot their oath.

"She worked," says Dunois, "in suchwise during the night that next morning the bishop and the burgesses of Troyes made their submission to the King, shivering and trembling. Afterward it was learned that from the moment that Joan had advised the King not to retire from before the city, the people had lost courage and thought only of taking refuge in the churches." [1]

The delegation which came out to offer submission appears to have been preceded by Brother Richard, considerably perturbed. The story of this is from Joan herself. Those of the city sent him, she said, doubting that she came from God. As he approached he made the sign of the cross, sprinkling holy water. Perhaps this amused Joan, for she said to him:

"Approach boldly, I will not fly away."

Joan entered the city at the King's side, carrying her banner. Brother Richard, as she thought, entered at the same time, though she did not remember seeing him there. It is quite likely that he did so. He was in high favour at the moment. His prophecy had been verified; his beans had saved the army; he had been chosen to receive the Maid. He is said to have preached a sermon in praise of her, and he promptly attached himself to her train.

IV

THE WAY TO REIMS. COMRADES FROM DOMREMY. "SHE SAID THAT SHE FEARED ONLY TREACHERY"

THE Maid's entry into Troyes was like her entries elsewhere. The people, most of whom were loyal, flocked about her, striving to touch her, holding up their children to see her, weeping in the joy of their deliverance.

It was the morning of July 9 that Troyes yielded, though the formal entry seems to have been made on the tenth, a day having been consumed in adjusting the terms of surrender. The agreement provided for the yielding of the city only, the English and Burgundian soldiers being allowed to retire with their chattels, a provision which Joan promptly repudiated when she saw them leading off, as part of their property, a number of French prisoners. She halted this procession, and Charles out of his lean purse was obliged to ransom them, at the rate of about a silver franc each. At the church that day she held a child at the font for baptism, a thing that many mothers required of her

It was at Troyes that the detestable treaty had been made by which Henry V became Regent of France, and in the church of St. Jean he had married Catherine, for whose little son were now claimed the thrones of both France and England. To Charles there must have been satisfaction in entering the city where he had been deprived of his birthright. Furthermore, the surrender of Troyes opened the way to Reims.

Regnault de Chartres, archbishop of that city, had thus far taken small part in its affairs. Now, from Troyes, he wrote, requiring the people to receive the King honourably at his coronation.[1] Between letters from Burgundy and Bedford, denouncing Charles and ridiculing the Maid, urging the city to hold out against them, and excited and contradictory letters from Troyes and Châlons, Reims had its own troubles. There was scarcely a doubt, however, but that it would yield. Strongly French, it was ready to return to its old allegiance. The submission of Troyes insured the submission of Reims, of Châlons, of a score of towns of varying importance. English domination in France was doomed.

The archbishop's letter to Reims was written July 12, and on the same day Joan and the King with their great following left Troyes. Beyond Troyes towns and villages were ready for them. Percival de Cagny, who rode with that gleaming pageant under the July sun, writes:

"And as the King passed along, all the fortresses of the country came under his submission, because the Maid sent always some of those who were under her standard, to say at each of the fortresses to those within: 'Surrender to the King of Heaven, and to the noble King Charles.' And these having knowledge of the great marvels that had taken place in the presence of the Maid, all placed themselves freely in submission to the King. And to those who refused, she went in person, and all obeyed her. Sometimes on the way she rode in the main army, with the King; at other times

with the advance-guard, and again with the rear-guard, as she found most suitable."

It is likely that they went by way of Arcis, a very old town on the Aube, but along any road between Troyes and Châlons are ancient timbered houses whose dwellers could have seen Joan and the King pass, not from the windows, but from the roadside, many of them kneeling, bending forward to touch her stirrup or to kiss her hand. Villages there are not far apart. The way from Troyes to Reims must have been lined with adoring multitudes. At Rouen, when her judges were trying to convict her of accepting worship, she said simply that many persons liked to see her, and had kissed her clothing, which she had prevented as much as she could. She added that the poor people had come to her gladly, for the reason that she did not cause them unhappiness, but sustained them as well as was in her power.

At Bussy-Lettrée, a village thirty-five miles above Troyes, the King was met by emissaries from Chalôns-sur-Marne, some ten or a dozen miles farther along. "Benignly received and favourably heard" they returned to Châlons, where a general assembly agreed to render complete submission to Charles and to carry him the keys of the city to his camp at Bussy-Lettrée. The keys delivered, Châlons reported the fact to Reims, adding that "the King was of person sweet and gracious, pitying and merciful, of fine manner and high understanding, and that not for anything would they have done otherwise; and counselled the said inhabitants of Reims, without delay and for their good, that they

should go before the King and make submission to him, and acquire great joy and honour thereby." [1]

On the morning of July 14 the King and Joan with their great following rode into Châlons-sur-Marne. Among the swaying press about them was a little group, to whom the sight of Joan riding with the King meant even more than to the others. They were friends and comrades from Domremy: one of her godfathers, Jean Morel; Gérardin d'Épinal, who had married Isabellette, with three others whose names are lost, though among them one would gladly believe was that loyal soul, Durand Laxart. Like all the rest of France they had heard of the journey to Reims and had come a week's travel, to see the little girl they had known pass by in her glory.

Later they came to her, or she and her brothers sought them out. One can hardly imagine the awe with which those simple country folk would regard their former companion, who in a brief half year had risen to heights as far above them as the stars. Testifying at the Revision, Jean Morel said:

"I saw Joan at Châlons, and she made me a present of a red dress she had worn." Was it the patched red garment in which she had set out for Vaucouleurs? Very likely. Gérardin d'Épinal testified, of that meeting:

"She said that she feared only treachery."

Not ordinary treachery, the betrayal of her person into enemy hands, but treason that would betray the cause of France.

V

REIMS

THE army remained for the night and part of the next day in and about Châlons, then again took the road, halting at Sept-Saulx, a pretty village on the Vesle, twelve miles from Reims. Their great objective was almost in sight and there was no longer any fear as to their reception. Charles had written to the people of Reims, reciting his recent victories, "accorded by divine grace," asking submission and loyalty, which by this time the city was ready to give. A delegation of its chief citizens arrived at Sept-Saulx, with gracious words and the keys to the city. The King next morning sent the archbishop into Reims, "who since he had been made archbishop had never entered there; and after dinner, toward evening, entered the King and his entire army, in the which was Joan the Maid, most regarded of all." [1]

A little to the eastward of Reims there is a rise of ground from which Joan first saw the great cathedral towers loom against the afternoon sky, the setting of her dream made visible. All about her would be excitement and eager pointing. One who loved the Maid has pictured the scene:

"Huzzah after huzzah swept the army from van to rear; and as for Joan of Arc, there where she sat her horse gazing, clothed all in white armour, dreamy, beautiful, and in her face a deep, deep joy, a joy not of earth,

oh, she was not flesh, she was spirit! Her sublime mission was closing — closing in flawless triumph." [1]

Then presently they were in the city, the people swarming about them, a tossing, irresistible river that swept them to the doors of their lodging-place.

Joan may have known that her father was in that crowd. Those she had met at Châlons could have told her that he was on the way to the great spectacle, to see the daughter whom he had once threatened to drown, in the moment when she scaled the heights of fulfilment. He had doubtless overcome his prejudices to a point where he was not only enormously proud of her, but could bask somewhat in her reflected noontide. There is a tradition that Joan's mother, the devout and tireless Isabelle Romée, accompanied him on this pilgrimage, but the records make no mention of her. Moreover, as we have seen, Isabelle herself earlier in the year had been on a far pilgrimage, even to Le Puy en Velay, and Jacques d'Arc might now properly consider it his turn.

Arriving at Reims he had secured lodgings across the square from the cathedral, at an inn called "*l'Ane Rayé*," The Striped Ass, which if he recalled his former dark misgivings and fierce threats, may have seemed to him a suitably named shelter. At all events, it was conveniently located, and it may be set down as certain that he did not conceal his high estate, and that almost immediately upon her arrival, through her brothers or otherwise, he made his way to Joan.

There was to be no delay in the coronation. Nobody wished to delay it. Thrifty Reims in particular did

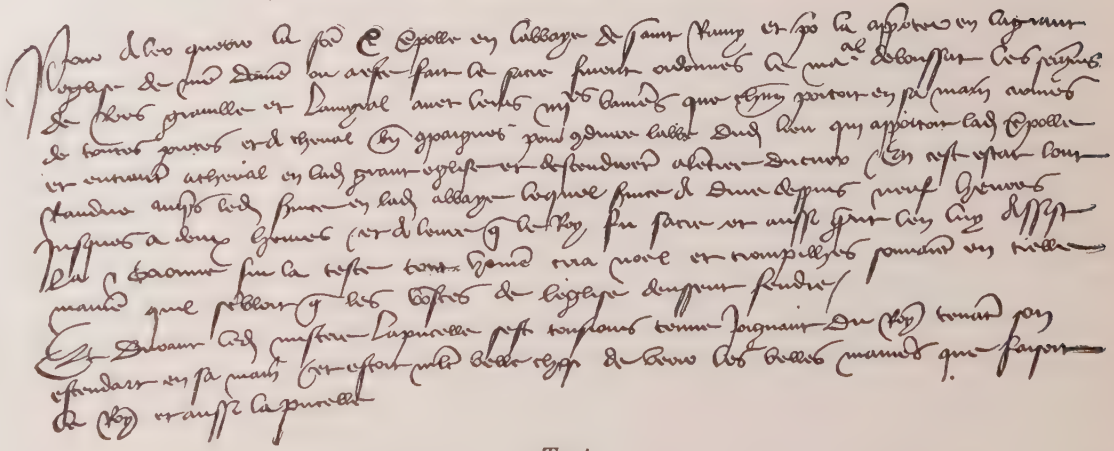
not care to have the army on her hands to feed a day longer than necessary. Joan told her judges that the King made haste, at the request of the people of Reims, who wished to save themselves from the burden of keeping the army. According to one account, "throughout the night there was great diligence, in order that all might be ready by morning. And it was a thing most marvellous that one found in the city all the great and necessary articles, not having those that are guarded at St. Denis in France"; that is to say, certain rich priestly vestments and royal paraphernalia.

At an early hour next morning — it was Sunday, July 17, 1429 — four nobles, according to ancient custom, were sent to the church of St. Remy to escort from there the abbot bringing the Sacred Ampoule, or phial of holy oil, believed to have been brought from heaven by a dove, for the consecration of Clovis in 496, and since held sacred for the anointing of French kings. The nobles took the accustomed oath to conduct and re-conduct the precious vessel safely, and "carried it very devotedly and solemnly, the abbot being clothed in pontifical habit, having above him a rich banner of gold."

At an agreed point on the way to the cathedral this procession was met by the Archbishop of Reims, also richly clothed and accompanied by the canons of the church, who now received the Sacred Ampoule, which was borne impressively to the cathedral and there placed upon the altar. According to a letter written that day by three gentlemen of Anjou — a sort of report to Queens Marie and Yolande, neither being

PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY THREE GENTLEMEN OF ANJOU, WITNESSES OF THE CORONATION CEREMONIES, TO QUEENS YOLANDE OF ARAGON AND MARIE OF ANJOU.

(Archives of Riom; facsimile from Wallon's Jeanne d'Arc.)



Text

Pour aler querir la saint Empolle en labbaye de Saint-Ramy et pour la appourter en la grant eglise de Nostre-Dame ou a este fait le sacre furent ordonnes le mareschal de Boussac les seigneurs de Rees Graville et lamyral avec leurs quatres banieres que chacun portoit en sa main armes de toutes pieces et a cheval bien compaignes pour conduire labbe dudit lieu qui apportoit ladite Empolle

et entrairent a cheval en ladite grant eglise et descendirent a lentree du cuer. En cest estat lont randue ampres ledit service en ladite abbaye lequel service a dure depuis neuf heures jusques a deux heures. Et a leure que le Roy fu sacre et aussi quant len luy assist la coronne sur la teste tout homme cria noel et trompilhes sonnoient en tielle maniere quil sembloit que les voustes de leglise deussent fendre.

Et durant ledit mistere la pucelle sest tousjours tenue joignant du Roy tenants on estendart en sa main. Et estoit moult belle chose de veoir les belles manieres que faisoit le Roy et aussi la pucelle.[1]

Translation

To seek the Sacred Ampoule in the abbey of Saint Remy, and to bring it to the great church of Nôtre Dame where the sacrament took place, were ordered the Marshal de Boussac, the lords de Rais, Graville and the admiral, with their four banners that each carried in his hand, fully armed and mounted, and well accompanied, to conduct the abbeé of the said place, who brought the said Ampoule. And these entered mounted into the said great church and descended to the entrance of the choir. In the same manner after the said service they have returned it to the said abbey, the which service lasted from nine oclock until two. And at the hour that the King was anointed, and also when the crown was placed on his head, all assembled cried out '*Noël!*' And trumpets sounded in such manner that it seemed the vaults of the church must be riven apart.

And during the said mystery the Maid was ever near the King, holding her standard in her hand. And it was a most fair thing to see the beautiful bearing of the King and of the Maid.

[1] In the French script of that day, accent and punctuation were almost unknown.

present — the nobles escorting the holy oil were in full armour, carrying each his banner; and reaching the cathedral rode their horses into the great church, to the entrance of the choir — almost to the very altar itself! Truly a startling spectacle. But here the letter itself, the report of eyewitnesses of a great event, demands quotation:

"Our Sovereigns and very honoured ladies: May it please you to know that yesterday the King arrived in this city of Reims, where he found all in complete obeisance. Today he has been anointed and crowned; and a fair thing it was to see the beautiful mystery, for it was as solemn and as fully furnished with all the requirements appertaining thereunto, as well and as suitably appointed for its performance, with as many royal robes and other things necessary to the occasion, as if all had been ordered a year before; and there were so many persons as would be a thing without end to write, and, as well, the great joy that each felt.

"My Lords the Duke of Alençon, the Count of Clermont, the Count of Vendôme, the Lords of Laval and of La Trémouille were there in royal habit, and My Lord the Duke of Alençon knighted the King, and those above mentioned represented the peers of France. My Lord d'Albret held the sword during the said mystery before the King, and for the peers of the Church there were, with their crosses and mitres, My Lords of Reims and of Châlons, who are peers, while in the place of others, the Bishops of Séez and of Orleans, and two other prelates; and my Lord of Reims performed the said mystery and consecration which to him belonged."

The writer here interrupts himself to tell of the quest for the Sacred Ampoule, as already narrated. He then closes his account of the coronation:

"The which service lasted from nine o'clock until two. And at the hour that the King was anointed, and also when the crown was placed on his head, all assembled cried out, '*Noël!*' And trumpets sounded in such manner that it seemed the vaults of the church must be riven apart.

"And during the said mystery the Maid was ever near the King, holding her standard in her hand. And it was a most fair thing to see the beautiful bearing of the King and of the Maid. And God knows it was wished that you were there.

"Tomorrow the King must depart, taking the road for Paris. The Maid has no doubt that she will bring Paris to submission.

"Our Sovereigns and revered ladies, we pray the blessed and holy spirits to give you good life and long.

"Written at Reims, this Sunday, XVIIth of July.

Your very humble and obedient servitors,
Beauvau, Moreal, Lussé."

There is no other official account of that historic event. Chroniclers in all ages have drawn upon their imaginations for details; some of the earlier ones may have had information from eyewitnesses. The "Journal of the Siege" says that when the Maid saw the King was anointed and crowned she knelt before him, and embracing his knees, said, the hot tears flowing:

"Noble King, now is accomplished the pleasure of

God, who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to this city of Reims to receive your holy coronation, thus showing that you are the true King, him to whom the throne of France must belong."

It may be so. Something of the kind she would be moved to do. The great audience, we are told, was deeply stirred. And why not? The incredible had happened: the peasant girl had made good her promise. Unknown in January, in July she had crowned a king. They were witnessing an event without counterpart in human history.

There has been much discussion and idle speculation as to the crown used at Reims. Joan's judges seized upon the supposed mystery of it as something to investigate and her answers furnish our only real information on the subject. When asked if the King had a crown at Reims, she replied that, in accordance with what she believed, the King willingly took what he found at Reims, but that another quite rich was brought to him later; that he did this to make haste, by request of the people of Reims. She added that had he waited he could have had one "a thousand times richer," pardonable hyperbole under the strain of long questioning. It seems a very simple matter: there was a crown and coronation robe among the treasures of the cathedral, or at St. Remy, and these, because of haste, were used for the ceremony.

No one has left a hint of how Joan herself was decked for this supreme occasion, but it seems certain that she would wear her armour, with its scars of battle, and over it one of the rich garments bestowed by the Duke

of Orleans. Painters, historians, novelists have pictured the scene, and Joan, as fancy directed them, and each of us may do as much. Her page, Louis de Contes, could have enlightened us on this and other precious details, for he was present, probably very near her. Yet he only says:

"I attended the coronation. In my quality of page I never quit Joan." Graceless boy! truly. To have mingled with such glories and to have left so much untold! Bursting with pride he had been, yet he merely adds that he continued with the Maid to Paris, with which casual word, and a tribute to her character, this blithe picture-book boy steps out of our pages, the most fortunate youth in history.

Another of that great assembly whose whole being must have rocked with the wonder of it, was the peasant Jacques d'Arc; and we pause here a moment to complete the tale of his sojourn, a happy human episode, of which there are none too many in this heart-laden history.

In all likelihood Joan's father met the King, for on the morning after the coronation, at Joan's request, Charles VII gave him something that would cause the sturdy peasant to be held in grateful remembrance for generations to come; this being no less than the royal promise that the heavily burdened villages of Domremy and Greux should from that time be forever free of taxation of every sort — a promise made good at the end of the month by royal decree, giving full and due notice to all officials:

"That in behalf and at the request of our well-

beloved Joan, the Maid, and for the great, high, notable, and profitable service which she has rendered to us, and each day renders in the recovery of our dominions, we have granted, and do grant, of special grace, by these presents, to the peasants and habitants of the towns and villages of Greux and Domremy, in the said district of Chaumont in Bassigny, that they be now and hereafter free, quit, exempt, of all taxes, aids, subsidies and subventions, placed and to be placed on the said district."

There was more of it, but the rest is embroidery. It was as near eternal as any earthly decree could be made, and during more than three hundred and sixty years the tax-books of that district bore after the names of Domremy and Greux the words "*Neant, la Pucelle*" (Nothing, the Maid). Then came the Revolution, and this modest grace, the only thing that Joan ever asked of France, was abolished.

Jacques d'Arc resisted the temptation of immediately going home with the great news. Perhaps he knew something of kings' promises, and waited in Reims for the official documents. Furthermore, the King on his own account had caused him to be presented with a purse of sixty francs, a large sum when one remembers that a horse could be bought for twelve, and Jacques may have been in no haste to leave the comfort of *L'Ane Rayé*, where he must now have been held in great honour, and where the famous wine of the district would flow. He remained a good two months, until the eighteenth of September. That he was regarded in Reims as a personage is certain, for the records of that city show that the town council voted to pay his

bill in full to the Widow Moriau, proprietor of his hotel, and to present him with a horse on which to return home.[1]

Try to consider — it is not a dream, or fiction, but reality — there was once a time when a simple peasant was riding home, the father of a girl of seventeen who had won great battles and crowned a king; in his pocket a document that relieved his villages from taxation, made them unique among all the villages of France. No fairy-tale was ever more wonderful.

Sturdy Jacques d'Arc, going home father of the idol of France, and in his own person benefactor of his people. It was Jacques' hour, and blessedly he could not look ahead.[2]

VI

WHERE JOAN AND THE KING PASSED BY

THE pilgrim who would follow today the way of the coronation journey must, for the greater part, leave the high roads to one side and pursue narrow ways that wind among rolling lands, leading mainly by small and poor villages to arrive at last at the larger halting-places. Today less wooded, it is a country of rich fields, and of a contented if not too prosperous people. In Joan's time much of it had been desolated by war. Wars have swept it since, a part of it even in our own day, but with years of peace the scars have been largely overgrown.

Of Auxerre Joan and the King saw little more than the outer walls, and presently passed on, probably by Pontigny, to St. Florentin, today a rather sleepy town, with a few ancient landmarks. It must have been a walled town when Joan saw it, but it would be hard to find more than traces of its ramparts today; its castle is but a fragment, while the ancient little church on the hilltop is not certainly of the period. It seems more likely to have been built later in the century.

From St. Florentin to St. Phal the old road is intricate and uncertain. At all events it was to the right of the present main road, and went twisting among the low hills, where every little way are picture villages, some of which certainly saw the army pass. St. Phal was just one of these, perhaps a little larger than most of them. The town itself was on a hill, but a little

to the south was a valley and a stream, a desirable camping-place. Then, too, evening was approaching, and being not far from Troyes it doubtless lay within the borders of that fertile district which, by reason of Brother Richard's admonishment, was succulent with beans.

Probably St. Phal had never known such a day — has never known such a day since — as that July afternoon when Joan and her king and their blaze of cavaliers rode up the valley, followed by a seemingly endless queue of soldiers who forthwith began to pitch their camps and light their evening fires. The tiny village earned a place in history that day, even if map-makers do customarily ignore it. "Written at St. Phal the fourth day of July;" thus closed Joan's letter to the people of Troyes, and the little town's claim on immortality was assured. St. Phal gave the lives of eighteen of its young men to the World War, and remembers them today with a handsome shaft.

In Troyes there is a good deal that Joan could have seen. She must have visited the cathedral; it may have been here that she held the child at the font for baptism. It is a stately, beautiful place, dating from the thirteenth century, above its choir some luminous windows through which the vesper light once shone on Joan of Arc. St. Jean, where Catherine married Henry, still stands, also beautiful St. Urbain. All of these have statues of Joan; also, now that she is a saint, chapels for her, very near, or just behind, the main altar.

Five hundred years have transformed Troyes. It

is still a rich and important city, but like most others its walls are down, and Charles and Joan, riding in today, would need to inquire its name. Nevertheless, there are winding streets, with timbered houses which have stood against time and change, whose occupants of that far-off summer saw the Maid and the King ride by.

From Troyes to Arcis the road must be about the same. All the towns are ancient, and at Arcis is a beautiful old church where Joan surely paused, if ever so briefly. It was at Arcis, two hundred and thirty years later, that another (and how different) liberator, Danton, was born.

From Arcis the old road winds again, and up and down and roundabout comes at last to Bussy-Lettrée, where the burgesses of Châlons came, to offer submission and the keys of their city. Bussy-Lettrée, like St. Phal, distinguished for its unimportance, unloved by guide-books and map-makers, is no less sure of its place in history. After Bussy-Lettrée comes Châlons with a cathedral and other fine churches, and sagging timbered houses.

No one in Châlons today is brave enough to point out Joan's lodging-place. One can be sure of her only at the older churches: at the cathedral, for example, and at lovely St. Jean, already four hundred years old when she came. In that day St. John and the Saviour probably divided the left transept between them, but today they have moved aside a little to share it with Joan of Arc. At Notre Dame, also very old, there is a statue in which the Maid wears a long robe, curiously

Etching by R. Varine

REIMS, 1918

OLD
ST. DENIS

AT THE ALTAR OF ST. DENIS

ST. DENIS
TO-DAY

ornamented with a kind of Greek cross, which at a little distance suggests *fleur-de-lis*, the evident intention being to combine these symbols.

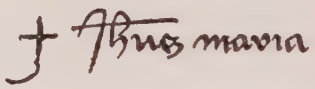
Twelve miles to the north of Châlons, at a beautiful point on the Vesle, lies Sept-Saulx, where the King received the submission, and the keys, of Reims. What Sept-Saulx may once have been would be hard to judge now, for the World War swept it, leaving it a mere mass of ruins, today growing into a wholly new town.

From Sept-Saulx the road runs straight through the battle-front, through tangled ruin and alternate reclaimed fields. The rise of ground from which Joan got her first glimpse of the cathedral has become a sort of show-place of the work of modern warfare. A little more and we enter the city of her high fulfilment, likewise left desolate by this later and more devastating harvest of human violence.

Standing through seven hundred years almost intact, the cathedral of Reims, empty and open to the winds, is a sorrowful monument to ruthless military aggression. Where Joan stood with her banner, where the King knelt to receive his crown, is a heap of rubbish and ruined entablature. The walls and towers still stand.

The same in outline, all but denuded of its rich reliefs, frail and mutilated, the great church might be a poor, pathetic ghost of its former glory. Here and there a few workmen are engaged in what seems a futile attempt at restoration. One corner less damaged than the rest has been partitioned off and reclaimed for worship. Here are gathered some of the church's treasures, the

most impressive among them being the Maid's statue by d'Epinay, the truest, at least in spirit, of all the hundreds of statues of Joan which France can show. It is Joan as she might have stood there that great day of fulfilment, though without her banner, her hands instead resting on her sword. Her dress is as it must have been: the face is of indescribable beauty, and of a sadness that wrings the heart. No wonder the assembly wept if it was thus that she appeared to them; for it is not Joan the conqueror, but Joan with a vision of all the days ahead — Joan the martyr and the saint.



PART SIX

A CROWNED FOOL

I

JOAN'S LETTER TO BURGUNDY. TWO TRICKSTERS AND THEIR DUPE. THE ONLY THING THAT JOAN FEARED, TREACHERY

No historian of Joan who has not, at this point, wished with all his heart that she might now have retired from battle and returned, if not to the peace of Domremy, at least to Orleans, or Tours, where she would be held in love and honour, while the King's armies, commanded by Alençon and Dunois and led by brave captains, concluded the salvation of France. "*Nunc dimittis*," says Andrew Lang. Now, indeed, let thy servant depart.

The wish has been father to the belief that she should have asked, even demanded, release; that her mission being fulfilled, there was neither moral nor military reason for her presence in the field. Historians in all ages have claimed that "she had done and finished what she had to do," quoting as authority Dunois' testimony that when the Maid spoke seriously, "she limited herself to affirming that she had been sent to raise the siege of Orleans, to succour the poor people oppressed in that city and neighbouring places, and to conduct the King to Reims."

Joan's words as to her mission may, or may not, have been correctly remembered by Dunois, but we have the direct testimony of Joan herself as to the work she was to do. It occurs in her examination, and in her letters. In her first notice to the English, dictated at Poitiers,

she said: "I am sent here from God, the King of Heaven, to put you out of all France." Nothing could be more certain than that she felt this to be her mission; nothing is clearer today than that she fulfilled it. She had to go on; she had to lose to win.

During a short two and a half months the Maid's military career had been one of dazzling triumph. In that brief period she had relieved Orleans, checked English aggression in France, and crowned her King. At Reims her star was at its zenith; from the moment the crown was on Charles's head and her dauphin had become King, began the decline.[1]

We have seen from the letter of Beauvau and others to Queens Marie and Yolande, that the writers believed it to be the King's purpose to march immediately upon Paris. It is certain that this was Joan's purpose, perhaps then the King's as well; also, that a dash upon Paris, poorly garrisoned and overawed by Joan's triumphs, would have opened the gates. Nothing of the kind took place. The King did not leave Reims next day, nor the next, nor the next. The treachery which had been the one thing feared by Joan was hatching. The interests of La Trémouille and Regnault de Chartres would not be served by a victory too complete. As usual they were negotiating with Burgundy. They had now a real king, duly crowned, to play against the little English sovereign, who had never been crowned and could not now get to Reims.

Joan herself wished for peace with Burgundy, if he would separate himself from the English. In June, she had written to him, begging him to attend the corona-

tion, receiving no reply. On the morning of the great event, she wrote again:

✠ JESUS MARIA

Great and honoured prince, Duke of Burgundy: Joan the Maid summons you by the King of Heaven, her rightful and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you make a good, firm peace, long to endure. Pardon one another fully with good hearts, as loyal Christians should do, and if it be your pleasure to make war, then go against the Saracens.

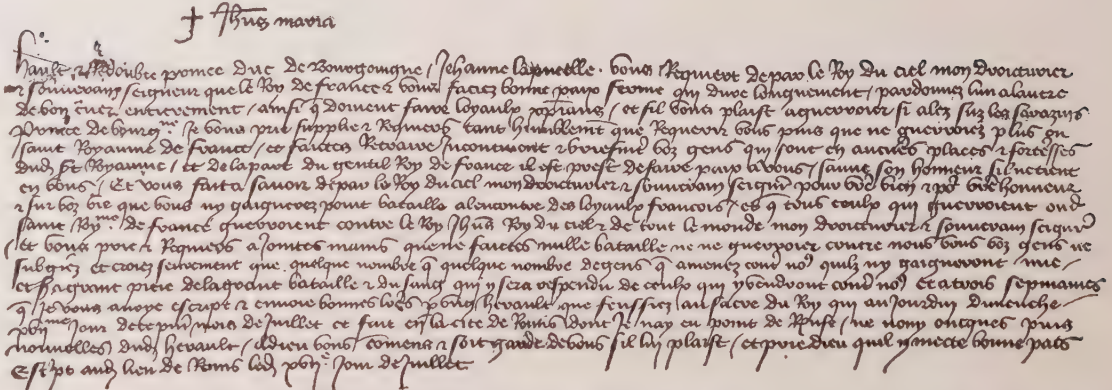
Prince of Burgundy, I beg of you, supplicate and require as humbly as I can, to war no more on the holy kingdom of France, and to withdraw immediately and without delay your people who are in any places and fortresses of this holy kingdom, and from the domain of the noble King of France; he is ready to make peace with you, preserving his honour; all rests with you. And I make you to know by the King of Heaven, my rightful and sovereign Lord, for your good, and for your honour and your life, that you will gain no battle in an encounter with the loyal French, and that all those who make war in the said holy kingdom of France war against the King Jesus, King of Heaven and all the world, my rightful and sovereign Lord. I pray and beseech you with clasped hands no longer to battle or make war against us, neither you, your people, nor your subjects. And believe surely that whatever number of people you may lead against us, they will gain nothing, and there will be great sorrow from the blood that will be shed by those who shall come against us.

It is three weeks since I wrote to you and sent good letters by a herald that you might come to the coronation of the King, which today, Sunday, XVIIth day of the present month of July, takes place in the city of Reims: whereto I have had no reply, nor have since heard news of the said herald. I recommend you to God, that He may guard you, if it be His will, and I pray God to grant good peace.

Written at the said place of Reims, the XVIIth day of July.

Letter from Joan to the Duke of Burgundy

Written on the morning of the Coronation. (Archives du Nord à Lille)



This letter, which must have been written by a secretary especially chosen for the occasion, is a very beautiful example of the script of that period, sufficiently clear for the student of archaic French to decipher without much trouble.

A full English translation appears on the preceding page.

Burgundy plainly did not propose to have any dealings with Joan, whom he probably regarded as a witch. He was desirous, however, of playing safely the game of politics with Charles, through the mercenary La Trémouille and his chief colleague, Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims. On the very day of the coronation there arrived at Reims an embassy from Burgundy with proposals for a treaty, gladly enough welcomed by Joan had there been any provision for uniting French and Burgundian forces.

The proposals contemplated nothing of the sort, but suggested the immediate cessation of hostilities, with the yielding of Paris by Burgundy *after some specified time*. Treaties made in this way generally came to nothing in the end, being mere subterfuges to permit one side or the other to prepare more leisurely for attack or defence, usually the latter, as in this instance. La Trémouille and the archbishop had a deep and abiding love for such negotiations, a love that amounted to a passion, the passion for gain. We do not know what persuasions they used with the King, but perhaps one may be allowed to imagine something of their substance.

Scene: The King's lodgings at Reims.

Present: The King, La Trémouille, and Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims. It does not matter which of the councillors speaks first. It could be the archbishop; it is always the King who answers.

"Your Majesty, by the grace of God, has won great victories. Now, the Duke of Burgundy desires to negotiate."

"The Maid counsels moving directly on Paris. She will not hear to treaties, except Burgundy join his army to ours."

"Your Majesty, the duke is a powerful enemy. The treaty provides for peace and his withdrawal from Paris in a given time."

"The Maid has little faith in Burgundy. Her Voices counsel immediate movement on Paris, except he join us."

"But in a little time Burgundy will yield Paris, and do this. The English must then retire to their own shores. France will be united without further bloodshed."

"The Maid says there must be no delays."

"The Maid may be misled by false spirits."

"Her counsel thus far has been wise. It has given me my crown and many good cities."

"Truly, your Majesty, but the Maid had two charges: to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct you to Reims to receive your crown. These have been accomplished. Is it not tempting Providence rashly now to follow her, seeing that her great mission is fulfilled?"

"I would gladly enter Paris."

"All in good time, your Majesty; the duke's treaty will provide for that. To go in haste is to court destruction. Paris rent by dissensions is a fearsome place. There could be uprisings, assassinations ——"

"But the Maid ——"

"The Maid spoke only of Orleans and Reims. These later Voices — who can tell? Nothing is to be gained

by haste. You have your crown, your good cities, your strong castles. Burgundy will cast off his English alliance and yield Paris. A little time, your Majesty, the land is weary of war."

It had an easy, alluring sound; and how easy, how fatally easy it must have been to administer such palatable poison to that vacillating, paltering monarch. A treaty was arranged with Burgundy, a treaty which he never meant to keep, providing for the surrender of Paris at the end of fifteen days, an arrangement which would leave Charles not a conqueror, but a suppliant.

It was on Sunday that the King was crowned, and it was on Thursday, July 21, that he finally left Reims, not for Paris, but for Corbény, which lies seventeen miles on the road to Laon, in quite another direction.

There was traditional precedent for this excursion. At Corbény was an abbey of St. Marcoul, "to which place the kings of France are accustomed to go, after their coronation; there being administered to them a certain service and mystery, through which it is said the King of France may cure the scrofula." [1] That is to say, by touching the patient, for which reason the malady came to be called "King's Evil."

II

WASTED DAYS. A LETTER FROM BEDFORD

Perceval de Cagny records that the King dined and slept at the abbey of St. Marcoul, where were brought to him the keys of the city of Laon. This was well enough, for Laon was a good and strong town, but many strong towns of the north were only too ready to return to French sovereignty, and most of the rest could have been gained at a stroke by an immediate march on Paris, where, even while his emissaries were treating with the gullible Charles for delay, the Duke of Burgundy was feverishly assembling the forces of defence. There is a chapter of English and Burgundian history behind this sentence, but it has no direct bearing on our story. All we need to say here is that an army gathered by Bedford's uncle, Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, for a crusade against the Hussites, was diverted from its purpose and started for the French capital.

Joan and her captains must have known this. Undoubtedly they urged and implored the King to turn a deaf ear to his poisonous advisers, to ignore Burgundy's silly promises and march straight to Paris while there was yet time. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Charles's life at this juncture could hardly have been a restful one.

Charles did not go to Laon, but to Vailly, from which place he sent messengers. Vailly was on the

way to Soissons, and next day, July 23, the army entered that city, where the King and Joan were received with the usual acclaim. Soissons was a step in the direction of Paris, sixty miles from the capital; a quick march and they would still be in time; but the purblind Charles, dazzled by surging throngs and banners of welcome, with ears only for the shouts of "Noël!" and the treacherous counsel of La Trémouille, lingered at Soissons a *full five days*. Fatal delay! On July 25 Beaufort's army was entering Paris; the opportunity for easy capture had been thrown away.

Leaving Soissons at last, Charles and his forces set out, not for Paris, but for Château-Thierry, which lay almost directly to the south. Already the effect of the changed situation was noticeable; Château-Thierry showed some resistance. De Cagny writes:

"On Friday the twenty-ninth of the said month [July] the King and his company were before Château-Thierry, his people nearly all day in order of battle, expecting that the Duke of Bedford would come to fight them;" though why they should have expected the duke to march his men more than fifty miles, to fight, when he had just got them well settled in Paris and busy with the defences, is something of a mystery. Château-Thierry was, and has always been, an important crossing of the Marne; they may have thought he would come to its rescue. Nothing of the sort happened. "At vespers the place surrendered, and the King lodged there until Monday, the first of August. This day the King slept at Montmirail in Brie." That is to say, another fifteen miles to the south and east, a

little farther from Paris. By the next evening they had reached Provins, thirty miles farther, swinging now a little to the west, making, as appears, a kind of circle. Provins gave the King the best the city could afford and he remained there three days. In the church of St. Quiriace, still standing, Charles and Joan are said to have heard mass.

The chronicles here become fatuous and confusing. Historians have done their best to make something tangible from the record, but it has been like making a connected story of a haphazard dream. A large Anglo-Burgundian army appears from nowhere, then disappears, vaguely for Paris. The King's army travels to and fro on futile errands. Jean Chartier, whose account is the basis of all others, declares that Bedford at Paris, hearing that Charles was at Provins, which certainly was no secret, came with a great force, "saying that he wished to meet in open combat this king; the which, when he knew that the said Bedford wished to fight him, left Provins and camped in the fields with his army, near to a château named La Mote de Langis [Nangis] in Brie"; which would mean that the army marched fourteen miles to meet Bedford, in the direction of Paris. Chartier says that Charles kept his army an entire day in order of battle, with constant news that Bedford was coming, but that the latter failed to appear and returned to Paris with his host, said to number ten or twelve thousand!

Chartier goes on to relate how Charles, desiring to cross the Seine, that he might march in the direction of the Loire, turned southward to Bray, where he had

been promised submission and the freedom of the bridge, but that during the night "there arrived a certain quantity of English," and of the French who endeavoured to pass some were killed and the rest robbed (*destroussez*). "By this means," says Chartier, "the passage was prevented; at which the Duke of Bar, the Duke of Alençon, the Duke of Bourbon, the Count of Vendôme, the Count of Laval, Joan the Maid, and several others were very joyous and content, for the reason that the purpose to pass was against their will and wish." Whereupon the certain quantity of English apparently faded back into the nowhere they set out from, while Charles and his army gave up the notion of the Loire, and headed for Paris via Coulommiers, which was a day's march from the capital.

Two questions here promptly present themselves. One: How could an army which had been prevented from crossing a bridge by what was no more than a wandering detachment of the English, hope to make headway against the moated, bastioned, and heavily garrisoned capital? Two: Why, if Charles was bent on reaching the Loire, was it necessary for him to turn back at all? Even if those ill-mannered English would not let him pass at Bray, he could bend a little to the east, to Nogent, where doubtless he would have been granted the use of a bridge.

To the present writer it does not seem that Chartier's story is to be regarded as history. In the first place, de Cagny, who was continually present, makes no reference of any sort to the affairs of Nangis and Bray, the latter an astonishing omission, supposing it to have

occurred, for de Cagny was devoted to Alençon and Joan, and would hardly have failed to mention a thing which gave them such satisfaction. In the second place there would have been no turning back had the King really wished to cross at Bray. An order from Charles was as Holy Writ to Joan. She would have swept forward with her banner, and the cry: "Forward with God!" and that certain quantity of English would have been as chaff in a whirlwind. In the third place, why should Bedford wish to head off an army that was apparently getting out of the country, bound for the Loire, where it would be no menace to Paris and would presently disband? That he should leave Paris with a great army for the purpose of turning Charles back hardly fits with Bedford's reputation for good sense.

The records, however, show that on August 4 Bedford did leave Paris with Beaufort's army, "to combat the enemies who were in the country of Brie, and thereabouts, in several villages and fortresses which they have recently recovered."[1] Yet there is nothing to suggest that he wished to turn back Charles's army; his apparent purpose being to reconquer the towns which had rendered submission to Charles, a necessary step, Paris being dependent on them for supplies. If he could speed Charles on his way, so much the better. It is true that the Burgundian chronicler, Monstrelet, says that Bedford was anxious to meet Charles in battle, but as there could have been no lack of opportunity in the level fields about Provins, Nangis, and Bray, we may take this statement with plenty of Burgundian salt.

Bedford was at Montereau August 7, for from that place and on that day he wrote Charles a letter into which he emptied all the venom and exasperation accumulated during the three months of Joan's successful campaign. Bedford was not strong in French composition, and his letter is an amazing example of incoherence and abuse, of about the fish-wife variety. No insult that he could think of, either for Joan or the King, was left unsaid.[1]

"Charles of Valois, who styled yourself Dauphin, and now without cause call yourself King," thus he addresses him, and charges him with warring against Henry, "by grace of God, true, natural, and rightful King of France and England," abusing and seducing the simple people, with the aid of a woman, lawless and defamed, wearing the habit of man, and a mendicant priest (Brother Richard) both abominable to God. He accuses Charles of culpability in the murder of John the Fearless, whom he refers to in the highest and most affectionate terms, and, as is customary in warfare, blames the other side for all the horrors following in its train. He will hear Charles, if he has anything to offer; he has pursued him, he says, from place to place, and is ready to meet him in a "day of battle" that shall decide between them.

Of this tirade there are several pages, a letter of sound and fury with the usual significance. Charles with his army had left that locality and was already at Coulommiers, thirty-six miles in the direction of Paris, when it was written; all of which Bedford well knew. As for a later meeting, we shall see presently that when

the two armies did face each other in the open, the warlike Bedford did not press for a decision of arms.

If Bedford had any real purpose in this letter, other than to vent his spleen, it could have been to provoke Charles into breaking his truce with the Duke of Burgundy by a premature attack on Paris, after which there could be no excuse for expecting the duke to keep his agreement to deliver the capital at the end of fifteen days. Burgundy would not do that anyway, but Bedford, as Regent of the "rightful King by the grace of God," would wish to make a fair appearance, to keep the said grace of God on his side.

III

THE RETURN TOWARD PARIS. JOAN WRITES A LETTER TO REIMS. LONGING FOR HOME

FROM a letter written by Joan at this time we gather that the army left Provins during the afternoon of August 5, and turning north camped in the fields. As to why Charles had again taken the road for Paris, a simple answer is that he had never really set out for the Loire but had been merely killing time, circling about the capital, waiting for the fifteen days of Burgundy's treaty to expire, hoping, dupe that he was, that it really might be fulfilled. He had kept moving, because no one town could long provision his army. Provins had done better than the others, and he had lingered there three days. Joan's letter, which here follows, fits with these conclusions. It was written to the people of Reims, who must have been alarmed at the continued retirement of the King's army and the increase of Bedford's forces.

My dear and good friends, the good and loyal French of the city of Reims: Joan the Maid lets you know her news, and asks and beseeches that you have no doubt in the good cause that she leads for the royal blood; and I promise and certify that I shall not abandon you as long as I shall live.

It is true that the King has made truce with the Duke of Burgundy, enduring fifteen days, by which he must render the city of Paris at the end of fifteen days. Nevertheless, do not marvel if I do not enter so soon; howbeit that truces are made in that way, I am by no means pleased and know not if I shall keep them. But if I keep them, it will be solely to guard the honour of the King;[1] howbeit, also, they shall

not delude the blood-royal, for I shall keep and hold together the King's army, to be all ready at the end of the said fifteen days, if they do not make peace. For which reason, my very dear and perfect friends, I pray that you will give yourselves no uneasiness as long as I shall live; but beg you to keep good watch, and guard the good city of the King; and let me know if there are any traitors who would harm you, and the soonest that I can I will remove them; and let me know your news.

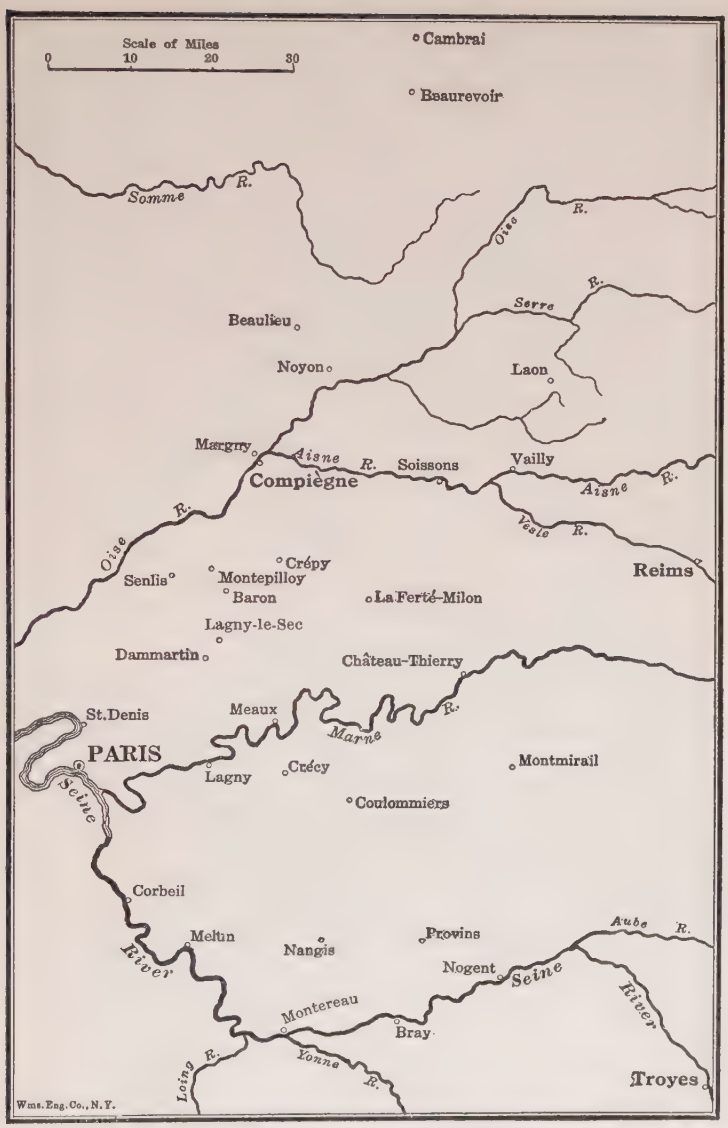
May God to whom I commend you be your guard.

Written this Friday, fifth day of August, near a camp in the field, on the Paris road.

On the address, *To the loyal French people of the city of Reims:*

Joan's attitude in this letter is lofty, but warranted. Because of her the army had enlisted; the only important French victories for years she had won; an invertebrate dauphin she had converted into a king, poor enough, but the best that France could offer, and all the more reason why somebody else should lead. With her achievements, her invisible guidance, her common sense, a quality sadly lacking in that day, she was the natural leader. If, on the day of Charles's coronation at Reims, she could have ordered the execution of La Trémouille and Regnault de Chartres, the troubles of France would have come to a speedy and satisfactory end.

A portion of the letter seems contradictory, but Joan's lack of respect for Burgundy's treaty is plain enough. She recognized it for what it was, a mere subterfuge to gain time, and as such she felt in no wise bound to keep it, save only to protect the honour of the



MAP OF PARIS AND VICINITY

A general map of all routes followed by Joan of Arc, with Itinerary, will be found at the end of Volume II.

King who did so little himself in that direction. All that we know of this treaty is from Joan's letter. We do not even know when the fifteen-day period began, but if the agreement was reached at Reims, toward the end of July, it would more than likely be drawn as of August 1, in which case, it would have still ten days to run when Joan wrote her letter.

La Trémouille and the archbishop knew very well such a treaty would not be kept. That they had been paid for persuading Charles to its conditions is as certain as anything can be for which documentary proof is lacking. Burgundy on his part could, and very likely did, dangle this treaty and the possibility of his keeping it, over Bedford, to secure desirable concessions. Philip of Burgundy played the game of war and politics very comprehensively.

Joan's letter is a sad one. She is keeping up as brave a front as she can, but underneath is heartbreak and humiliation. The great opportunity had gone by; she had been betrayed and she knew it. She was never the same after Reims. "As long as I shall live," she writes to her good friends of that city. There is a weary hopelessness in her words. Her precious, limited days were racing by to no purpose.

A little later, when the army had moved still farther northward, to La Ferté Milon and Crépy-en-Valois, and the people ran before the King and Joan, "transported with joy" — it is Dunois who tells it — "crying 'Noël!', the Maid, riding between the Archbishop of Reims and myself, said: 'These are a good people. I have seen none elsewhere who have shown so much joy

at the coming of our noble King. Would God I might be happy enough when I shall finish my days to be buried in this soil!'

"At these words the archbishop said to her: 'Oh, Joan, in what place do you hope to die?'

"'Wherever it may please God,' she replied. 'I am sure neither of the time nor the place. I know no more of it than yourself. But I would that it were pleasing to God, my Creator, that I might now retire, laying arms aside, and that I might serve my father and my mother, guarding their sheep with my sister and my brothers, who would be greatly rejoiced to see me!'"

Dunois may not have remembered Joan's words exactly, but the sense of them, the feeling, he must have preserved. She was tired. Lurking forces opposed her. Hypocrisy and treachery were at her very hand. About her gathered clouds which blurred her Voices, and through which their light shone but dimly. She yearned to leave it all, to rest again in the shadow of the Fairy Tree, to listen once more to the trickle of the cooling fountain. But because her work was still unfinished, because it could not be finished so long as knaves and traitors controlled the feeble King, because it was only just begun, she could not go.

IV

THE ARMIES OF CHARLES AND BEDFORD MEET

It was on Friday, August 12, that the Maid and her King left Crépy-en-Valois, and turning southward, directly toward Paris, camped at Lagny-le-Sec. On the next day (we are following de Cagny) they kept on until near Dammartin, where they remained all day in the field, "believing the English were coming to give battle; but they did not appear."

Charles by this time must have received Bedford's letter and his army was prepared to accept its challenge. The fifteen-day truce would presently expire. What would happen? Did Charles still imagine that Burgundy would find some way to keep faith? But to think that would be too silly, though apparently there was nothing too silly for Charles to think. To Joan and her captains it was clear that peace with Burgundy and the English, and the two were one, could be made, as she now said, only at the point of the lance. And Bedford had proposed battle; so they waited in the fields near Dammartin.

Scouting parties were sent out and managed to get into skirmishes, but Bedford's army did not come. The accounts are confusing; that of de Cagny, as usual, is the most lucid. After spending a night in and about Dammartin, which is twenty miles to the northeast of Paris, the army swung back by way of Baron, in the general direction of Senlis, a town still held by the English. Whether they were hunting for Bedford or

whether Bedford came upon them encamped is not clear. De Cagny tells what followed:

"On Sunday, the fourteenth day of the month of August, the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, the Count of Vendôme, the marshals and other captains, accompanied by six or seven thousand combatants, were camped at a hedge in the fields near Montépilloy, about two leagues [eastward] from the city of Senlis. The Duke of Bedford and the English captains, accompanied by eight or nine thousand English, were camped at half a league from Senlis, between our people and that city, on a little river [the Nonette], in a village named Notre Dame de la Victoire. On this evening our people went to skirmish with the English, near their camp, and in this skirmish there were men taken on the one side and the other, and there was killed on the English side the Captain of Orbec and ten or twelve others, and some men wounded on both sides. Night came, and each returned to his camp."

If de Cagny's estimate of the strength of the armies is to be taken, Charles's force had dwindled nearly one half. Disheartened by his policies, and probably by lack of supplies, captains had withdrawn to the towns of their command. On the other hand the Burgundian chronicler Monstrelet, without giving figures, estimates Charles's soldiers as "more without comparison than were in the company of the English." The armies did not differ greatly in size. Bedford had Beaufort's English troops, with some six or eight hundred Burgundians, about six thousand in all. Again following de Cagny:

"On Monday, fifteenth day of the said month of August 1429, the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, and the company, believing this day to have battle, each and all at whatever place, made such peace as he could with his conscience, and heard mass at the earliest hour possible, after which they took to horse. They formed their line of battle near that of the English who had not moved from the place where they had camped, and all night long had fortified themselves with *paulx* and trenches, their wagons in front of them, and having the river behind them."

Apparently Bedford had no intention of meeting Charles and Joan in the open, after all. He had intrenched himself behind ditches, wagons, and an array of sharpened poles, planted points forward, a formation that at Rouvray and elsewhere had wrought disaster to the French army. It was a position which Joan had refused to attack the evening before Patay, and having now the river at the back was a very strong one.[1] Bedford displayed the banner of France along with that of England, thus giving Charles notice that he was an outlaw; also that an attack now meant an attack on Burgundians with whom he had a treaty, even though about to expire.

Monstrelet says that Joan was of diverse opinions, at one time wishing to attack, and at another time not. He does not say how he came by this knowledge. Both Monstrelet and de Cagny agree that there were frequent and bloody skirmishes. De Cagny continues:

"And when the Maid saw that they would not come into the open, her standard in her hand, she placed her-

self with the advance-guard, and led an attack even to the English defences. And in this enterprise were killed men on both sides, and because the English would not come out in force the Maid caused all to retire to the battle line, and word was sent to the English by the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, and the captains that if they would come forth and give battle, our men would withdraw and let them put themselves in battle order. Of which they would do nothing, and all day remained, making no sally except to skirmish. The night come, our people returned to their camp. And the King was all day at Montépilloy. The Duke de Bar, who had joined him at Provins,[1] was in his company, the Count of Clermont and other captains with them. And when the King saw that the English could not be made to leave their defences, and that night approached, he withdrew to sleep at Crépy"; that is to say, some eight miles back of the lines.

La Trémouille seems also to have been on the field, and according to one account had an adventure. He was a very fat man, and "mounted upon a beautiful courser, lance in hand," he must have made an impressive figure. Stirred by the skirmishes, Sire de La Trémouille became all at once warlike and struck spurs into his charger which, by adventure, fell, pitching Sire de La Trémouille into the midst of his enemies, "by which he was in great danger of being killed or taken." By some mischance he was rescued, and withdrew to Crépy with the King.[2]

The reader can hardly have failed to notice the changed character of Joan's warfare. There was no

longer a shining white figure that appeared at nightfall before the enemy's camp with fearsome warnings, and next day swept the field with whirling charges, led as though by Saint Michael himself. Distrust and treachery were taking the heart out of the Maid; the King was no longer with her — a change that was felt not only by her captains and soldiers, but by the enemy. She would still have great moments in the field, but the Joan who had rallied her men and with La Hire charged the Augustines, the Joan who wounded had led the last and victorious charge against the Tourelles, the Joan who at Jargeau had been struck down, only to spring up shouting, "Friends, up! up! Our Lord has condemned the English!" that Joan led only in semblance on the field of Montépilloy.

De Cagny says that the Maid, Alençon, and the others remained in the camp, and next morning rode to Montépilloy only to learn that the English had withdrawn to Senlis, thence to Paris. Apparently there was no attempt to follow them.[1] The French forces joined the King at Crépy, where on the following day the keys of Compiègne were delivered to him. Compiègne was a strong and important city, and Charles presently established himself there. Senlis, now that the English had gone, also made its submission, with other towns, including Beauvais, from which last retired the Burgundian bishop, Pierre Cauchon, nursing his wrath to keep it warm for a day of fearful revenge.

Bedford's eagerness to fight had been no more than a pretence, his purpose having been to provoke Charles into attacking him, to work his destruction with de-

fences like those of Rouvray, or that failing to secure record of a technical attack on Burgundy which would save appearances for the latter's truce. Bedford cared nothing for Burgundy's honour, but he had no wish to compromise the cause of his little king by what might seem an open breach of faith. Burgundy's men, six or eight hundred of them, had been behind the defences at Montépilloy which Charles had attacked. The treaty was violated in the hour of its expiration. Paris could not now be surrendered. Leaving some small portion of his men there, with Burgundy's forces believed to be sufficient for its defence, Bedford marched into Normandy, where the Constable Richemont was thanklessly carrying on war for the crown.

Monstrelet, though Burgundian, admits that many towns of Normandy and Picardy were eager to receive Charles, that had he appeared before them in force, St. Quentin, Corbie, Amiens, Abbeville, and others would have opened their gates, "desiring nothing else in the world than to make him full and free submission. Nevertheless, he was not of a mind thus to press upon the borders of the Duke of Burgundy, though strong in men-at-arms for this purpose, because of the hope he had that some good treaty would be made between them."

At which we catch our breath. It seems almost too incredible to record that Charles was contemplating another agreement with Burgundy!

V

"BY MY STAFF! I WISH TO SEE PARIS AT CLOSER RANGE." THE FATUOUSNESS OF CHARLES

JOAN, the first futile truce being ended to no purpose, and eager now to make the long-delayed attack on Paris, was deeply troubled (*moult marri*) at the King's evident desire to remain in Compiègne. "By his manner," writes de Cagny, "it appeared that he was content at this time with the grace that God had granted him, without further undertakings."

Bedford having withdrawn most of his soldiers from Paris, to Joan it seemed another opportunity for assault; none too favourable, for Burgundians there were plentiful, and the ramparts and moats, a month earlier in poor condition, were now in excellent repair. A better, however, was not to be expected, and eight days after the fiasco of Montépilloy she would wait no longer.

"She called the Duke of Alençon and said to him: '*Mon beau duc,* make ready your men and some other captains. By my staff! I wish to see Paris at closer range.'"

They prepared to leave at once, and just here occurred an incident which must have seemed slight enough at the moment, but which Joan's enemies would employ by and by toward her undoing. In the midst of preparation for departure a messenger arrived with a letter from the Count of Armagnac, who sought her as an oracle who could declare which of the three

so-called popes, there being at the time a schism in the Church, was the true vicegerent of God.

Her reply was dictated without taking thought or advice. Later, at Rouen, she said that she had been about to mount her horse at the time, and that while she may have been the author of the letter in part, she had not been the author of all of it, by which one may suppose that rather hastily she gave the substance of it to a secretary who arranged it in his own way. The letter follows:

JESUS ✠ MARIA

Count of Armagnac, my very dear and good friend: Joan the Maid lets you know that your messenger has come before me, saying that he has been sent by you to know from me as to which of the three popes noted in your letter you should believe. Of which thing I cannot truly inform you at present, until I shall be in Paris or elsewhere at leisure; for I am at present too much hindered by the fact of the war; but when you shall know that I am in Paris, send a messenger before me and I will let you know truly in which you should believe, and what I have learned of it through the counsel of my rightful and sovereign Lord, King of all the World, and what you are to do, to the best of my power.

I commend you to God; God guard you. Written at Compiègne, the XXIInd day of August.

Joan did not know that she was going out of her province in promising divine information on matters of the Church. Her Voices, to her, were qualified to speak on all subjects, whether of heaven or earth, and were infallible. Her letter laid her open to the charge of "extreme presumption," of which her judges would not be slow to avail themselves. The messenger bringing

the letter must in some manner have annoyed the soldiers, for the Maid testified that had he not retired promptly he would have been thrown into the water, though not by her wish. It was a very busy time; he probably asked foolish and irrelevant questions, and was otherwise in the way. Next morning they were off for Paris. De Cagny here takes the story:

"And on Tuesday the twenty-third of August, the Maid and the Duke of Alençon left the said city of Compiègne and the presence of the King with a fine company of men; and regained on the road a part of those that had been at the recovery of Senlis. And the Friday following, the twenty-sixth day of the said month, the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, and their company lodged at the town of St. Denis."

At St. Denis, Joan was at the gates of Paris. De Cagny says that Bedford in Rouen was much troubled by the fear that the Maid would now restore the King to all his kingdom. Burgundy was also beset with doubts, for he sent to the King at Compiègne John of Luxemburg, "who there made many promises to make peace between the King and the Duke of Burgundy; whereof he did nothing except to deceive." [1]

To deceive Charles, with the capable assistance of La Trémouille and Regnault de Chartres, must have been difficult! Any attempt to analyze the diplomacy of this monarch would be to confuse both historian and reader. It is enough to say that Joan's back was hardly turned before a new treaty was out of the shell, to be formally ratified August 28, three days after the

Maid's arrival at St. Denis. It provided that Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was to become Lord Protector of all adjoining Picardy, leaving Charles (that is, Joan) permission to attack Paris, though Burgundy would remain in defence of that city. In other words, Burgundy, in exchange for most of northern France, had agreed that Joan might attack Paris, Charles meantime remaining ostensibly neutral, though from what followed it is plain enough that his counsellors had pledged him to the Maid's failure. Burgundy's emissary very likely accused Charles of breaking the first treaty, and Charles's counsellors would not be slow to say: "See, now, what the Maid has done!" It is all too trivial and childish for belief. But so was Charles.

Charles had been brought to a willingness to give Burgundy whatever he wanted — more than his subjects would let him, for he was in favour of handing over the much desired stronghold of Compiègne, to which the people of that good city refused consent, and "with one voice replied, that they were very humble subjects of the King, desiring to obey him, and to serve him with body and goods; but to commit themselves to the said Lord Duke of Burgundy they could not, because of the great hate that the said duke had conceived against them, for the reason that *they would not do what he had wished, against his Majesty* [*Charles*].

"All of which they begged to present to His Majesty, with very humble supplication and remonstrance. So that neither the said Lord Chancellor [de Chartres] nor all the commandments several times reiterated served to make them depart from their remonstrances, resolved

as they were to perish with their wives and children rather than be exposed to the mercy of the said duke." [1]

Even this brave stand of his subjects could not bring Charles to his senses. That this ass of a King was the beneficiary of Joan of Arc is the anomaly of the ages.

The new treaty having been duly concluded at Compiègne August 28, Charles hesitatingly came down to Senlis, twenty miles nearer Paris. Says de Cagny:

"And when the King knew that they [Alençon and the Maid] were thus lodged at the town of St. Denis, he came with great reluctance as far as the city of Senlis; and it seemed that he was counselled contrary to the wish of the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, and those of their company."

Meantime, there had been incidental fighting:

"Every day, two or three times, our people were in a skirmish at the gates of Paris, at one time in one place and then in another, and sometimes at the windmill between the St. Denis gate and la Chapelle. And no day passed that the Maid did not engage in skirmishes; and most earnestly considered the situation of the city of Paris, and likewise at what point it seemed to her most suitable to make the assault. The Duke of Alençon was the most often with her. But as the King did not come to St. Denis in response to the message that the Maid and the Duke of Alençon had sent him, the said Alençon went to him on the first day of September."

The King's presence before Paris would inspire the soldiers to deeds of valour; it could even cause the gates to open, as they had opened elsewhere. The greater

number in Paris were either loyal, or could easily become so. The presence of the King before the gates might be all that was needed. Joan probably could not believe that she no longer had even the King's good will in her enterprise.

Alençon extracted a promise from Charles that on the second of September he would start for Paris. The *beau duc* came back with this report, but the King failed to keep his word.

"And because the King did not come, the Duke of Alençon returned to him, on Monday the fifth day, and said so much that the King set forth, and on Wednesday was at dinner at the said place of St. Denis, for which reason the Maid and all her company were most rejoiced, and there was no one of whatever estate who did not say:

"'She will put the King inside Paris if it only depends on her.'"

VI

PARIS

THE story of the attack on Paris has been so often and diversely told, and with so much confusion and contradiction, that it seems best at this time to reconcile as well as may be only the accounts of those actually present. Of these there are three: that of Perceval de Cagny, who was on the field, and those of Greffier de Fauquemberque and the so-called "Bourgeois of Paris" in the city. These, with Joan's few answers before her judges, constitute all the evidence worth while.

Joan told her judges that she did not assault Paris by command of her Voices, but by request of the nobles, who wished to engage in a skirmish or demonstration of arms,[1] but that she had intention to go farther and pass the moats.

Asked if she thought she had done well to make the assault upon Paris on the day of the nativity of Our Lady, she answered that it was well to keep the feast of Our Lady, and that in her conscience it seemed that it would be well to keep the feast-days of Our Lady from one end to the other.

Asked if she had not said before the city of Paris: "Render the city in the name of Jesus," she answered that she had said: "Render it to the King of France."

This is all we have from Joan concerning that disastrous assault, which appears to have been made under conditions that would have made its success surprising.

The Voices had not counselled it; the captains meant it as a mere demonstration; it was on a holy, and therefore unsanctioned, day; the King was not on the field, and gave no support, moral or otherwise — indeed, opposed it. That Joan would make such an assault is evidence of her desperate state of mind. We follow here the events of the day, as seen by de Cagny:

"On Thursday, Day of Our Lady, eighth day of the month of September, 1429, the Maid, the Duke of Alençon, the Marshals de Boussac and de Rais, with a great number of soldiers and archers, left at about eight o'clock from la Chapelle, near Paris, in fine order; some to give battle, the others to support those who would make the assault. The Maid, the Marshal de Rais and Sire de Gaucourt, by her order went to deliver the assault at the Porte St. Honoré. The Maid took her standard in her hand, and with the foremost entered the *fosses* [moats, in this case dry] near the Swine Market. The assault was severe and long, and it was marvellous to hear the noise of the cannons and culverins that those within directed on those without, and from all manner of shafts, so thickly planted as to seem innumerable. And though the Maid and a great number of knights descended into the *fosses*, with others on the borders and near by, very few were wounded. Many of those on foot and horse were struck down by stone cannon-balls; but by the grace of God and the fortune of the Maid, never a man of them died, nor was so wounded that he could not return at his ease to his camp without other aid.[1]

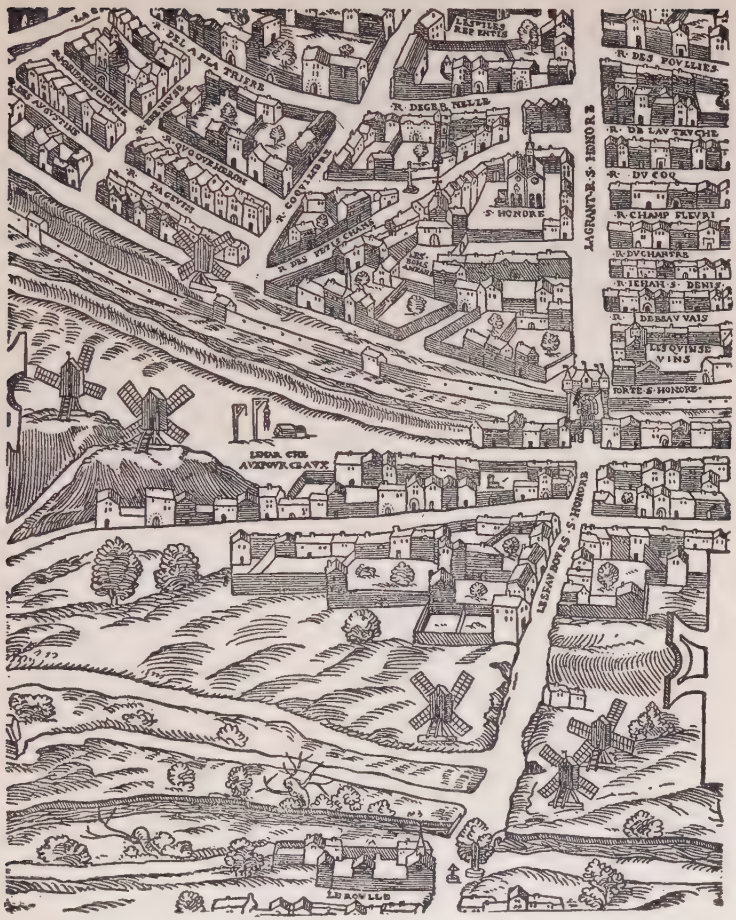
"The assault lasted from about the hour of noon

until near dusk. And after sunset the Maid was struck in the thigh by a shaft from a cross-bow. And after she was struck, she insisted more strongly than ever that the soldiers should attack the walls, and that the place would be taken. But because it was nightfall and she was wounded, and because the soldiers were weary with the long assault they had made, the Sire de Gaucourt and others came to take the Maid, and against her wish carried her from the *fosses*.

"And thus failed the assault. And she had very great regret thus to depart, saying: 'By my staff, the place would have been taken!' They placed her on a horse and conducted her to her lodging at la Chapelle and all the others of the King's company, with the Duke of Bar and the Count of Clermont, who this day had come from St. Denis."

Here in its entirety is the only story told by an eyewitness outside the walls of Paris; probably the only story from any eyewitness, for the two Burgundians mentioned, de Fauquemberque and the "Bourgeois of Paris," could hardly have been on the walls. That de Cagny minimizes the French casualties is not unlikely, but on the other hand the Bourgeois of Paris, with a tendency to satire and an overheated imagination, does not invite confidence. Nevertheless he is interesting:

"On the fête of the nativity of Our Lady, in September, there came to assail the walls of Paris, the Armagnacs, believing to take them by assault; but little they achieved except sorrow, shame, and mischief; for several of them were damaged for life, who before the assault



PLAN OF ANCIENT PARIS: SCENE OF JOAN'S ATTACK

The gallows-like structures near the center of the picture indicate the "Swine Market." Two moats are shown, one filled with water. To the right is the Porte St. Honoré. This locality today is near the center of Paris. (Musée de Bâle: facsimile by Hoffbauer.)

were entirely sound; but the foolish must learn by experience [*mais fol ne croit jà tant qu'il prend*]. For them the affliction, who were full of such great misfortune and such sad belief. And affliction for a creature who in form of woman was with them, that has been called the Maid. Who this was God knows."

The chronicler here takes breath, and then proceeds to say that the French forces numbered a good twelve thousand or more, with a mighty quantity of wagons, carts, and horses, all loaded with faggots and brush, and that the Maid called out: "Surrender, in the name of Jesus!" adding that unless they surrendered before night the French would enter by force, when all would be put to death without mercy. Further he says that a cross-bowman on the walls replied with harsh epithets, and aiming his piece shot her through the thigh. A second arrow wounded her standard-bearer and a third killed him.

The French, he says, started a great conflagration, in which they burned their dead, "as formerly did the pagans of Rome, cursing meantime their Maid who had promised that without fail they would gain by this assault the city of Paris by force, and that she would sleep there, and they also, and that they would all be enriched by the wealth of the city, and that all who made any defence would be put to the sword, or burnt, each in his own house." In the same paragraph he forgets that the French have burned their dead and declares that next morning their detachments under safe-conduct came to carry them from the field, and that the herald who came with them swore to a good

fifteen hundred casualties, five hundred of them fatal. All of which gives us his measure as a historian. He was probably in a wine-cellar during the assault.

The entry made by Recorder de Fauquemberque is quite another matter. He, too, was a Burgundian, but an official of good conscience and fair purpose. His account follows verbatim:

"Thursday, eighth day of September, 1429, feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, the soldiers of Messire Charles of Valois assembled in great number under the walls of Paris, near the Porte St. Honoré, hoping by popular commotion to alarm and damage the city and the inhabitants of Paris, more than by strength or force of arms.

"About two hours after noon they commenced to make semblance of a wish to assail the city, and hastily many of those at the Swine Market and thereabout, near the said gate, carrying bundles of wood and faggots, descended with them into the first *fosses* in which was no water, and flung the said bundles and faggots into the other *fosse*, next to the walls, in which was much water.

"And at this hour there was within Paris persons disloyal or corrupted who raised a shout in all parts of the city, at both ends of the bridge, crying that all was lost, and that the enemy had entered Paris and that each should save himself as best he could. And at this shout, at the moment of the enemy's approach, there fled from the churches of Paris all those being at the sermons, and much terrified ran for the most part to their homes and made fast the doors. Except

for this there was no other commotion among the inhabitants. And there remained on guard and in defence of the gates and walls of the city those who were appointed, and to their aid came many of the inhabitants who gave good and stout resistance to the men of the said Messire Charles of Valois, who remained in the first *fosse* and at the Swine Market and thereabouts until ten or eleven o'clock at night, when they departed with loss. And of them were several killed and wounded by shaft and cannon shot. And among others there was wounded in the leg by an arrow a woman called the Maid, who led the army with the other captains of the said Messire Charles of Valois, who expected rather to injure Paris by the commotion than by assault or force of arms; for if for each man that they then had there had been four or more, and as well armed as these, they would not have taken the said city of Paris, neither by assault nor by siege, so much was there of provisions in the city, which was then well provided for a long time, and the inhabitants being closely united with the soldiers of the city to resist the assault and undertaking of the above named. And the more because it had been said and publicly declared at Paris that Messire Charles of Valois, son of the late Charles VI, whom God pardon, would have given over to his soldiers the city of Paris and the inhabitants of the same, great and small, of all classes, men and women; and that he intended to plow up the site of this city of most Christian people, a thing not easily credible." [1]

Of the manner in which Joan received her wound, the "Journal of the Siege" supplies a picturesque account.

The chronicler could have had it only by hearsay, and he may have invented it, but it has a probable sound. Joan, he says, with the others had climbed through the dry moats, and crossing the intervening ridge, the *dos d'âne*, had descended to the last or water moat, where, under fire from the walls above, she stood trying with a lance, "in divers places the depth of the water and the mud, and for so long a time that a cross-bowman of Paris pierced her thigh with an arrow; but nevertheless she would not leave, and showed great diligence in carrying wood and faggots to fill the moat."

It is a fine picture, that armoured figure, the arrows falling about it, calmly testing the water with a lance. Perhaps we can afford to accept it, without too close inquiry as to the Journal's source of information.

VII

AT THE ALTAR OF ST. DENIS

JOAN'S long-planned attack on the capital had come to nothing. The Parisians, terrified in advance by English and Burgundian bugaboo tales, had been badly frightened, but not hurt. Joan had wasted some men and material to no purpose, and herself had been sorely wounded. By her own testimony, she had attempted without the advice of her Voices to turn a military demonstration, a sort of preliminary rehearsal, into a genuine assault. If this is true, Alençon and other chief commanders must have abetted her purpose.[1] In any case, the result had been failure, with loss of prestige. The time when Paris could have been taken in this haphazard fashion had gone by. Yet she would have been given no other opportunity, for we now know that the King, the poor tool of La Trémouille and the archbishop, did not intend that she should take it at all. The fact that he wrote no conciliatory letter to the Parisians, lifted never a finger in his own behalf, testifies sufficiently to that, but there is even more conclusive evidence, as presently will appear.

Joan's wound must have been exceedingly painful, but she was for returning to the attack. De Cagny writes: "On Friday the ninth day of the month, though the Maid had been wounded on the previous day, at the assault before Paris, she rose very early and sent for her *beau duc* of Alençon, through whom she acted,

and begged that he would have the trumpet sounded to mount for the return to Paris and said, by her staff, that she would never leave until she had the city.

"The Duke of Alençon and others of the captains were very favourable to her plan of return, and others were not. And while they were discussing the matter the Baron of Montmorency, who always before had held by the party contrary to the King, came into the town la Chapelle accompanied by fifty or sixty gentlemen, to join the company of the Maid. At which the heart and courage, in those of good will to return before the city, was the more moved."

Apparently there was little discouragement. A hearty and determined assault, with all the leaders and troops in action, might still win. Nothing was farther from Charles's — from La Trémouille's — purpose.

"And while they assembled there came from the King, the Duke de Bar and the Count of Clermont . . . and prayed the Maid that, without going farther, she return to the King at St. Denis. And also, from and by the King, prayed the Duke of Alençon, and commanded all the other captains that they come from where they were, and bring the Maid before him. And for this the Maid and most of the company were very unhappy, yet obeyed the wish of the King, hoping to find entry into Paris on the other side of the Seine by means of a bridge that the Duke of Alençon had caused to be built across the river, near St. Denis. And thus they came before the King."

De Cagny sometimes fails us when we need him most. He tells nothing of Joan's appearance before the King,

nor any of the happenings of that day. The King, after all, may have kept himself in seclusion, closeted with La Trémouille, or some softer favourite. He could hardly have instructed any of those he sent for, or de Cagny could not have written:

"On Saturday morning a part of those who had been before Paris expected very early to cross the Seine by the bridge mentioned; but they could not, because the King, who had known the intention of the Maid, of the Duke of Alençon and others of good will, during the night had *caused the bridge to be destroyed*, so they could not pass."

It was only too clear now that the King had been delivered to Burgundy. The treachery of which the Maid had spoken at Châlons, and more than suspected at Reims, was complete. The cause of France had been bartered like merchandise. As for Joan, if she had been lured into a wilderness and struck down, she could not have been more deliberately or basely betrayed.

For two days the King held council, at which many opinions were expressed, "tending always toward return to the river Loire, to the great affliction of the Maid." That she was not invited to speak in these councils may be taken for granted. On the third day, Tuesday, September 13, advised by his council and some of the royal blood, he made ready to depart. Joan testified later that her Voices had told her to remain at St. Denis, and that she had wished to do so. De Cagny in three lines presents the unforgettable last scene:

"And when the Maid saw that for her departure she could find no remedy, she gave and laid her armour

complete before the image of Our Lady and the relics of the abbey of St. Denis."

It was the white armour that she had worn at Blois, through all the fighting at Orleans and along the Loire, during the march to Reims, and at the coronation. How proud she had been to see it grow under the deft hands of the workmen at Tours! Battle had dented and stained it since then: The patch on the shoulder was from the day before the Tourelles; the dent in the helmet was from the stone at Jargeau; the freshly pierced plate in the *cuissard* told of the failure before Paris. It was customary for knights to offer their arms after victory, or when they had been sorely wounded. Thus she gave her armour and a sword, "through devotion," as she told her judges, "and because she had been wounded at Paris; offered them to St. Denis, whose name was the war-cry of France."

And there was one more reason: it had been the armour of victory; it could not remain the armour of defeat.

VIII

FOOTPRINTS OF THE MAID

In the level fields, along the graded roads, and among the busy towns or drowsy villages of that historic region lying near or less near to Paris, one today must look closely, if he would find landmarks of intimate association with Joan of Arc. In the districts devastated by the World War there is, of course, next to nothing. Across the uplands that lie between Reims and Corbény Joan once rode in glory, though sad at heart, and sad she would be were she riding there today. Reclamation has done less for this strip of war-front than for other localities. Berry-au-Bac, the first town on the way, slowly rebuilding, still presents a picture of mingled ruin and overgrown streets, and to reach it one passes a cemetery where thousands of white crosses bear the names of those who gave their lives for France. Corbény was entirely wiped out by the World War, left a mere waste of cinders and brickbats. Of the ancient church nothing remains but a heap of stones.

At Soissons, the cathedral which the Maid almost certainly attended, and St. Jean des Vignes, were battered almost out of semblance; on the hill above Château-Thierry are remains of the ancient castle, by popular belief built by Charles Martel, and already seven hundred years old when Joan and the King came. Montmirail, where they spent a night, though undamaged by the war, holds no trace of them.

Provins, however, which for three days remained their base, has many ancient structures, some of which certainly stood much as they stand today, when the Maid and Charles and Alençon with all their train came riding in.

Coming from Château-Thierry, the King's army must have entered by the Courloison bridge, and a little way within they came to what was, and still is, a very lovely church, St. Ayoul, a portion of it venerable even then. The church of St. Quiriace, on the hill, where Joan and the King attended mass, has been somewhat remodelled, but the main features of its interior cannot have greatly changed since those futile August days when Joan climbed the steep, stony hill-path to pray for light on a darkening way. Across from St. Quiriace, on the same hill, is the so-called tower of Cæsar, an ancient keep of the twelfth century. Joan saw it, though in what repair it would be hard to guess. One cannot run amiss of old and beautiful landmarks in Provins. Where Joan and the King lodged is uncertain, but there is a hotel, the Croix-d'Or, always a hotel, where they might have stopped, for it had already been built a century or more, and there is another, Hôtel de Vauluisant, even older, as much as a hundred years. It seems incredible that all the generations since, those hotels have been welcoming guests and speeding them on their way, and that once they certainly sheltered some of Joan's captains — one of them, it may be, the Maid herself, though more likely with the King and other leaders she would be the guest of some noble house. Five hundred years ago Provins

was a large, rich, and strongly fortified city, a place of many noble houses and busy industries. Today, its population shrunken by nearly nine-tenths, its walls in ruin, it has become hardly more than a memory, a very beautiful memory, its vine-grown towers and crumbling gateways peacefully telling a story of battle and siege, and how once on a summer day they gave welcome to Joan of Arc.

Wherever along the route there is an ancient church, one may be certain that Joan was there, for prayer was her chief staff and weapon. She told her judges that she always confessed and took communion on entering a good town. At Coulommiers the church of St. Denis is very old, and she must have gone there more than once, for they were three days in the place. La Ferté Milon, where they stopped next, has also an old church, Notre Dame, and above it on the hill, is the ruin of a magnificent château, then quite new, constructed by the King's uncle, Louis of Orleans, fifteen years before his murder by John of Burgundy. A large portion of the walls still stands, vast and pretentious, holding high in ornamental niches statues of the "nine *preuses*" or heroines of medieval romance. The greatest heroine of them all lingered a brief day somewhere within the walls behind them, just where we can not know, for they are a mere shell now, open to the sky.

Crépy-en-Valois has an old church, remnants of a castle, and a statue of Joan inscribed "August 1429." Lagny-le-Sec has only its name, which because Joan and Charles were there will go down in history. Dammartin has a church of Joan's time, and in it is a tomb

containing the ashes of one of her soldiers, Antoine de Chabannes, Count of Dammartin, who by the inscription was at Verneuil when he was a boy of thirteen, a page, maybe; at Orleans with Joan when he was eighteen, and a year later at Compiègne. He lies on his tomb in impressive effigy. Head uncovered, handsome, his hair long, he somehow suggests Cromwell.[1] The archaic inscription records that he was a soldier until he was sixty-six and that he died in 1488; when France was free and Joan had been ashes fifty-seven years.

Baron, on the way to the field of Montépilloy, is a town so small that guide-books quite ignore it, yet it has a rare Gothic church, with a kneeling statue of Joan and an inscription which says that the Maid took communion there August 15, a mistake of one day, for it was on the fourteenth that she was at Baron, a day before Montépilloy. The village and ruined château of Montépilloy stand on rising ground, overlooking the plain where the facing armies skirmished the length of a summer day, a level now of billowing wheat. At Senlis, five or six miles distant, in the beautiful garden of the abbey church of St. Vincent, is a worthy statue of the Maid, with an inscription which says:

"The fifteenth day of August 1429, in the plain of Montépilloy, in view of this belfrey, ringing out for the Queen of Heaven, Saint Joan of Arc fought for France, and for us."

At Compiègne, to which Charles and Joan with the army retired after Montépilloy, there are landmarks of that day, but Joan was to return there more than once

before the last fatal time, and of these we shall speak again. La Chapelle, from which the attack was made on Paris, lies today inside the city gates, while St. Denis, three miles farther out, is within the city's fringe. There are no traces of the ancient wall, nor of the gate of St. Honoré which Joan attacked; even their location is not very certain.

Joan did not enter Paris, but she is there today — in the churches, in the Pantheon, in many public places. The spot where she fell cannot be identified, but at no great distance from it, in the Place des Pyramides, is the famous equestrian statue by Frémiet. Each year in May Paris with all France pays tribute to the Maid she once rejected. Crowds kneeling outside the ancient church of Notre Dame have heard the great Bourdon high above thunder deep-voiced praise, and after all the centuries have wept in her honour. Joan is in Paris now. Patron saint of the army, she is the city's idol.

The ancient church of St. Denis has undergone many changes since Joan of Arc laid her armour on the altar of the Lady of Sorrows, and rode away. Long a burial place of kings, the revolutionists of 1793 desecrated, mutilated, demolished in mad frenzy whatever they could lay hands on. Today the church, and many of the tombs (empty now), have been restored, and the place once more is beautiful.

Joan's armour did not wait for the revolutionists. Charles left a small garrison under the Count of Vendôme and Admiral de Culan at St. Denis, but hardly was he on his way back to the Loire before the town was

attacked by English and Burgundians, who captured the place and pillaged the church. Jean Chartier, on whatever authority, writes:

"They found the *armures* of Joan the Maid, which were taken and carried off by the order of the Bishop of Thérouenne, chancellor to the party of the English King, making no recompense to the church, which was pure and manifest sacrilege."

Joan's armour could hardly have been destroyed. If Chartier writes truly some English or Burgundian captain, or possibly the bishop, possessed himself of it as a trophy, and in some English or French castle or manor house it may exist today. It could be identified; there would be a patch on the shoulder, a break in the *cuissard*, the contour of the *cuirasse* would conform to the feminine outline. What a quest to seek for it! Second only to the search for the Holy Grail.

End of Volume I

APPENDIX

Abbreviations used in this appendix

Quich.: The monumental collection of Joan of Arc material, assembled and edited by Jules Quicherat, and published 1841–1849, by the *Société de l'Histoire de France* under the title Procès de Condamnation et Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc, dite la Pucelle: Five volumes; Paris, *Chez Jules Renourd et Cie.*

Fabre: The translation into French of the testimony taken at the second trial of Joan of Arc, 1450 to 1456; also various documents connected with that process and the Maid's life in general, with valuable notes, by Joseph Fabre. Published 1888, under the title Procès de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc: Two volumes; Paris, Librairie Ch. Delagrave.

Champ.: The official report of Joan of Arc's first trial, complete in the original Latin and French text, also in modern French, with many notes; by Pierre Champion. Published 1921, under the title Procès de Condamnation de Jeanne d'Arc: Two volumes; Paris, Édouard Champion, 5 Quai Malaquai.

Vallet: Translation into modern French of the Latin text, followed by the original French minutes of the report of Joan of Arc's first trial, with notes and brief glossary; by Vallet de Viriville. Published 1867, under the title Procès de Condamnation de Jeanne d'Arc, dite la Pucelle d'Orleans: One volume; Paris, Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie.

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Page 4

[1] It has been claimed that one of the brothers that followed Joan to war was her junior; but as Joan herself was only seventeen at the time of her going, this seems not very probable.

Page 8

[1] "Qui se regebant ut laboratores, honeste secundum eorum paupertatem, quia non erant multum divites." Testimony of Jeannette, widow of Thiesselin de Viteau. Quicherat, Vol. II, page 403.

"Simples laboureurs, honnêtement selon leur pauvreté, car ils n'étaient guère riches." French rendering by Fabre, Vol. I, page 77.

Page 15

[1] From Joan's examination of March 17, 1431. The original French minute reads:

Interroguée s'elle sçait rien de ceulx qui vont en l'eure avec les fées: R. Qu'elle n'en fist oncques, ou sceust quelque chose, mais a bien ouy parler, et que on y aloit le jeudi.

Joan added that she believed this to be sorcery, and that she had no faith in it, which would show her to have been in advance of her time.

Page 20

[1] "La pitié qui étoit eu royaume de France," or in modern French, "La pitié qui était au royaume de France." This phrase has been frequently misquoted. The first form here given is from the original record. Michelet has it: "La pitié qu'il y avoit au royaume de France," but Michelet takes many liberties.

Page 26

[1] Testimony of March 12, 1431. The original French minute reads: "Se je cuidoye que la chose advensist que j'ay songié d'elle, je vouldroye que la noyessiés, et se vous ne le faisiés, je la noieroye moy mesmes."

Page 27

[1] "*Belle et bien formee*": testimony of Jean d'Aulon, master of Joan's military household, with her from the beginning of her warfare, and captured with her at Compiègne. Fabre, Vol. I, page 249. Quich., Vol. III, page 219.

[2] "Que par plaisance, et par l'onneur de son père et de sa mère; et elle, ayant son anel en sa main et en son doy, a touché à saincte Katherine qui luy appareist." Original minute, testimony March 17, 1431.

Page 29

[1] Testimony of February 22, 1431.

Page 30

[1] Testimony of March 12, 1431. The original French minute here follows:

Interroguée s'elle demanda à ses voix qu'elle deist à son père et à sa mère son partement: R, Que, quant est de père et de mère, ilz (the Voices) estoient assés contens qu'elle leur dist, se n'eust esté la paine qu'ilz luy eussent fait, s'elle leur eust dit; et quant est d'elle, elle ne leur eust dit pour chose quelconque.

Dit que ses voix se raportoient à elle de le dire à père ou mère, ou de s'en taire. Quich., Vol. I, page 129.

Page 34

[1] In the Latin record: . . . quod se bene teneret, et quod non assignaret bellum suis inimicis, etc. Which Fabre translates: . . . de se bien tenir, et de ne pas cesser la guerre contre ses ennemis, etc. Vol. I, page 131. These versions are given because there has been some misquotation of this passage.

Page 40

[1] Joan here referred to the infant Marguerite of Scotland, who would later marry the son of Charles VII, the future Louis XI. From this proposed alliance Charles counted on heavy Scotch reinforcements. Joan apparently did not count on them, and they did, in fact, fail to materialise.

Page 41

[1] There is here a fault of memory. The first Sunday of Lent that year was February 13. But they reached Chinon March 6, and, according to both de Metz and Poulengy, were eleven days on the road. Hence they could not have left Vaucouleurs until February 23, which has been generally accepted as the true date. Colet and Richard, in fact, if they brought news of the French defeat at Rouvray (February 12) could not have reached Vaucouleurs before February 22. See pages 45 and 46.

Joan's arrival at Chinon on March 6 is recorded in the contemporary chronicle, or journal, of Guillaume de Nangis. Quich., Vol. IV, page 313.

Page 46

[1] In the original: Quae dicebat quod Johanna se traxit juxta ipsum sacerdotum et erga sua genua. Quich., Vol. II, page 446.

French version: Pour lors Jeanne se traîna vers le prêtre et resta à ses genoux. Fabre, Vol. I, page 122.

Page 47

[1] The purchasing value of gold standard money was in 1429 no less than fifty times what it is today; that is, in 1925.

Page 60

[1] This was in February 1429. Supposing Joan's words to have been correctly remembered, her statement would

Page 60 (*Continued*)

indicate that she first heard the Voices as early as the summer of 1424, immediately after Verneuil, which fits in general with her other statements.

Page 72

[1] This is the date given in *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*, Michaud et Poujoulat. Bibl. Nat., Paris.

Page 77

[1] Judge John O'Hagan of Ireland in his essay, "Joan of Arc."

The bridge still stands. It bears a tablet with the following inscription:

"L'an mil quatre cens dix et neuf, sur ce pont agencé de neuf, fût meurtry Jehan de Bourgoyne, à Montereau où fault Yonne.

"In the year one thousand four hundred and nineteen, on this bridge, newly built, was murdered John of Burgundy, at Montereau, where falls the Yonne."

Page 87

[1] This is according to the priest Pasquerel, later Joan's chaplain.

Page 88

[1] A story has been much repeated, both by early and modern historians, that an attempt was made to deceive Joan by disguising another as the King. There is no contemporary evidence of such a circumstance.

Page 89

[1] "Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," Quich., Vol. IV, pages 279–80.

Page 91

[1] By a curious mistake, Quicherat, who could never have visited the place, locates Joan at the Château of Coudray-Montpensier, six miles to the southwest of Chinon: as a consequence, a "Joan of Arc room" is shown there.

Page 92

[1] It was in the name of Louis de Contes that Mark Twain wrote his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc."

Page 95

[1] ". . . elle disoit que le bon duc d'Orléens estoit de sa charge, et où cas qu'il ne revendroit par de çà, elle airoit moult de paine de le aler querir en Engleterre. . . . Et à l'occasion de l'amitié et bon vouloir que elle avoit au duc d'Orléens, et aussi que ce estoit partie de sa charge, elle se fist très acointe du duc d'Alençon qui avoit espousé sa fille." De Cagny; Quich., Vol. IV, page 10.

Page 97

[1] Following Quicherat, historians in general assign this visit to the period immediately after Joan's return from Poitiers. But de Cagny explicitly says that it took place but little after her coming to Chinon, "*Et ne fut gaires après sa venue à Chinon,*" and it is unlikely that Alençon's wife and mother, hearing his glowing accounts of Joan, would wait nearly a month before seeing her.

Page 102

[1] Brother Seguin's confusion of memory is here noticeable. We have the better testimony of Joan herself that she first heard the Voice in her father's garden, and the order to go to Vaucouleurs came much later.

Page 103

[1] "En nom Dieu, les gens d'armes batailleront et Dieu donnera victoire." Quich., Vol. III, page 204.

[2] "Quod idioma." This has usually been translated "What language," but that would be a question too silly even for examiners of that day.

Page 106

[1] "Vous, Suffort, Clasdas et La Poule, je vous somme de par le Roy des cieux que vous en alliez en Angleterre." Fabre, Vol. I, page 161.

[2] There is a difference of opinion as to when this letter was sent. Accepting the "Journal of the Siege" as authority, it went April 25 or 26 from Blois.

Page 107

[1] This sentence has been a source of trouble to translators, "*par ainsi que France vous mectrès jus*" is a very old idiomatic form, for which today there is apparently no equivalent, even in French. In Godefroy's "Lexique de l'Ancien Français," the form "mettre jus à quelqu'un que" is rendered "lui imputer, l'accuser de." Perhaps it would be more literal to say: "confess what France accuses you of," or as Joan, always idiomatic, had she been English might have said: "make a clean breast of things."

[2] . . . "corps pour corps, pour vous bouter hors de toute France," literally "body for body." Joan afterward denied using this expression.

Page 108

[1] Meaning that they would join in a crusade.

Page 110

[1] The period of Joan's examinations, the time of her arrival in Poitiers, and the length of her stay there have been matters of considerable dispute. In view of the testimony, these items need present no great difficulty. At least four witnesses, including Joan herself, testified that the examinations were held during a period of three weeks or more, at Chinon and at Poitiers, "as long at Poitiers as at Chinon," according to Raoul de Gaucourt, a reliable soldier, always present. Joan arrived at Chinon March 6. Allowing eleven days for her stay there, inclusive of her three or four days' absence at St. Florent, she would leave for Poitiers March 17, reaching there the following day. We have seen that by March 22 she was dictating an authoritative letter to the English, and the final solemn conclave mentioned by Garivel would occur within the next few days. It would be quite possible for her to be ready to leave Poitiers by March 27, three weeks from her arrival at Chinon. The actual periods of questioning could hardly have exceeded a week in each place — long enough for all that Joan had to tell the doctors; *too* long, in her opinion.

Page 126

[1] Testimony at Rouen, February 27, 1431.

Page 127

[1] Bibliothèque Municipale, Tours, Ms. 1240, No. 156. The records and Joan herself, speak of the banner as being "painted," meaning, no doubt, "pictured." Joan's banner, in all likelihood, was embroidered, after the manner of all war standards of that day, to withstand the beat of the elements and the crush of battle; later to be sacredly preserved.

Page 129

[1] The date is sometimes given as the 25th. But this would not allow time to get to Orleans by the 28th, the day of her arrival there. She spent at least two days in Blois.

Page 137

[1] "Estis vos qui dedistis consilium quod venerim huc, de isto latere ripariæ, et quod non iverim de directo ubi erat Tallebot et Anglici." Original testimony; Quich., Vol. III, page 5.

"Est-ce vous qui avez donné conseil que je vienne ici, de ce coté de la rivière, et que je n'aille pas directement où étaient Talbot et les Anglais?" Fabre, Vol. I, page 189.

Page 141

[1] There is a tradition that the Maid slept at near-by Reuilly at the home of Gui de Cailly, Lord of Chécy, and that de Cailly shared with her a vision of "three superior angels." At all events he seems to have been granted special armorial bearings by Charles VII on the strength of this claim, today nebulous enough. That Joan slept at Reuilly is probable, and a small monument there records the circumstance.

[2] . . . moult joyeulx de la venue d'elle, qui tous luy feirent grant reverence et belle chiere, et si feist elle à eulx. "Journal du Siège d'Orléans"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 152.

Page 143

[1] Domremy and Vaucouleurs were included in the little Duchy of Bar.

[2] The good people of Orleans were proud and happy to have these guests, no doubt, but they were also thrifty. The

Page 143 (*Continued*)

city records show that the entertainment afforded was paid for from the public funds. Even Jacques Boucher received something on account of Joan the Maid, though perhaps it was not really for board. Quich., Vol. V, pages 259–60.

Page 144

[1] The "Journal of the Siege" speaks of an attack on the English on that day, led by La Hire and Florent d'Illiers, but no witness testified at the Revision to such an engagement, and as Joan certainly did not go into the field that day, we may conclude that either it was a very small affair, or that the old chronicler was misled by some memory of the *escarmouche* of the previous day, when the convoy was brought past St. Loup.

Page 145

[1] Citizen of Orleans, Jean Lullier, also speaks of this summons, and its effect upon the English, they being, as he says, "terrified." He adds: "They no longer had the same vigour. It sufficed thereafter for a few of ours to combat a great number of theirs." Fabre, Vol. I, pages 258–59.

[2] The matter of Joan's heralds is not fully set forth in the "Journal of the Siege." One of the two first sent was named Ambleville, the other Guienne. It was Ambleville who returned, bringing word that the English had kept Guienne, and proposed to burn him. Citizen Jacquet L'Esbahy, of Orleans, who furnishes these details, says that Joan said to Ambleville:

Page 145 (*Continued*)

"In God's name, they will not harm him. Return boldly to the English. They will do you no harm likewise, and you will bring back your comrade safe and sound," which happened accordingly. Ambleville could have been one of those who bore the ominous message from Dunois. If so, the two accounts fit well enough. (See Fabre, Vol. I, page 263.)

There is still another account, which says that the detained herald was not returned, but kept by the English in irons, waiting authority from the University of Paris to burn him, and that he was found later in the English camp. This, however, is told by another herald named Berri, whose memoir is so full of manifest errors as to render it very dubious authority, though Quicherat and some others have a rather good opinion of it. (See Quich., Vol. IV, page 42.)

[3] Pour quoy les chefz de l'ost renvoyèrent tous les héraulx et messagiers de la Pucelle, luy mandans par eulx qu'ilz la brusleroient et feroient ardoir, et que elle n'estoit qu'une ribaulde, et comme telle s'en retournast garder les vaches. Dont elle fut fort yrée; et à ceste occasion, quant vint sur le soir, elle s'en ala au boulevert de la Belle Croix, sur le pont, et de là parla à Glacidas et autres Anglois estans ès Tournelles, et leur dist qu'ils se rendissent de par Dieu, leurs vies sauves seullement, etc. "Journal du Siège d'Orléans"; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 154–55.

Page 146

[1] The page, de Contes, gives a slightly different version of this incident. He says that an Englishman, called the Bastard of Granville, after insulting Joan, asked her if she expected them to surrender to a woman, and denounced those with her as pimps and miscreants.

Page 147

[1] Car le peuple ne se povoit saouller de la veoir. Et moult sembloit à tous estre grant merveille comment elle se povoit tenir si gentement à cheval, comme elle faisoit. Et à la vérité aussi elle se maintenoit aussi haultement en toutes manières, comme eust sceu faire ung homme d'armes, suivant la guerre dès sa jonnesse. Quich., Vol. IV, page 155.

Page 152

[1] Enfin ce qui constitue le Journal du siège, proprement dit, est evidemment copié d'un registre tenu en presence des événements. Quich., Vol. IV, page 95.

Page 153

[1] "Mauvais Écrivain," Quicherat calls him, meaning that he is careless of his details. Chartier's chronique, however, he calls the most circumstantial that we have, placing it next to that of Perceval de Cagny.

Page 155

[1] "En non Dé, mon conseil m'a dit que je voise contre les Anglois; mais je ne sçay se je doy aler à leurs bastilles ou contre Fastolf, qui les doibt avitailler." Fabre, Vol. I, page 238. The recorder here is supposed, in part, to preserve Joan's dialect.

Page 157

[1] Of the capture of the priests, the "Chronique de la Pucelle" an old, but not very trustworthy, chronicle, says that some of the English soldiers also put on priestly robes, and that the Maid good-naturedly saved these as well. Quich., Vol. IV, page 224.

Page 158

[1] . . . dont à icelle heure furent rendues graces et louanges à Dieu par toutes les églises, en hymnes et dévotes oraisons, à son de cloches que Anglois pouvoient bien ouyr; lesquel furent fort abaissez de puissance par ceste partye, et aussi de courage. "Chronique de la Pucelle," Quich., Vol. IV, page 224.

Page 159

[1] The mention of Guienne as not having been returned at this time gives colour to the statement that he was held until the departure of the English. He may, of course, have been returned that day or the next. The matter is not very important, but mildly interesting.

[2] "*Nouvelles de la putain des Armagnacs.*" It was the lowest epithet they could command.

Page 161

[1] "Je celeroie bien plus grant chose que ceste-cy." Et alloit et venoit par la place, sans soy seoir. "Chronique de Jean Chartier," Quich., Vol. IV, page 59.

Page 163

[1] Of course Joan *may* have borne a lance on this occasion, but in view of her own testimony, we are strongly inclined to believe that on this as on other occasions she carried her banner, and that it did greater execution than many lances.

Page 164

[1] That leaders as well as soldiers were convinced of Joan's supernatural powers is shown by a letter written by the Duke of Bedford in which he says that their disasters were "caused in grete partie, as y trowe, of lakke of sadde beleve, and of unlevefulle doubte that thei hadde of a deciple and lyme of the Feende, called the Pucelle, that used fals enchauntements and sorcerie," Bedford thus including himself among those who respected her gifts. Quich., Vol. V, page 136.

Page 165

[1] "Chronique de la Pucelle," Quich., Vol. IV, page 227.

Page 168

[1] Testimony of Simon Charles, who gives it at second hand. De Gaucourt himself makes no mention of it. D'Aulon merely speaks of a general conclusion next morning to attack the Tourelles.

[2] Testimony of Colette Milet: "... ung godon, et repasseray par dessus le pont." "*Godon*," then the common term for the English soldier, is said to have come from his frequent use of "God damn," though it would seem that its origin might be equally attributed to the English "god den," or "good morning," of that day, which to the French ear would have much the same sound, and be even more frequently heard by them.

Page 172

[1] "Pour quoy repousez vous ung peu, beuvez et mengez." "Journal of the Siege"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 160.

Page 173

[1] De Contes, upon whose statement the journal's incident of the banner is probably founded, only says: "She, Joan, said, as it seems to me: 'When you see the wind carry the banner to the wall, it will be yours.'" This much is credible, for it is in line with Joan's dramatic instinct.

Simon Beaucroix gives a very brief and simple account of the final assault. The French had nearly despaired, he says, when an order was given to bring forward Joan's banner, "which accordingly was carried quite to the walls, leading a victorious assault."

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[2] "Clasdas, Clasdas, ren-ti, ren-ti regi cœlorum! Tu me vocasti putain; ego habeo magnam pietatem de tua anima et tuorum!" Quich., Vol. III, page 110.

Page 174

[1] The city accounts of Orleans clearly show that the bridge was burned by design, through means of a fire-boat, which the Orleanais caused to drift against the woodwork. Here follow the items:

"To Jehan Poitevin, fisherman, 8 sous, for having hauled on shore a barge which was put under the bridge of the Tourelles, to burn them, at the time of their taking. To Boudon, 9 sous, for two linchpins, weighing four and one half pounds, put into the barge which was burned under the bridge of the Tourelles." In the same accounting are items of resin and axle-grease, "bought to grease the rags to set fire to the Tourelles," it being the purpose to burn not only the drawbridge but the entire structure so far as inflammable. Jollois, "Histoire du Siège," page 84. Quich., Vol. IV, page 162.

[2] "Journal of the Siege"; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 161–62.

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[1] "Journal of the Siege"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 166.

Page 189

[1] Gerson, "the most famous divine in France," had been Chancellor of the University of Paris, but had been ruined through the power of Burgundy for having attacked the defence of John the Fearless for the murder of Louis of Orleans. He died two months after Joan's victory, July 12, 1429.

[2] "Les Gestes des Nobles Françoys"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 233.

Page 192

[1] The ancient records of the city of Tours for 1429 contain the following entry:

"To Jean Colez, despatch carrier of our Sire the King, the sum of 10 livres, Tournois, which by command of the men of the Church, burgesses and citizens of the city to him have been ordered, paid and given, for the good and joyous news brought by him to the city, in the month of June [error, read May] lately past, of the capture by the Maid, Seigneur de Rais, and the people of their company, of the bastiles that the English had built before Orleans, wherein they had lodged and held a siege, and of the battle and discomfiture wrought by her against the said English. For this we have paid to the said Jean Colez, by order of the said elects, given the third day of July 1429, and quittance of which is here rendered, 10 livres."

Very likely Jean Colez was no other than King's messenger, Jean Colet (or Coulon) who had travelled with Joan to Chinon. Names in that day mattered little and spelling still less.

Page 193

LETTER FROM CHARLES VII TO THE PEOPLE OF NARBONNE

WRITTEN AT THREE SITTINGS, MAY 9–10, 1429

NOTE. The first part of this letter, involved and tedious, has been somewhat abridged and modified. The original is in the archives of Narbonne.

In the King's name.

Dear and well loved:

We believe you to be well aware of the continual vigorous efforts made by us to give all possible aid to the city of Orleans, long besieged by the English, ancient enemies of our kingdom; and of the prayers we have offered at divers times, having always good hope in Our Lord that finally he would

Page 193 (*Continued*)

accord His grace and not permit so notable a city and so loyal a people to perish nor come under the subjection and tyranny of the said enemies. And because we well know that as loyal subjects you could not have greater joy and consolation than to hear good news from thence, we apprise you that by the mercy of Our Lord we have recently, twice in one week, victualled well and largely the said city of Orleans, in full view and knowledge of the enemies without their being able to prevent. And since then — that is to say, Wednesday last — our people, together with those of the said city, have assailed one of the strongest bastiles, St. Loup, the which, God aiding, they have taken by brave assault which lasted more than four or five hours. And there were killed all the English who were within, while of ours were killed no more than two; and though the English from the other bastiles came out in battle order, making a show of wishing to fight, nevertheless, when they saw our people prepared to meet them, they returned hastily without daring to wait for them.

From elsewhere we have just received letters from *beau cousin* de Vendôme by which he lets us know that his castle in the said place of Vendôme, which by means of a varlet of the garrison the enemies recently entered, has been quickly recovered, by our people being in the said city and borders.

All the which things well considered, we have faith in the mercy of Our Lord that our affairs will come to a good issue. This we wish to tell you, knowing that you desire it, exhorting you cordially that in recognition of these things you will by notable processions, prayers and oraisons offer praise and thanks to the Creator, asking him always to give us aid to conduct our affairs, for in your good prayers we have very great faith. In doing this you will do your duty and will experience great happiness. And of whatever other good news comes to us we will let you know.

(Later.)

Page 193 (*Continued*)

Since this letter was begun there has arrived a herald, about one hour after midnight, the which reported to us on his life that Friday last our people crossed the river by boat at Orleans, and laid siege on the side of the Sologne to the bastile at the end of the bridge. And the same day won the camp of the Augustines; and on Saturday also assaulted the remaining bastile, which was the *boulevard* of the bridge, where there were a good six hundred English combatants, under two banners and the standard of Chandos; and finally by great prowess and valliance of arms, and always by the grace of Our Lord, gained all the said bastile. And all the English who were there were killed or taken. For which more than ever you should praise and give thanks to our Creator, — and we cannot honor enough the virtuous deeds and marvelous things that the herald, who was present, has reported to us, of the Maid, who always in person was present at the performance of everything.

(Later.)

And once more, before the completion of these letters, there have arrived in our presence two gentlemen who have been at the struggle who certify and confirm all these things and even more amply than the herald, and have brought letters from the Sire de Gaucourt. And furthermore we had this evening certain news that after our people, last Saturday, had taken and discomfited the bastile at the end of the bridge, the next day at dawn the English who remained decamped so hastily that they left their bombards, cannons, artillery and the greater part of their provisions and baggage.

Given at Chinon, the tenth day of May.

Signed,

Charles; countersigned Budé.

A letter similar to this was sent to the people of la Rochelle.

Page 194

[1] Testimony of Jean Barbin, advocate. Fabre, Vol. I, page 158. A part of the charge against Joan was that she had allowed the people to idolize her.

Page 196

[1] In the original: "Sic, quod erat plurimum stimulata de hujusmodi re." "Oui, et je suis très fort aguillonée ladessus." Fabre, Vol. I, page 197.

Page 197

[1] The Latin original has this sentence in French: "Fille Dé (Dieu), va, va, va; Je serai à ton aide, va." Fabre, Vol. I, page 198.

Page 198

[1] That the English army was semi-paralysed after Orleans is shown not only by immediate events, but by edicts issued in England, against captains and soldiers evading service "through fear of the Maid."

Knight's History of England, Vol. II, page 91, states that "No army could be raised in England, through the 'terrifyings' of the Pucelle." It adds that even six months after her death the "soldiers of England deserted, rather than go to a land where their bows and bills were powerless against enchantment."

[2] "The Journal of the Siege" (p. 165) says that on the day the English abandoned the siege of Orleans, Florent d'Illiers took leave of the other captains and returned to Châteaudun, of which he was in command. This was a common occurrence. Once the campaign was ended, the captains were quite independent of any orders but their own.

[3] In his introduction to de Cagny's memoir Quicherat writes: "I do not hesitate to place Perceval de Cagny at the head of chroniclers who have spoken of the Maid." De Cagny was with the Alençon family forty-six years, and seems to have kept a journal. He is terse, but very exact.

Page 201

[1] Jeanne de Laval bore no children by du Guesclin. Following his death, she married her cousin, Guy de Laval, twelfth of the name, grandfather of the writer of this letter.

Page 209

[1] Alençon's mention of a delay of some hours and the subsequent council conveys the impression that it was now well along in the day, but June days begin early. De Cagny says that the assault started at nine o'clock.

[2] It has been generally assumed that this incident took place during Joan's visit to St. Florent, in March. To the present writer this seems unlikely. Joan was by no means certain of going to war until she had been to Poitiers, and even assuming that her visit to St. Florent occurred *after* Poitiers, Alençon was then not going "to the army with Joan," but with Queen Yolande to Blois, to buy cattle. He was not at Orleans, nor with Joan in any warfare until the campaign of the Loire in June. It is much more probable that the Duchess of Alençon had come with him to Loches, and that it was here that Joan's assurance had been given. He was then, in fact, preparing for war.

Page 210

[1] "Amys, amys, sus! sus! Nostre sire a condempné les Anglois. A cette heure ils sont nôtres. Ayez bon cœur." Original record in French. Fabre, Vol. I, page 179.

Page 213

[1] That de Cagny, Alençon's squire, records these orders given by the Maid to his master would seem to set at rest any doubt as to her military rank.

Page 217

[1] Jean de Wavrin du Forestel was the natural son of Robert de Wavrin, knight, lord of Forestel, near Lille. Jean saw his father killed by his side at Agincourt, and himself became a renowned warrior. His memoirs, written when he must have been seventy or older, consist largely of a compilation from other historians of his time, with additions by himself. Quich., Vol. IV, pages 405–24.

Page 218

[1] Both de Termes and Dunois speak as if this happened on the day of the battle, which did not occur until next day, as appears later. Beaugency surrendered and the English army was reported as approaching June 17. Patay was fought June 18. Most of the witnesses confuse these dates.

Page 222

[1] De Wavrin thinks that those of Beaugency did not surrender until the morning of June 18, and that the French had induced them to surrender by persuading them that no army was marching to their relief. But had the English been in Beaugency on the night of June 17–18 they would have heard the bombardment at Meung, only four miles distant, and known that an English army was near.

Page 227

[1] Quant donc lesdis Anglois veyrent les François eulz aprochier de si prez, ilz se hastèrent le plus qu'ilz peurent, adfin de eulz joindre auz hayes avant leur venue; mais tant ne sceurent exploitier que, avant ce que ilz feussent ensamble joinctz èsdites hayes à leur avant-garde, les François s'estoient feruz à l'estroit passage où estoit le seigneur de Thalbot. Et alors messire Jehan Fastre tyrant et chevaulchant vers l'avant-garde cuidèrent que tout fust perdu et que les batailles fuissent. Pour quoy ledit capittaine de l'avant-garde, cuidant pour vérité que ainsi feust, à tout son estandart

Page 227 (*Continued*)

blancq, luy et ses gens prindrent la fuite et habandonnèrent la haye.

Memoir Jean de Wavrin du Forestel; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 422–23.

Page 229

[1] De Cagny in a very brief statement of the battle places the English killed at from two to three thousand, making no mention of French losses. He says that their advance-guard struck the English and was followed immediately by the main army. This must be true, for the small advance-guard could hardly have achieved such a miracle of slaughter.

Page 233

The interesting letter from which this extract is made was written in Latin, by Perceval de Boulainvilliers to the Duke of Milan. In part it offers a good example of what might be called the Joan "apocrypha" of the period, though it contains as well details of considerable importance. The original may be found in Volume V, pages 115 to 123 of the Quicherat collection. A complete translation here follows:

LETTER FROM PERCEVAL DE BOULAINVILLIERS TO DUKE OF MILAN

Most illustrious and magnificent Prince, Lord John (Philip) Angelus Marie, Duke of Milan.

My honored Lord:

Mankind generally, and, most of all, studious and prominent minds are eager to learn of new things of rare occurrence, and turn wearily from affairs long pondered and familiar. Hence it is, magnificent Prince, that in view of the praises bestowed on your serene Highness, of your proclamations, and considering your high wishes and aspirations, I have made bold to lay before you the great happenings

that have recently occurred to our King of France and his Kingdom.

Already, I am sure, news has reached your ears of a certain Maid, sent to us, as we devoutly believe, by God, and in order that I may briefly set forth her life, deeds, station and character, and shall first tell of her origin. She was born in the small village of Domremy, in the country of Bar, within the confines of Kingdom of France, on the river Meuse, near Lorraine, of upright and simple parents. During the night of the Epiphany of Our Lord, when the nations are wont most joyfully to recall the acts of Christ she entered upon mortal life, and all the people of that place were wondrously moved by a great rejoicing, and though ignorant of the birth of the Maid, they rushed hither and thither in search of what might be the new event. The hearts of some were conscious of a new gladness. More: the cocks as heralds of a new joy, against their wont, burst forth in songs not heard before, and with flapping wings for more than two hours appeared to foretell the coming of a new thing.

The child is raised, and when she had reached the age of seven years, after the custom of peasants she was placed by her parents in charge of the lambs, during which time no lamb is known to have died, nor was any one killed by wild beasts, and while she was under her father's roof so great was the security she afforded the whole household that they suffered not the least injury from enemy, deceit of barbarians or other ill. Finally when she had reached the age of twelve years, the first revelation was made to her in the following manner:

While she and other maidens were guarding the sheep of their parents, they were wandering about the field. Those round about approached, and they asked her whether she would like to enter a race for a handful of flowers, or the like. She consented, and the conditions being agreed upon, she moved during the second and third circuit with such speed that they did not think that she touched the ground at all, so that one of the children cried out:

"Joan," for that was her name, "I see you flying close to the ground."

When she had completed the course, and at the side of the meadow, as in a trance, and lost to all feeling, was regaining her breath and resting her tired body, there appeared near her a youth who thus addressed her:

"Joan, return home, for your mother said that she had need of your help," and thinking that it was her brother, or one of the neighbors' children, she hastened home. Her mother met her, asked her the reason for coming, and for leaving the sheep, and reproached her. And as the maid innocently answered:

"Did you send for me?" Her mother answered, "No."

Then thinking that she had been deceived by the youth, she wishes to return to her companions, when suddenly a shining cloud is spread before her eyes, and from the cloud was heard a voice, saying to her:

"Johanna, you must lead a different life, and perform wondrous deeds, for you are she whom the King of Heaven has chosen to restore the kingdom of the French, and to aid and protect the King Charles, who has been driven from his kingdom. You must don men's clothing, and taking up arms you will be the leader of the war; all things will be done by your counsel."

The voice having so declared, the cloud disappeared, and the Maid amazed by such a prodigy, and not at first believing what she heard, but much perplexed whether she ought to believe it or not, in her innocence paid no heed to it. By day and by night similar apparitions came to the maid, and occurred again and again; she held her peace; she revealed her thoughts only to the priest of the presbytary, and remained in that perplexity for the space of nearly five years.

Finally on the arrival of the Earl of Salisbury in France, from England, the aforesaid apparitions and revelations to the maid were renewed and multiplied beyond their custom. The spirit of the child was stirred, her mind tormented with

anxiety, and on a certain day while she was meditating in the fields, she saw an extraordinary apparition greater and clearer than any she had seen before, and a voice was heard saying:

"How long are you going to delay? Why do you not hasten? Why do you not go with hurried steps whither the King of Heaven has called you? For in your absence France is being destroyed, cities are being ruined, the just are dying, chief men are being killed, illustrious blood is being shed."

To which she, somewhat exalted, warned by her priest, replied:

"What shall I do, and how shall I do it? Shall I go? I do not know the way; I do not know the people; I do not know the King. They will not believe me; I shall be marked by all, and justly. What more foolish than to say to the chief men that a maid will restore France, will command the army, will triumph over the enemy? What more absurd than for a maid to array herself in man's clothing?"

Upon her holding the like and further discourse, the answer came to her:

"The King of Heaven so orders, and it is His will. Do not ask further how these things shall be done. Since such is the will of God in Heaven, so shall it be on earth. Proceed to the neighbouring town called Vaucouleurs, which alone remains faithful to the King in the country of Champagne, and the governor of the city will without opposition lead you whither you wish to go."

She acted accordingly, and many wonderful things have come to pass. He ordered her to be conducted, escorted by a company of noblemen, to the King; and they on their way passed without opposition through the midst of the enemy. And when they had reached the stronghold of Chinon, in the country of Touraine, where the King was entrenching himself, the royal council, upon consideration, decided that she should not see the King, nor be presented to him until

the third day. But the minds of men are subject to sudden change. The maid is summoned; she alights from her horse, and archbishops, bishops, abbots and doctors of both faculties diligently examine into her faith and character. Finally the King leads her to his parliament, that she might be questioned more closely and carefully. And in all things she was found to be a true Catholic, well grounded in the faith, the sacraments and the institutions of the Church. She was further closely questioned by learned women, skilled maidens, by widows and married women, who discovered in her nothing not becoming to the honor and nature of a woman. After this she was detained for a period of six weeks, and closely observed as to whether she displayed any weakness or change of purpose. But she remained steadfast, performing her religious duties, hearing mass, partaking of the Eucharist. She daily besought the King with signs and tears to allow her either to attack the enemy or to return to her father's home, and finally leave was with difficulty obtained, when she entered Orleans with a supply of food. Soon afterwards she assailed the camp of the besiegers and though it had been considered impregnable, she nevertheless took it in three days. A number of the enemy were killed, more were captured, the rest put to flight. The city was now freed from the siege; and this being accomplished she returned to the King. The King hastens to meet her, joyfully receives her, and after spending some time with the King, she becomes impatient and begs him to call out levies and gather them in array, to win a victory over his remaining adversaries. And the army having been again collected, she lays siege to the town called Jargeau.

The next day she gives battle and overcomes the enemy. Six hundred noble knights were overwhelmed; amongst them the Earl of Suffolk, an Englishman, and his brother are taken prisoner, and a third brother is killed. And after an interval of three days, she attacks, takes and conquers Meung-sur-Loire and Beaugency, strongly fortified towns.

She delayed not, and on that Sabbath day, which fell on the twentieth of June, she meets the English army which are hastening to their aid. The enemy attacks, victory is won by our army, fifteen hundred fighting men being killed, a thousand taken prisoner, amongst whom some leading men were captured, to wit, the Lords of Talbot and of Fastolf, and the son of the lord of Hendesfort (Warwick?) and many others. On our side, however, not even three were killed, all of which we attribute to a miracle divinely wrought.

These things and many others the Maid accomplished, and by the grace of God still greater shall accomplish.

The Maid is of satisfying grace (*Hæc Puella competentis est elegantiæ*) of a manly bearing, and in her conversation displays wondrous good sense. Her voice has a womanly charm; she eats little, partakes even more sparingly of wine. She delights in beautiful horses and armour, and greatly admires armed and noble men; avoids contact and converse with the many, sheds tears freely, her expression is cheerful and she has great capacity for work. Of such endurance is she in the handling and bearing of arms that she remained for six days and nights in full armour.

She declared that the English have no rights in France, and that she herself was sent by God to overcome them, and that God had so declared to her. For the King she has the greatest reverence. She declares that he was chosen by God, and was and will continue to be under her special protection. She further declares that the Duke of Orleans, your grandson, will be set free by a miracle, a warning having first been given to the English who are holding him in custody, to set him free.

And to sum up, most illustrious prince, things more wonderful have been and are being done than I could convey to you by written or spoken word.

Since my last writing, the Maid has set out for the city of Reims, in Champagne, whither, by the grace of God, the King is hastening for his consecration and coronation. I commend

myself most humbly to you. Written this twenty-first day of June in the year of Our Lord 1429.

Your most humble servant,

Perceval, Lord of Boulainvilliers, counsellor and chamberlain of the King of the French and seneschaal of the Duke of Berry.

This is a very careless chronicler. He dates his letter "June," meaning to write "July," and gives the wrong day of the week and month for Patay.

The first half of the letter is largely made up of the popular legends of the moment. That the people ran about the streets of Domremy on Twelfth Night causing the cocks to crow is likely enough, but the "flying" race, the "appearance" in the field, the carrying of her story to the priest accord in no particular with Joan's own testimony.

Nevertheless, with all its loose statement this document is not without value. It is our only authority for fixing the date of Joan's birth on Epiphany, or January 6; it implies clearly that Joan was in command of the army, a point sometimes disputed; it is much the fullest description we have of the Maid's general appearance and personality. Certain of the writer's statements suggest that he was not in Chinon during the early weeks of Joan's coming, but as chamberlain and counsellor he could hardly have been long absent from the court, and his word-picture of Joan, as far as it goes, certainly leads to the belief that he had seen and observed her. He corroborates Gui de Laval as to her pleasing voice, and Louis de Contes as to her sparing appetite. It is unnecessary, however, for us to believe that she remained six days and nights in full armour. At no time was she so long in the field.

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[1] "Les Gestes des Nobles Françoys"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 245.

Page 246

[1] Jean Chartier says that a payment of two or three francs was made to each soldier.

Page 248

[1] The date is not given, but the army spent the night of July 3 at St. Florentin, after "about three days" at Auxerre. As a matter of fact, leaving Gien June 29 and travelling straight to Auxerre, they could not have arrived there before the night of the thirtieth or the forenoon of July 1. Had they gone by Montargis, and turned immediately to Auxerre, they could not have reached there before the evening of July 2 or the morning of July 3. A great cavalcade like that could hardly travel more than twenty miles a day. It is certain that they were at St. Florentin the evening of July 3, for on July 4 Joan dated a letter from St. Phal, their next stop. To have been in Montargis July 1 and St. Florentin July 3 the army could have made not even the briefest halt at Auxerre.

[2] "Journal of the Siege"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 181.

Page 249

[2] De laquelle chose furent bien malcontens aucuns seigneurs et captaines d'icellui ost, et en parloient bien fort en murmurant contre ycellui seigneur de la Trimolle et autres estans du conseil du roy. Quich., Vol. IV, page 72.

Page 250

[1] There is an error in the date of this letter. July 4 fell on Monday. On Tuesday, July 5, Joan and her army were before Troyes.

Page 251

[1] . . . pryans lesdictz habitans de Reims d'avoir pitié d'eulx, comme frères et loyaulx amys, et d'envoyer par devers monseigneur le Régent et le duc de Bourgoingne,

Page 251 (*Continued*)

pour les requérir et supplyer de prendre pitié de leurs pauvres subgectz et les aller secourir. Memoir of Jean Rogier; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 288–89.

Page 253

[1] Ung praicheur nommé frère Richard, de l'ordre de saint Augustin, qui nagaires avoit esté debouté de la ville de Paris et d'aultres lieux, où il avoit fait plusieurs prédicacions, en l'obeyssanche des Angloiz, pour che que en ycelles se moustroit trop plainement estre favourable et estre de la partie des Franchoix. Chronique, Enguerran de Monstrelet; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 376–77.

[2] "Journal of the Siege"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 182.

Page 254

[1] Such had been Joan's confidence in the success of the expedition that all heavy artillery which might delay progress had been left behind.

Page 255

[1] Et sy alégua et dist pluseurs aultres raisons et inconvéniens dont il estoit bien apparant qui povoient advenir en ycellui ost. Jean Chartier; Quich., Vol. IV, page 73.

Page 257

[1] Simon Charles says that at daybreak Joan cried, "To the assault!" making a gesture of throwing faggots in the *fosses*. Whereupon the people of Troyes were afraid, and sent emissaries to the King. Anatole France, quoting this version, credits it to de Gaucourt, who though present, does not testify of this event.

Page 260

[1] Estant à Troyes avec le roy, il manda aux habitans dudict Reims par ses lettres du douziesme dudict mois de juillet, qu'ilz eussent à se disposer pour recevoir le roy honnorablement à son sacre: à quoy faire il les prioit et exhortoit. Chronique, Jean Rogier; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 297–98.

Page 262

[1] Chronique, Jean Rogier; Quich., Vol. IV, page 298.

Page 263

[1] "Journal of the Siege of Orleans"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 185.

Page 264

[1] "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain, Book II, Chap. XXXV.

Page 273

[1] On Monday Sept. V, 1429, at a deliberation of the Council of the City of Reims, in number eighty:

"A esté délibéré de paier les despens du père de la Pucelle et de lui bailler un cheval pour s'en aller." Quich., Vol. V, page 141.

"A Alis, vefve (veuve) feu Raulin Moriau, hostesse de l'Asne Royé, pour despens fais en son hostel par le père de Jehanne la Pucelle, qui estoit en la compaignie du roy, quant il fut sacré en ceste ville de Reims, ordonné estre payé des deniers communs de ladite ville, la somme de 24 livres parisis, comme il appert plus à plein par le mandement dudit lieutenant, donné le XVIII jour du mois de septembre mil CCCCXXIX, et par quictance de ladite Alis, escrite au dos d'icelui mandement, cy rendue. Pour ce, 24 l. par." Quich., Vol. V, page 266.

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[2] Anatole France, in his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," Vol. I, page 527, says that Durand Laxart was likewise at the coronation, and told the King all he knew of Joan. M. France cites as his authority *Proces* (Quich.), Vol. II, page 445. This page bears a portion of Durand Laxart's testimony at the Revision, but neither there nor elsewhere is there anything to warrant the statement that he was at Reims. In his biographical work M. France was likely to forget that he was not creating fiction.

Page 282

[1] The adoration in which Joan was held at this time is conveyed in a Latin letter, generally attributed to the King's secretary, the poet Alain Chartier. This letter has already been briefly quoted (Vol. I, pages 88 and 109). Written a few days after the ceremony at Reims, it will bear here a fuller quotation.

PART OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY ALAIN CHARTIER TO PRINCE (?) END OF JULY, 1429

One cannot think of this girl without admiring her. Her words and her deeds amaze. It is unbelievable that in a few months she has been able to do so much, and such marvels. Among the qualifications of a great captain is there one that is lacking in the Maid? Military prudence? She has it to a marvelous degree. Courage? She is high-hearted above all. Action? No one else has as much. Justice? Virtue? Joyfulness? She is graced with these qualities beyond any other. Is there need to meet the enemy, she herself directs the troops, orders the encampments, combining the office of the good soldier with that of the good general. The signal given, she takes her lance, poises it in her hand, point toward the enemy, and putting spurs to her horse, flings herself impetuously into the fray.

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Behold her in truth the heroine, the like of which the world has never before produced, true daughter of Heaven who has sent her to sustain and uplift France, toppling to its fall. She it is who plucking the King from the midst of the maelstrom, when most overborne by storm and tempest, brought him safe to port, set his feet on the shore and in our souls reawakened hope. She it is who putting a curb on English pride has given France new assurance, saved us from ruin and fired our hearts. O virgin incomparable, worthy of all praise, worthy of all glory, worthy of a cult divine! O honor of the kingdom, O light of the lilies, O our sun, thou art not only the glory of France, thou art the glory of Christianity! Hereafter, let Troy no longer boast of her Hector; let Greece no longer triumph with her Alexander, nor Africa with her Hannibal; let Italy cease to pride herself in her Caesar and all her great captains! And thou, France, though thou hast no lack of heroes in the past, be content with the Maid. Her name is enough for thy glorification. With her thou canst compare thyself with all other nations, and even rank thyself above them!

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[1] "Chronique de Jean Chartier"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 78.

The visit to Corbény is also recorded by the "Journal of the Siege," Perceval de Cagny, and others. There was a hospital connected with the abbey, where kings exercised their newly acquired gift. Something more than two hundred years later (1645) a most worthy young woman of Reims, Mademoiselle Rousselat, founded in Reims itself, not far from the cathedral (at the present day rue Chanzy), a hospice consecrated to Saint Marcoul, for the shelter and care of those afflicted with scrofula and other incurable maladies. She died a victim of her zeal, but the institution she founded was enlarged and carried on. This hospital survived until the World War,

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when it was wrecked by German shells. Later it was taken over by the American Fund for the French Wounded, and in June 1919, to meet the tragic need of other relief service, the shattered mediæval hospice, provisionally reconstructed, became the American Temporary Hospital, under the direction of Doctor Marie Louise Lefort and Doctor Alice Flood.

Corbény in the Aisne is not to be confused with Corbigny in the Nièvre, about forty miles south of Auxerre, where, according to Baedeker, there was formerly also an abbey at which French kings had the curative gift conferred upon them. This is curious, if true. But Baedeker is sometimes in error.

Page 292

[1] Record of Clément de Fauquemberque, *greffier au parlement de Paris*. Entry of August 3, 1429. Quich., Vol. IV, pages 453–54.

Page 293

[2] "Chronicles of Monstrelet"; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 382–85.

Page 295

[1] "Cependent ne vous donés nule merveille se je ne y entre si brieffvement, combien que de trêves qui ainsi sont faictes je ne soy point contente et ne sçay si je les tendroy; mais si je les tiens, ce sera seulment pour garder l'honneur du roy."

The apparent confusion of this paragraph is probably the reflection of Joan's confused state of mind. She had no faith in Burgundy. The people of Reims need not be surprised if she did not (could not) enter Paris at the time agreed. Yet in view of his duplicity she may disregard the treaty and attack sooner. In her apparent contradictions we glimpse her harrowing uncertainties.

Page 302

[1] Monstrelet's description of Bedford's defences is similar to that of de Cagny, with more detail, though he forgets to mention the river:

". . . et prinst le duc de Bethfort sa plache en assés fort lieu; et adossèrent aulcuns lieux, par derrière et de costé, de fortes hayes d'espines; et au front devant estoient mis les archiers en ordonance tous à pied, ayant chacun devant luy peuchons aguisiés fichiés devant eulx; et ledit régent atout sa signourie et aultres nobles estoient assez près desditz archiers en une seulle bataille, où il y avoit entre aultres ensaignes, deux bannières, l'un de Franche et l'autre d'Angleterre."

Translation: . . . and the Duke of Bedford took up a strong position, being in places supported at the side and rear by hedges of thorn; and in front were placed the archers, all on foot, in order, having each before him sharpened stakes, fixed fronting the enemy; and the said Regent and his lords and other nobles were quite near the said archers in single battle line, where there were, among other pennons, two banners, one of France and the other of England.

"Chronicle of Monstrelet"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 386.

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[1] This was the Queen's brother, René of Anjou, later known as "the good King René." According to some chroniclers, he had joined Charles at Reims. De Cagny, always present, is to be relied upon.

[2] "Journal of the Siege"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 195.

Page 304

[1] Monstrelet only says that the two armies broke camp after about two days skirmishing, during which there were some three hundred killed, he not knowing which side lost the most (mais je ne scay de quel costé en y heubt le plus). He says

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that no one "fust prins à finances," that is, taken for ransom. "Chronicle of Monstrelet"; Quich., Vol. IV, page 389.

Page 308

[1] Herault Berri; Quich., Vol. IV, page 47.

Page 310

[1] *Extrait d'un Mémoire à Consulter sur Guillaume de Flavy.* Bibliothek Nationale (dossier Flavy). Quich., Vol. V, page 175.

Page 312

[1] Interroguée se, quant elle ala devant Paris, se elle l'eust par révélacion de ses voix de y aller; Réponse: "Que non; mais à la requeste des gentilzhommes, qui vouloient faire une escarmouche ou une valliance d'armes, et avoit bien entention d'aler oultre et passer les fossés." Testimony, March 13, 1431.

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[1] This seems rather a strong statement, but the trustworthy chronicler certainly makes it. "Et y en out moult à pié et à cheval qui furent féruz et portés à terre de coups de pierre de cagnon; mais par la grâce de Dieu et l'eeur de la Pucelle, oncques home n'en mourut ne ne fut bléciés qu'il ne peult revenir à son ayse à son logis sans autre aide." Chronicle, Percival de Cagny; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 26–7.

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[1] Register of Clément de Fauquemberque; Quich., Vol. IV, pages 456–58. The Journal of the Bourgeois of Paris will be found in the same volume, page 461; extract beginning page 464.

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[1] Joan had been on the rack for weeks when she made this statement and had suffered months of the vilest and most

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harrowing imprisonment. Her memory on many things was no longer clear. Her testimony therefore is to be taken with some allowance, though it is by no means improbable that because of opposition on the part of certain captains, the leaders agreed to turn an ostensible demonstration into a genuine attack.

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This appears to be the same Antoine de Chabannes who became a minister to Charles VII, and later served Louis XI, as minister and military leader.

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JOAN OF ARC, MAID OF
FRANCE.

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